This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE GIFT OF
Tappan Presbyterian
Association

380.9
B615
1750
v.1

BIOGRAPHIA CLASSICA:

THE

LIVES

AND

CHARACTERS

OF ALL THE

CLASSIC AUTHORS,

The GRECIAN and ROMAN Poets, Hiſtorians, Orators, and Biographers.

WITH

An HISTORICAL and CRITICAL ACCOUNT of Them and Their Writings:

Illuſtrating their ſeveral EXCELLENCIES, and ſhewing their DEFECTS, from the JUDGMENT and REMARKS of the moſt Celebrated CRITICS, both Ancient and Modern.

The SECOND EDITION, *Corrected and Improv'd.*

To which is now added,

At the End of every Life, a LIST of the *beſt* and *moſt curious* Editions of each Claſſic Author.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON:

Printed for DANIEL BROWNE, at the Black Swan, without *Temple-Bar*, M DCC L.

THE GIFT OF
Tappan Presbyterian
Association

Toppan Wallace Co.
7-15-1924

PREFACE.

THE *Uſefulneſs, or the Neceſſity rather, of a Work of this Nature, (if it be executed with proper Judgment and Diligence) can never be diſputed by ſuch as profeſs any Regard for* Claſſic *Learning, or for thoſe mighty and celebrated Names, who have been tranſmitted to us, with Honour, thro' ſo many Ages, as the great and venerable Founders of it. The mere Reading and Grammatical Underſtanding of theſe Writers muſt be dry and unaffecting, without you are in ſome meaſure made acquainted with their Characters, their Lives, their Hiſtories, their ſeveral Beauties and Imperfections, the Times in which they lived.*

tions, that cover above half their Paper. Besides that their Thoughts lie loose and scattered, and unconnected, they are generally flat and tedious, and therefore trouble and perplex you in the Reading: This Fault I have endeavoured carefully to avoid; the Lives, and principal Incidents that relate to these Classic Authors, *you will find in a close and compact View, and the Opinion of the best* Critics *upon their Writings follow after in a regular Order: With great Caution I offer any thing of my own Judgment, which I have the Modesty to think would shew vain, forward, and perhaps impertinent, among a Number of so great and undisputed Authorities.*

THIS Work must be confessed to have another Advantage superior to any thing that has been yet published, by the Addition of a whole Volume, *containing the* Lives *and* Characters *of the* Grecian *and* Roman *Historians, and Biographers; which I am confident no Man will say, were ever yet collected together to any purpose in the* English *Language.*

I believe I am the first that ever compiled a Work of this Nature, without a Multitude of Quotations; and since I did not see the Necessity of it, I was willing to avoid all Shew and

and Oſtentation of Learning. I have indeed introduced the Tranſlation of ſome few Latin *and* Greek *Paſſages, which the judicious Reader will excuſe, becauſe he will ſee the Uſe of it. And when there is Occaſion, 'tis as much Conceit and Pedantry, ſuperſtitiouſly to avoid citing* Greek *or* Latin, *as it is to be pompous and profuſe in thoſe Citations when there is no Occaſion.*

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

SEVERAL Gentlemen, who have expreſſed their Approbation of this Work, have alſo deſired us to render it ſtill more uſeful, by giving an Account of the moſt eſteemed Editions *of the ſeveral* CLASSICS *here treated of, under the Head of each reſpective Author. In Compliance with which we have given the Readers;* Firſt, *Thoſe curious Editions which excel the others in the Beauty of their Print;* Secondly, *Thoſe which have beſt explained the Author by the Notes of the Learned: And,* Laſtly, *The neateſt and moſt correct Editions of the Pocket-Size.*

VOL.

THE

Lives *and* Characters

OF THE

CLASSIC AUTHORS, the GRECIAN and ROMAN POETS, HISTORIANS, ORATORS, and BIOGRAPHERS.

VOL. I.

HOMER.

IT has been the fruitleſs Labour of many Ages to arrive at any reaſonable Certainty concerning the Circumſtances of *Homer*'s Life; every Man covets to know the Perſon he cannot but admire: but, unhappily, this is a Curioſity that can never in this caſe be throughly ſatisfied; the moſt celebrated of Men will for

ever be the moſt unknown. Not but that the Ancients have writ his Life. but they are ſupported chiefly by fabulous Traditions, they run into Superſtition, and are ſo different in their Relations, that no Dependance can be form'd from the Accounts which are given, particularly with reſpect to *Egypt* and *Greece*, the two native Countries of Fable.

WE have an Account in *Euſtathius*, moſt ſtrangely framed, which *Alexander Paphius* has reported concerning *Homer*'s Birth and Infancy. That He was born in *Egypt* of *Damaſagoras* and *Æthra*, and brought up by a Daughter of *Orus* the Prieſt of *Iſis*, who was herſelf a Propheteſs, and from whoſe Breaſts Drops of Honey would frequently diſtill into the Mouth of the Infant. In the Night-time, the firſt Sounds he uttered, were the Notes of nine ſeveral Birds; in the Morning he was found playing with nine Doves in the Bed: The Sibyl who attended him was uſed to be ſeized with a Poetical Fury, and utter Verſes, in which ſhe commanded *Damaſagoras* to build a Temple to the Muſes. This he performed in obedience to her Inſpiration, and related all theſe Things to the Child when he was grown up; who in Memory of the Doves which played with him during his Infancy, has in his Works preferr'd this Bird to the Honour of bringing *Ambroſia* to *Jupiter*.

HELIODORUS, who had heard of this Claim which *Egypt* put in for *Homer*, endeavours to ſtrengthen it by naming *Thebes* for the particular Place of his Birth. He allows too, that a Prieſt was his reputed Father, but that his real Father, according to the Opinion of *Egypt*, was *Mercury*. He ſays, that when the Prieſt

was

was celebrating the Rites of his Country, and therefore ſlept with his Wife in the Temple, the God had Knowledge of her, and begot *Homer*. That he was born with Tufts of Hair upon his Thigh, as a Sign of unlawful Generation, from whence he was called Ὁμηρος *(Femur) Homer*, by the Nations through which he wander'd. That he himſelf was the Occaſion why this Story of his Divine Extraction is unknown; becauſe he neither told his Name, Race, nor Country, being aſhamed of his Exile, to which his reputed Father drove him, from among the conſecrated Youths, on account of that Mark, which their Prieſts eſteemed a Teſtimony of an unlawful Birth.

THAT Poetical Genealogy which is deliver'd for *Homer*'s in the *Greek* Treatiſe of the Contention between him and *Heſiod*, gives this Account of his Deſcent. The Poet *Linus* was born of *Apollo*, and *Thoöſe* the Daughter of *Neptune*; *Pierus* of *Linus*; *Oeagrus* of King *Pierus*, and the Nymph *Methone*; *Orpheus* of *Oeagrus*, and the Muſe *Calliope*; from *Orpheus* came *Othrys*; from him *Harmonides*; from him *Philoterpus*; from him *Euphemus*; from him *Epiphrades*, who begot *Menalops* the Father of *Dius*; *Dius* had *Heſiod* the Poet, and *Perſes* by *Pucamede* the Daughter of *Apollo*; then *Perſes* had *Mæon*, on whoſe Daughter *Crytheis*, the River *Meles* begot *Homer*. Here is a wonderful Genealogy, contrived induſtriouſly to raiſe our Idea to the higheſt; eſpecially if we conſider, that *Harmonides* is derived from *Harmony*, *Philoterpus* from *Love of Delight*, *Euphemus* from *beautiful Diction*, *Epiphrades* from *Intelligence*, and *Pucamede* from *Prudence*. It is not im-

probable, but the Inventors meant by a Fiction of this Nature to turn ſuch Qualifications into *Perſons*, as were agreeable to his Character for whom the Line was drawn.

THERE is a ſhort Life of *Homer* attributed to *Plutarch*, wherein a third Part of *Ariſtotle* on *Poetry*, which is now loſt, is quoted, for an Account of his uncommon Birth in this manner: At the time when *Neleus* the Son of *Codrus* led the Colony which was ſent into *Ionia*, there was in the Iſland of *Io*, a young Girl compreſſed by a *Genius*, who delighted to aſſociate with the Muſes and ſhare in their Concerts. She finding herſelf with Child, and being touched with the Shame of what had happened to her, removed from thence to a Place called *Ægina*. There ſhe was taken in an Excurſion made by Robbers, and being brought to *Smyrna*, which was then under the *Lydians*, they gave her to *Mæon* the King, who married her upon the Account of her Beauty: But while ſhe walked on the Bank of the River *Meles*, ſhe brought forth *Homer*, and expired. The Infant was taken by *Mæon*, and bred up as his Son, till the Death of that Prince.

The moſt remarkable Tradition of *Homer*'s Life is his Blindneſs, yet this muſt not befall him in a common manner; nothing leſs than Gods and Heroes muſt be viſibly concerned about it. Thus we find among the different Accounts which *Hermias* has collected concerning his Blindneſs, that when *Homer* reſolved to write of *Achilles*, he had an exceeding Deſire to fill his Mind with a juſt Idea of ſo glorious a Hero; wherefore having paid all due Honours at his Tomb, he intreats that

he

he may obtain a Sight of him. The Hero grants his Poet's Petition, and riſes in a glorious Suit of Armour, which caſt ſo unſufferable a Splendor, that *Homer* loſt his Eyes while he gazed for the Enlargement of his Notions.

BUT the moſt formal Account we have of the Life of *Homer*, is that which is ſaid to be collected by *Herodotus*. It is an unſupported low Treatiſe, compoſed of Events which lie only within the Compaſs of Probability, and belong to the loweſt Sphere of Life; it ſeems to be entirely conducted by the Spirit of a *Grammarian*, and is a mean Performance: I ſhall not therefore tranſlate the whole Life aſcribed to *Herodotus*, (for it is not univerſally received as Genuine) but only the moſt material Parts of it. We ought not to be nicer than *Strabo*, who did not diſdain to make uſe of it.

A Man of *Magneſia*, whoſe Name was *Menalippus*, went to ſettle at *Cumæ*, where he married the Daughter of a Citizen called *Homyres*, and had by her a Daughter called *Critheis*. The Father and Mother dying, that young Man was left under the Tuition of *Cleonax*, her Father's Friend. Whether the Guardian did not take care of his Ward, or that the looſe Government which is uſual in new Settlements, allowed a ſort of Liberty contrary to good Manners, this young Maid ſuffered herſelf to be deluded, and proved with Child. The Guardian, who had not prevented the Misfortune, was willing to conceal it, and ſent *Critheis* to *Smyrna*, which was then building eighteen Years after the Founding of *Cumæ*, that is, one hundred ſixty-eight after the taking of *Troy*. *Critheis* being near her time, went one

day to a Feſtival which the Town of *Smyrna* was celebrating on the Banks of the River *Meles*. Her Pains came upon her, and ſhe was delivered of *Homer*, whom ſhe called *Meleſigenes*, becauſe he was born on the Banks of that River. Having nothing to maintain her, ſhe was forced to ſpin for her Living.

THERE was at that time in *Smyrna*, a Man called *Phemius*, who taught Literature and Muſick. This Man having often ſeen *Critheis*, who lodged near him, and being pleaſed with her Houſewifry, took her to his Houſe to ſpin the Wool he received from his Scholars for their Schooling. She behaved herſelf ſo modeſtly and diſcreetly, that *Phemius* married her, and adopted her Son, in whom he diſcovered a wonderful Genius, and the beſt natural Diſpoſition in the World. After the Death of *Phemius* and *Critheis*, *Homer* ſucceeded to his Father-in-Law's Fortune and School, and was admired, not only by the Inhabitants of *Smyrna*, but by all Strangers, who reſorted thither from all Parts, that being a Place of great Trade.

A Ship-Maſter called *Mentes*, who was a Man of Wit, very Learned, and a Lover of Poetry, was ſo taken with *Homer*, that he followed him cloſe, and perſuaded him to leave his School, and travel with him. *Homer*, whoſe Head was then upon his Poem of the *Iliad*, and thought it of great Conſequence to ſee the Places he ſhould have occaſion to treat of, embraced the Opportunity. He embarked with *Mentes*, and during their ſeveral Voyages, never failed carefully to note down all that he thought worth obſerving; no Man was ever more exact than he in ſpecifying the Situation of Places, the Temper and diffe-

rent

rent Cuſtoms of Nations. The Diſcoveries he has made in Geography are excellent, and he has taught thoſe who writ after him, the true Method of that Art.

He travelled into *Egypt*, from whence he brought into *Greece* the Names of the Gods, and the chief Ceremonies of their Worſhip. He viſited *Africa* and *Spain*, in his return from whence he touch'd at *Ithaca*, were he was much troubled with a Rheum falling upon his Eyes. *Mentes* being in haſte to take a Turn to *Leucadia* his native Country, left *Homer* well recommended with *Mentor*, one of the Chief Men of the Iſland of *Ithaca*, who took all poſſible care of him. There *Homer* was informed of many things relating to *Ulyſſes*, which he afterwards made uſe of in compoſing his *Odyſſes*. *Mentes* returning to *Ithaca*, found *Homer* cured. They embarked together, and after much time ſpent in viſiting the Coaſts of *Peloponneſus*, and the Iſlands, they arrived at *Colophon*, where *Homer* was again troubled with the Defluxion upon his Eyes, which proved ſo violent, that he is ſaid to have loſt his Sight. This Misfortune made him reſolve to return to *Smyrna*, where he finiſhed his *Iliad*.

Some time after, the ill Poſture of his Affairs obliged him to go to *Cumæ*, where he hoped to have found more Relief. By the way he ſtayed at a Place called *The New Wall*, being a Colony from *Cumæ*. There he lodged in the Houſe of an Armourer called *Tychyus*, where he recited ſome Hymns he had made in honour of the Gods, and his Poem of *Amphiaraus*'s Expedition againſt *Thebes*. The People admiring him, he was ſuſtained for ſome time. *Herodotus* aſſures us, that in his time they ſtill ſhewed the

Place where *Homer* uſed to ſit when he recited his Verſes, and that the Place was then held in great Veneration.

Next he went to *Cumæ*, and paſſing through *Lariſſa*, he writ the Epitaph of *Midas*, King of *Phrygia*, then newly dead. At *Cumæ*, he was received with extraordinary Joy. Here his Poems were wonderfully admired; but when he propoſed to eternize their Town, if they would allow him a Salary, he was anſwer'd, that *there would be no end of maintaining all the* Ὅμηροι or *Blind Men*, and hence he got the Name of *Homer*. From *Cumæ* he went to *Phocæa*, where he recited his Verſes in the Aſſemblies: Here one *Theſtorides*, a School-maſter, offered to maintain him, if he would ſuffer him to tranſcribe his Verſes. This *Homer* complying with, through meer Neceſſity, the other had no ſooner gotten them, but he removed to *Chios*; there the Poems gained him Wealth and Honour, while the Author himſelf hardly earned his Bread by repeating them. At laſt, ſome who came from *Chios*, told the People, that the ſame Verſes were publiſhed there by a School-maſter; *Homer* reſolved to find him out. Having therefore landed near that Place, he was received by one *Glaucus*, a Shepherd, (at whoſe Door he was like to have been worried by Dogs) and carried by him to his Maſter at *Boliſſus*, who admiring his Knowledge, entruſted him with the Education of his Children. Here his Praiſe began to ſpread, and *Theſtorides*, who heard of his Neighbourhood, fled before him. He removed however ſome time afterward to *Chios*, where he ſet up a School of Poetry, gained a competent Fortune, married a Wife, and had two Daughters, one of which

died

died young, and the other was married to his Patron at *Boliſſus*: Here he compoſed his *Odyſſes*, and inſerted the Names of thoſe to whom he had been moſt obliged, as *Mentes*, *Phemius*, *Mentor*; and reſolving for *Athens*, he made honourable mention of that City, to prepare the *Athenians* for a kind Reception. But as he went, the Ship put in at *Samos*, where he continued the whole Winter, ſinging at the Houſes of Great Men, with a Train of Boys after him. In Spring he went on board again, in order to proſecute his Journey to *Athens*; but landing by the way at *Ios*, he fell ſick, died, and was buried on the Sea-Shore. Some ſay, he died for Grief, becauſe he could not expound a ſilly Riddle, propoſed to him by ſome Fiſhermen; but *Herodotus*, with good Reaſon, contradicts that ridiculous Tradition. There are ſome other ſcatter'd Stories about *Homer*; he was fined, ſays *Heraclides*, at *Athens* for a Madman; *Ælian* relates, that he portioned his Daughter with ſome of his Works for want of Money: but theſe Stories are too trifling to deſerve much Credit.

HAD theſe Memoirs of *Herodotus* been true, they would have decided the Place of *Homer*'s Birth; to which, nineteen Places, ſays *Suidas*, laid their Claim. To be ſatisfy'd of this, *Adrian* enquired of the Gods, as a Queſtion not to be ſettled by Men; and *Apion* (according to *Pliny*) raiſed a *Spirit* for his Information. There is a Prophecy of the Sibyls, that he ſhould be born at *Salamis* in *Cyprus*; and the Oracle given to *Adrian* afterwards, ſays, that he was born in *Ithaca*. There are ſome Cuſtoms in his Works, that ſeem to fix his Nativity in *Æolia*, or *Egypt*. A School was ſhewed for his at *Colophon*, and a

Tomb at *Ios*. The *Athenians* made his Name free of their City. The *Smyrneans* built a Temple to him, caſt Medals of him, and grew ſo poſſeſſed of his having been theirs, that it is ſaid, they burnt *Zoilus* for affronting them in the Perſon of *Homer*. The *Chians* plead the ancient Authorities of *Simonides* and *Theocritus*, the firſt calling him *The Poet of* Chios, and the other *The Songſter of* Chios; and which is more, *Homer* in the Hymn to *Apollo*, (which is acknowledged for his by *Thucidides*) bids the Muſes anſwer, that *it is the Blind Man that lives at* Chios; the *Chians* likewiſe ſhew to this Day an *Homerium*, or Temple of *Homer*, near *Boliſſus*. It is impoſſible to determine in a Point of ſo much Uncertainty.

THE Search is equally fruitleſs, if we enquire after his Parents. *Ephorus* has made *Mæon* to be his Father by a Niece, from whence he obtained the derivative Name of *Mæonides*. His Mother (if we allow the Story of *Mæon*) is called *Crytheis*; but we are loſt again in Uncertainty, if we ſearch farther; for *Suidas* has mentioned *Eumetis* or *Polycaſte*, and *Pauſanias Clymene* or *Themiſto*. He ſeems to have been born conſiderably later than the Siege of *Troy*, for in his Invocation of the Muſes to recount the Catalogue of the Ships, he ſays, *for we have only heard a Rumour, and know nothing particularly*. But not to enter into all that dry Diſpute, the World is inclined to ſtand by the *Arundelian* Marble, which places him at the time when *Diognetus* ruled in *Athens*, a little before the *Olympiads* were eſtabliſhed, about three hundred Years after the taking of *Troy*, and near a thouſand Years before the *Chriſtian Æra*.

THE

THE very Name of *Homer* has been diſputed; he has been called *Meleſigenes*, from the River where he was born. *Homer* has been reckoned an Aſcititious Name, from ſome Accident of his Life: The *Certamen Homericum* calls him once *Auletes*, perhaps from his *Muſical* Genius. *Lucian* is very pleaſant upon this Subject; he feigns that he had talked over the Point with *Homer* in the Iſland of the *Bleſſed*; I aſked him, ſays he, of what Country he was? a Queſtion hard to be reſolved with us: To which he anſwer'd, He could not certainly tell, becauſe ſome had informed him that he was of *Chios*, ſome of *Smyrna*, and others of *Colophon*, but he took him for a *Babylonian*, and ſaid he was called *Tigranes*, while he lived among his Countrymen, and *Homer* while he was a Hoſtage among the *Grecians*. Some, it ſeems, have found that Ὅμηρος ſignifies a *Hoſtage*; and this Poet (according to *Proclus*) was deliver'd as ſuch in a War between *Smyrna* and *Chios*. Others pretend, that he had the Name of *Homer*, becauſe he was born blind; but if any, ſays *Paterculus*, believes that *Homer* was born blind, he is blind himſelf, and has loſt his Senſes. The *Chian* Medal of him (which is of great Antiquity) repreſents him with a Volume open, and reading intently. It is impoſſible he ſhould have been born blind, whatever he might have been afterwards; for he muſt certainly have beheld the Creation, conſider'd it with a long Attention, and enrich'd his Fancy by the moſt ſenſible Knowledge of thoſe Ideas, which he makes the Reader ſee, while he but deſcribes them. It could not be thought, that they who knew ſo little of the Life of *Homer*, could have a right Knowledge

of his Perſon, yet they had Statues of him, as of their Gods, whoſe Forms they had never ſeen. There are ſtill to be found in the Cabinets of the Curious, Medals of *Homer* ſtruck at *Chios*, at *Smyrna*, at *Amaſtris*; but none of thoſe Honours having been done him till long after his Death, we have no Figure of *Homer* taken from the Original, they are all of them only the Product of Fancy and Imagination; but though the ancient Portraits of him ſeem purely Notional, yet they agree in repreſenting him with a ſhort curl'd Beard, and with diſtinct Marks of Age upon his Forehead.

THE only inconteſtable Works which *Homer* has left behind him, are the *Iliad* and the *Odyſſey*. The *Batrachomyomachia*, or Battle of the Frogs and Mice, has been diſputed; but however, is allowed for his by many Authors. It is indeed a beautiful Piece of Raillery, and *Statius* reckons it like the *Culex* of *Virgil*, a Trial of his Force before his greater Performance. The Hymns have been doubted alſo, and attributed by the Scholiaſts to *Cynæthus* the Rhapſodiſt; but neither *Thucydides*, *Lucian*, nor *Pauſanias*, have ſcrupled to cite them as Genuine. We have the Authority of the two former, for that of *Apollo*, and of the laſt, for a Hymn to *Ceres*, of which he has given us a Fragment. That to *Mars* is objected againſt; and likewiſe that which is the firſt to *Minerva*. The Hymn to *Venus* has many of its Lines copied by *Virgil* in the Interview between *Æneas* and the Goddeſs in the firſt *Æneid*. But whether theſe Hymns are *Homer*'s, or not, they were always judged to be near as ancient, if not of the ſame Age with him. Many other Pieces are aſcribed to him. Epigrams, the *Margites*, the *Cecropes*, the Deſtruction of *Oechalia*, and

and ſeveral more, which if they were his, are now to be reputed a real Loſs to the Learned World. Time in ſome things may have prevailed over *Homer* himſelf, and left only the Names of theſe Works, as Memorials that ſuch were in being; but while the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* remain, he ſeems like a Leader, who, though he may have failed in a Skirmiſh, has carried a Victory, for which he paſſes in Triumph through all future Ages.

WHEN *Homer* had compoſed his Poems, the People were ſo taken with them, that they were ſoon diſperſed throughout *Ionia*. They were all in one Piece, and not at all divided into Books. But every one not being able to purchaſe them entire, they went about in ſeparate Pieces, and each of thoſe Pieces took its Name from the Contents, as *The Battle at the Ships*; *the Death of* Dolon; *the Valour of* Agamemnon; *the* Patroclea; *the Grot of* Calypſo; *the Slaughter of the Wooers*, and the like; nor were theſe entitled Books, but *Rhapſodies*; from whence they who ſung them about had the Title of *Rhapſodiſts*, ſo called from the *Boughs* of Laurel they uſed to carry in their Hands. Thoſe different Pieces afterwards occaſioned the Diviſions into Books, as it is at preſent, and was the Work of Grammarians, who lived long after: When that Diviſion was firſt made, is not known, but the Ancients never quoted *Homer* by Books. After the Poems of *Homer* were divided into Books, ſome *Greek* Grammarian writ the Arguments to each Book, as they are at this day.

HOMER was not known intire in *Greece* before *Lycurgus*; that great Law-giver being in Ionia,

Ionia, and there having found perfect Copies of the two Divine Poems, took the pains to tranſcribe them himſelf, and carried over that Treaſure into *Greece*. This we may call the firſt Edition of *Homer*, that appeared in *Greece*, about a hundred and twenty Years before the Building of *Rome*. As *Lacedæmon* had the Honour of firſt publiſhing *Homer*'s Works, that of their Regulation fell to the Share of *Athens*, in the time of *Solon*, who then made a Law for their recital. It was then that *Piſiſtratus*, the Tyrant of *Athens*, a Maſter of much Learning and Wit, and a very gallant Man, put together the confuſed Parts of *Homer*, according to the Regularity in which they are now handed down to us. He divided them into the different Works entitled the *Iliad*, and the *Odyſſey*. He (that is, his Son *Hipparchus*, by his Order) digeſted each according to the Author's Deſign, and diſtinguiſhed each again into twenty four Books, to which were afterwards prefixed the twenty four Letters.

THIS Edition of *Athens* was ſoon carried and ſung abroad by one *Cynæthus* a learned Rhapſodiſt, and his Followers, who rehearſed theſe Poems in all the Cities of *Greece*, and in the Iſlands, and they were publickly read in the Schools; witneſs the Story of *Alcibiades*, who going into a Rhetorician's School, aſked him to read to him ſome part of *Homer*; and the Rhetorician anſwering, he had nothing of that Poet's, *Alcibiades* gave him a Cuff on the Ear; as if it had been unlawful for any publick Profeſſor to undertake the Inſtruction of Youth, without being himſelf acquainted with *Homer*.

BUT the Careleſſneſs of the Tranſcribers, and the Preſumption of the Rhapſodiſts, ſoon introduced

duced many Miſtakes into the Copies of *Homer*'s Works, which run the danger of being utterly defaced, had not the Care of Kings and Philoſophers undertaken to purge the Errors, and to reſtore them, as near as poſſible, to their primitive Purity. *Alexander* the Great, who was ſo paſſionately fond of *Homer*, that he laid him every Night with his Sword under his Pillow; who called him his Magazine of War, and who would have the Caſket of ineſtimable Value taken among the Spoils of *Darius*, put to no other uſe, but to preſerve theſe Poems; to the end, ſaid he, that the moſt perfect Production of Human Wit might be kept in the richeſt Caſket in the World: this *Alexander* appointed learned Men to reviſe and correct him, and committed that Reviſal to two great Philoſophers, *Calliſthenes* and *Anaxarchus*, who followed him in his *Aſiatick* Expedition; nor was he ſatisfied with being preſent in Perſon at that reviſal, but tranſcribed the whole Work with his own Hand, as they corrected it from the beſt Copies, and likewiſe conſulted *Ariſtotle* upon that Occaſion. This Edition of *Alexander*'s, ſo corrected, was called, *The Edition of the Caſket.*

AFTER the Death of *Alexander*, *Zenodotus* of *Epheſus* reviſed it again under the firſt of the *Ptolemies*. Under *Ptolemy Philometor*, the famous *Ariſtarchus* publiſhed a new Edition; he carefully reviſed thoſe of *Alexander* the Great and *Zenodotus*, and what other Copies he could gather. This Edition had ſo great a Reputation, that the Number of Copies increaſed extremely. It is likely this produced the Copies of *Marſeilles* and *Sinope*, and from that Copy doubtleſs are come our Editions. We find in the Life of the Poet

Aratus

Aratus, that he having finiſhed a Copy of the *Odyſſey*, was ſent for by *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, and entertained by him while he finiſhed one of the *Iliad*. But the World was not contented barely to have ſettled an Edition of *Homer's* Works, for many Tranſlations came abroad whereby other Languages were enriched by an Infuſion of his Spirit of Poetry. *Ælian* tells us, that even the *Indians* had them in their Tongue, and the *Perſian* Kings ſung them in theirs. *Perſius* mentions a Verſion into *Latin* by *Labeo*, and, in general, the Paſſages and Imitations which are taken from him, are ſo numerous, that he may be ſaid to have been tranſlated by piece-meal into that and all other Languages.

HOMER, who had a Genius accompliſh'd for Poetry, had the vaſteſt, ſublimeſt, and moſt univerſal Wit that ever was; it was by his Poems that all the Worthies of Antiquity were formed, from hence the Law-makers took the firſt Platforms of the Laws they gave to Mankind; the Founders of Monarchies and Commonwealths from hence took the Model of their Politicks. Hence the Philoſophers found the firſt Principles of Morality, which they taught the People. Hence Phyſicians have ſtudied Diſeaſes and their Cures; Aſtronomers have learn'd the Knowledge of the Heavens, and Geometricians of the Earth; Kings and Princes have learn'd the Art to govern, and Captains to form a Battle, to encamp an Army, to beſiege Towns, to fight and to gain Victories. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the Deſcriptions of his Battles, which take up no leſs than half the *Iliad*, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of Incidents, that no one bears a Likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of Deaths,

Deaths, that no two Heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a Profuſion of noble Ideas, that every Battle riſes above the laſt in Greatneſs, Horror, and Confuſion.

FROM this great Original, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle* came to be Philoſophers; *Sophocles* and *Euripides* took the haughty Air of the Theatre and Ideas of Tragedy; *Zeuxis*, *Apelles*, *Polygnotus*, became ſuch excellent Painters; and *Alexander* the Great ſo valiant. *Homer* has been the firſt Founder of all Arts and Sciences, and the Pattern of the wiſe Men in all Ages. And as he has been in ſome manner the Author of Paganiſm, the Religion whereof he eſtabliſhed by his Poems, one may ſay that never Prophet had ſo many Followers as he; yet notwithſtanding this ſo univerſal Genius, this Wit capable of all things applied himſelf only to Poetry, which he made his Buſineſs.

IT is no Romantick Commendation of *Homer* to ſay that no Man underſtood Perſons and Things better than he; or had a deeper Inſight into the Humours and Paſſions of Human Nature. He repreſents great Things with ſuch Sublimity, and little ones with ſuch Propriety, that he always makes the one admirable and the other pleaſant. He is a perfect Maſter of all the lofty Graces of the figurative Style. *Strabo*, the excellent Geographer and Hiſtorian, aſſures us that *Homer* has deſcribed the Places and Countries of which he gives account with that Accuracy, that no Man can imagine who has not ſeen them, and no Man but muſt admire and be aſtoniſhed that has. His Poems may juſtly be compared with that Shield of Divine Workmanſhip, ſo inimitably repreſented in the

eighteenth

eighteenth Book of the *Iliad*; you have there exact Images of all the Actions of War and Employments of Peace, and are entertained with the delightful View of the Univerſe. *Homer* has all the Beauties of every Dialect and Style, ſcatter'd through his Writings; he is ſcarce inferior to any other Poet, in the Poets own Way and Excellency, but excels all others in Force and Comprehenſion of Genius, Elevation of Fancy, and immenſe Copiouſneſs of Invention. Such a Sovereignty of Genius reigns all over his Works, that the Ancients eſteemed and admired him as the great High Prieſt of Nature, who was admitted into her inmoſt Choir, and acquainted with her moſt ſolemn Myſteries. The learned *Grotius* amazed at the extent of his Wit, the greatneſs of his Knowledge, the profoundneſs of his Thoughts and Maxims, and the ſublimity of his Compariſons, has given him a very great Elogium, for he has not ſtuck to compare one of the greateſt Prophets, I mean *Ezekiel*, with this noble Poet. He excelled, ſays he, in Wit and Elocution, inſomuch that laying aſide the Gift of Prophecy which is above Compariſon, he may worthily be compared to *Homer*, for his ſprightly Thoughts, noble Compariſons, mighty Knowledge in ſeveral things, particularly in Architecture.

HE has wonderfully found the way to raiſe his Poetry by the force of Harmony, mixing them artificially together, and ſupporting them with well-ſounding Particles, and with lofty or graceful Epithets which cover all that's diſagreable in them. This he has wonderfully performed above all in reckoning up the Ships at the end of the ſecond Book. *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus*

carnaſſeus has made this appear by tranſcribing the eight firſt Verſes of that Liſt as a Pattern of the reſt, and ſhewing that all thoſe Names of Places have in themſelves neither Beauty nor Grace, but that *Homer* has found out the ſecret to make them very beautiful and lofty. We need read thoſe Verſes only in the Original, and ſhall be amazed at their Magnificence. *Homer*'s Poetry is like Muſick, which can bring under its Command, and reduce to Harmony the moſt diſagreeable and unharmonious Sounds; all things ſubmit to it, and concur to work the Effects it injoins.

He had likewiſe the Art, by mixing of harſh, coarſe and common Terms with other more flowing and polite, to make a middle Compoſition between the auſtere and harſh, and the graceful or florid; and by that means he wonderfully mixes Art and Nature, Paſſion and Manners; as *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus* has well expreſſed it. Whatſoever Place we pitch upon in this Poet, ſays that excellent Critick, we ſhall find him perfectly diverſified by theſe two ſorts of Fluency and Harmony. This happy Compoſition has given *Homer* ſuch Vigour and ſuch Charms as no Man yet could ever come near; and what is wonderful, is, that no Part is labour'd or forced: All flows from its Spring, and there is every where ſuch a pleaſing Eaſineſs, as if the whole Poem had been continually dictated to *Homer* by the Muſe he invokes.

'Tis ſaid that Homer *matchleſs in his Art*
Stole Venus' *Girdle to engage the Heart.*
His Works indeed vaſt Treaſures do unfold,
And whatſoe'er he touches turn to Gold.

All

All in his *Hands new Beauty does acquire,*
He always pleaſes, and can never tire.
A happy Warmth he every where may boaſt,
Nor is he in too long Digreſſions loſt:
His Verſes without Rule a Method find,
And of themſelves appear in Order join'd.
All without Trouble anſwers his Intent,
Each Syllable is tending to th' Event.
Let his Example your Endeavours raiſe,
To love his Writings is a kind of Praiſe.
Boileau's Art of Poetry.

HOMER was certainly the Father of poetical Diction, he was the firſt who taught that Language of the Gods to Men. His Expreſſion is like the Colouring of ſome great Maſters which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly and executed with Rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touch'd with the greateſt Spirit. *Ariſtotle* had reaſon to ſay he was the only Poet who had found out *living Words*; there are in him more daring Figures and Metaphors than in any good Author whatever. An Arrow is *impatient* to be on the Wing, a Weapon *thirſts* to drink the Blood of an Enemy. Yet his Expreſſion is never too big for the Senſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. 'Tis the Sentiment that ſwells and fills out the Diction, which riſes with it and forms it ſelf about it.

To throw his Language the more out of Proſe, he ſeems to have affected the *Compound Epithets*. This was a ſort of Compoſition peculiarly proper to Poetry, not only as it heighten'd the Diction, but as it aſſiſted and filled the Numbers with greater Sound and Pomp,

and

and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to fill up the Images. He was not ſatisfied with his Language as he found it ſettled in any one part of *Greece*, but ſearch'd thro' its differing Dialects with this particular View, to beautify and perfect his Numbers. He conſidered theſe as they had a greater Mixture of Vowels and Conſonants, and accordingly employ'd them as the Verſe required either a greater Smoothneſs or Strength. What he moſt affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar Sweetneſs from its never uſing Contractions, and from its Cuſtom of reſolving the Dipthongs into two Syllables, ſo as to make the Words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous Fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* Contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feeble *Æolic*, which often rejects its *Aſperate*, or takes off its *Accent*; and compleated this Variety by altering ſome Letters with the Licence of Poetry. Thus his Meaſures, inſtead of being Fetters to his Senſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the Warmth of his Rapture, and even to give a farther Repreſentation of his Notions in the Correſpondence of their Sounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that Harmony which makes us confeſs that he had not only the richeſt Head, but the fineſt Ear in the World.

He had many of his Fictions, ſays *Gale*, from ſome real Scripture-Tradition which he gather'd up whilſt he was in *Ægypt*, and which we may collect from his Style and the Affinity of many of his Expreſſions with the Scripture Language. It cannot be doubted (ſays Sir *Walter Raleigh*) but that *Homer* had read over all the

Books

Books of *Moſes*, as appears evidently from many Places ſtolen from thence Word for Word.

HOMER, ſays Sir *William Temple*, was without doubt the moſt univerſal Genius that has been known in the World, and *Virgil* the moſt accompliſh'd. To the *firſt* muſt be allowed the moſt fertile Invention, the richeſt Vein, the moſt general Knowledge, and the moſt lively Expreſſions. To the *laſt* the nobleſt Ideas, the juſteſt Inſtitution, the wiſeſt Conduct and the choiceſt Elocution. To ſpeak in the Painter's Terms, we find in the Works of *Homer* the moſt Spirit, Force and Life; in thoſe of *Virgil*, the beſt Deſign, the trueſt Proportions, and the greateſt Grace. The Colouring of both ſeems equal, and indeed in both is admirable. *Homer* had more Fire and Rapture, *Virgil* more Light and Sweetneſs; or at leaſt the poetical Fire was more raging in the one, but clearer in the other; which makes the firſt more amazing, and the latter more agreeable. The Ore was richer in the one, but in the other more refined, and better allayed to make up excellent Work. Upon the whole, ſays *Temple*, I think it muſt be confeſſed that *Homer* was of the two, and perhaps of all others the vaſteſt, the ſublimeſt, and the moſt wonderful Genius; and that he has been generally ſo eſteemed, there cannot be a greater Teſtimony given than what has been by ſome obſerved, that not only the greateſt Maſters have found the beſt and trueſt Principles of all their Sciences or Arts; but that the nobleſt Nations have derived from them the Original of their ſeveral Races, though it be hardly yet agreed whether his Story be true or Fiction. In ſhort, theſe two immortal Poets muſt

muſt be allowed to have ſo much excelled in their Kinds, as to have exceeded all Compariſon, to have even extinguiſhed Emulation, and in a manner confined true Poetry, not only to their two Languages, but to their very Perſons.

Juſt as a Changeling ſeems below the reſt
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beaſt;
So theſe Gigantick Souls *amaz'd we find*
As much above the reſt of Human Kind.
Nature's whole Strength united! *Endleſs Fame*
And univerſal Shouts attend their Name.
Mulgr. Eſſay on Poetry.

It is almoſt incredible to what an height the Idea of Veneration the Ancients paid to *Homer* will ariſe. *Sparta* and *Macedon* conſider'd him moſt in reſpect of his warlike Spirit; *Athens* and *Ægypt* with regard to his Poetry and Learning. His Works which from the beginning paſſed for excellent Poetry, grew to be Hiſtory and Geography; they roſe to be a Magazine of Sciences, and were exalted into a Scheme of Religion. From him the Poets drew their Inſpirations, the Criticks their Rules, and the Philoſophers a Defence of their Opinions. They inſtituted Games for him, dedicated Statues, erected Temples, as at *Smyrna*, *Chios* and *Alexandria*; and *Ælian* tells us, that when the *Argives* ſacrificed with their Gueſts they uſed to invoke the Preſence of *Apollo* and *Homer* together. *Ptolemy Philopater* raiſed a Temple to his Honour, erected a fair Image of him, and placed about the Image thoſe Cities which contended for the place of his Birth. *Ælian* informs us further, that *Galaton* the Painter had drawn *Homer* vomiting, and the reſt of

the

the Poets licking it up, ſignifying that they derived all that they had from him. *Virgil* was uſed to ſay, it had been eaſier to have wreſted *Hercules'* Club from him than to ſteal a Verſe from *Homer* by way of Imitation. *Arceſilaus* the Philoſopher never failed to read ſome Paſſage of this Poet Night and Morning, and always ſaid when he took up his Book, *he was going to his Miſtreſs.* His Poems not only diverted the Mind, but have in all Ages pleaſed the Eye; the ableſt Painters, and the moſt celebrated Statuaries have drawn from thence the Arguments and Deſigns of their nobleſt Works; they have been the greateſt Ornaments of Temples and Palaces. *Vitruvius* reckons the Fights of *Troy*, and the *Wandring of Ulyſſes* among the Subjects uſually painted in Galleries and Portico's. *Hiero* cauſed all the Fable of the *Iliad* to be repreſented on the flooring of his Ship in inlaid Work. *Francis* the Firſt, ſays Mrs. *Dacier*, took from the *Odyſſey* the Ornaments of one of the Galleries at *Fontainbleau.* Antiquity always takes notice of certain Bowls or Cups, of great Value, which they call'd *Scyphos Homericos*, *Homer*'s Bowls, becauſe there were ſome Stories taken out of his Poems, or ſeveral of his Verſes engraven on them. *Nero* was paſſionately fond of them, as *Suetonius* informs us. There would be no end of being particular upon this Subject.

HOMER with his wonderful Accompliſhments, and his inimitable Excellencies, could not ſecure his Memory from Detraction and Envy. Monſieur *Perrault* affirms confidently, there never was any ſuch Perſon in the World. He ſays that the two Poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyſſey*, are nothing but a Collection of many little Pieces

by

by ſeveral Hands joined all together in a Body. The Siege of *Troy* being the general Subject of the Poets in the Times when it is pretended he lived, there came out commonly twenty or thirty Poems on that Action every Year, and the Man that made the beſt Verſes gained the Prize. At laſt there happened to be ſome ſort of Men in the World, who took a fancy to join the beſt of theſe Pieces together, and accordingly putting them into ſome Order and Method, they formed the *Iliad* and the *Odyſſey*. This is a bold Opinion, and deſervedly exploded.

OTHERS will allow *Homer* to have written the ſeveral Parts that make up thoſe two Poems; but he writ them, ſay they, without any View or Deſign; his Poems are looſe independent Pieces, tacked together, and were originally no more than ſo many Songs and Ballads upon the Gods and Heroes, and the Siege of *Troy*. This Notion is ridiculous: It would be ſtrange that *Ariſtotle* ſhould form his Rules on *Homer*'s Poems, and that *Virgil* ſhould build his *Æneid* upon the Model of the *Iliad* and the *Odyſſes*, and that *Horace* ſhould propoſe *Homer* for the Standard of Epic Writing with this Teſtimony, that he never undertook any thing inconſiderately, nor ever made any fooliſh Attempts, if this celebrated Poet had not formed his Works upon a regular Scheme and Intention, and carried them on deſignedly with Regularity and Method from the Beginning to the End.

SOME again attack him as a Plagiary, and charge him with collecting and publiſhing the Works of thoſe who writ before him. *Diodorus Siculus* tells us, that there was one *Daphne*, the Daughter of *Tireſias*, who from her Inſpirations

obtained the Title of a *Sibyl*; ſhe had a very extraordinary Genius, and being made a Prieſteſs at *Delphos*, wrote Oracles with wonderful Elegance, which *Homer* ſought for and adorned his Poems with ſeveral of her Verſes. *Ptolemæus Epheſtio* relates, that there was before *Homer* a Woman of *Memphis* called *Phantaſia*, who writ of the Wars of *Troy*, and the Wandrings of *Ulyſſes*. Now *Homer* arriving at *Memphis*, where ſhe had laid up her Works, and getting acquainted with *Phanitas*, whoſe Buſineſs it was to copy the ſacred Writings, he obtained a ſight of theſe, and followed entirely the Scheme ſhe had drawn. But this is a wild Story, which ſpeaks of an *Egyptian* Woman with a *Greek* Name, and who was never heard of but upon this account. *Clemens Alexandrinus* aſſerts, that he has taken ſeveral Verſes, word for word, out of *Orpheus de extincto Baccho*. There are other malicious Relations to be met with, which deſerve no Credit, and therefore ſhall not be mentioned.

THE Writings of *Homer* have been racked and tortured for Objections: His Narrations, ſays *Scaliger*, are tedious, his Thoughts and Notions are too effeminate and vulgar, they have ſo little of Senſe or Force in them, that he ſays they would ſcarce affect his Scullion. His Epithets are cold, flat, childiſh and unſeaſonable; he is too full of Digreſſions and inſipid Dialogues, he has invented filthy and abominable Stories concerning the Gods. His Repreſentations of the Deities are groſs, and the Manners of his Heroes vicious and imperfect. He talks coarſely of Pots and Caldrons, of Blood, Fat, Entrails. We find Princes fleaing of Beaſts

and

and roasting them: We hear *Ulysses* boasting of being the best Cook in the World, and challenging any Man to cut Meat, to serve Wine, or to make a Fire with him. And we see *Achilles* trying his Faculty at the same Employment. These and other Censures equally trifling are to be met with, which are easily answer'd by observing only that when we are reading *Homer*, we are reading the most ancient Author in the Heathen World. We are taking a view of Nature in her simple Dress, in opposition to the Luxury of succeeding Ages; we are stepping almost three thousand Years back into the remotest Antiquity, and entertaining our selves with a clear and surprising Vision of Things no where else to be found, the only authentick Picture of the ancient World.

It is certain, the divine *Plato* banished the Writings of *Homer* out of his Commonwealth, which some would fix as a Blemish upon the Poet's Reputation. The reason, says *Blackwall*, why *Plato* would not admit the Poems of *Homer* to be in the hands of the Subjects of that Government, was because he did not esteem ordinary Men capable Readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his Meaning, and have wrong Notions of God and Religion, by taking his bold and beautiful Allegories in a literal Sense. *Plato* frequently declares that he loves and admires him as the best, the most pleasant, and the divinest of all the Poets, and studiously imitates his figurative and mystical way of Writing. Tho' he forbad his Works to be read in Publick, yet he would never be without them in his Closet. Tho' the Philosopher pretends that for Reasons of State he must remove him out of his City, yet he declares he

would treat him with all poſſible Reſpect while he ſtaid, and diſmiſs him laden with Preſents, and adorned with Garlands (as the Prieſts and Supplicants of their Gods uſed to be) by which Mark of Honour, wherever he came, Men might be warned, and induced to eſteem his Perſon ſacred, and receive him with due Veneration.

THE moſt memorable Enemy to the Merits of *Homer* was *Zoilus*, a ſnarling Critick, who frequented the Court of *Ptolemy Philadelphus* King of *Egypt*, a great Encourager of learned Men. This Fellow wrote ill-natured Notes upon the Writings of this Poet, but received no Encouragement from the *Egyptian* Prince. He ſoon became univerſally hated, and at length died miſerably; ſome ſay he was ſtoned, others that he was burnt to death, and others that he was crucified by *Ptolemy* for a Crime that deſerved that Puniſhment.

EDITIONS of *HOMER*.

Græcè Typis elegantiſſimis cum aliis Poetis Heroici Carminis. *apud* Hen. Steph. 1566. *Folio.*

Gr. & Lat. cum Scholiis Græcis & Notis Variorum curante *Jos. Barnes*, 2 vol. *Cantabr.* 1711.

Gr. & Lat. cum nova Verſione & Notis *Sam. Clarke* D. D. 2 vol. 4to

If this Edition had the Greek Scholia it would be much preferable to that of Mr. Barnes.

Gr. & Lat. (ſine Scholiis) curante *Steph. Berglero*, 2 vol. 12mo

HESIOD.

HESIOD.

THE Lives of few Perſons are confounded with ſo many Uncertainties and fabulous Relations, as thoſe of *Heſiod* and *Homer*; for which reaſon, what may poſſibly be true, is ſometimes as much diſputed as the romantic part of their Stories. The firſt has been more fortunate than the other, in furniſhing us from his Writings with ſome Circumſtances of his Life and Family, as the Condition of his Father, the Place of his Birth, and the Extent of his Travels; and he has put it out of diſpute, tho' he has not fixed the Period, that he was one of the earlieſt Writers of whom we have any Account.

HE tells us in the ſecond Book of his *Works* and *Days*, that his Father was an Inhabitant of *Cuma*, in one of the *Æolian* Iſles now called *Faia Nova*, about thirty ſix Miles North of *Smyrna*; from hence he removed to *Aſcra*, a pitiful Village in *Bœotia* at the foot of Mount *Helicon*, which was doubtleſs the Place where *Heſiod* was born, and ſo frequently gives him the Name of *Aſcræus*; tho' *Suidas*, *Fabricius*, and others ſay he was of *Cuma*. He ſeems himſelf, and not undeſignedly, to have prevented any Miſtake about his Country; he tells us poſitively in the ſame Book, he never was but once at Sea, and that in a Voyage from *Aulis*, a Sea-Port in

Bœotia, to the Island *Eubæa*. This connected with the former Passage of his Father sailing from *Cuma* to *Bœotia*, will leave us no doubt concerning his Country. He thus addresses his Brother *Perses* with the Account of their Father's first Seat, and his Remove.

Ὥσπερ ἐμός τε πατὴρ, &c.

So our poor Father toil'd his Hours away,
Careful to live in the unhappy Day.
He, foolish Perses, *spent no Time in vain,*
But fled Misfortunes thro' the watry Plain.
He from Æolian Cuma *th' Ocean pass'd,*
Here in his sable Bark arriv'd at last.
Not far from Helicon *he fix'd his Race*
In Ascra's *Village; miserable Place!*
How comfortless the Winter-Season there!
And chearless, Ascra, *is thy Summer Air!*
O Perses *may'st thou ne'er forget thy Sire,*
But let thy Breast his good Example fire.

THE Names of his Father and Mother we must learn from some other Intelligence, and *Suidas* tells us they were *Dius* and *Pycimene*. Of what Quality his Father was, we are not very certain; that he was driven from *Cuma* to *Ascra* by Misfortunes, we have the Testimony of *Hesiod*. His Father seemed to have prospered better at *Ascra* then he did in his own Country; yet *Hesiod* could arrive at no higher Fortune than keeping of Sheep on the Top of Mount *Helicon*. Here the Muses met with him, and enter'd him into their Service.

Ἅι νό ποθ' Ἡσίοδον, &c.

E'er while as they the Shepherd Swain behold
Feeding beneath the sacred Mount his Fold,

With

With Love of charming Song his Breaſt they fir'd,
There me the heavenly Muſes firſt inſpir'd,
There when the Maids of Jove *the Silence broke,*
To Heſiod *thus the Shepherd Swain they ſpoke.*
Shepherds attend your Happineſs, who place
In Gluttony alone the Swain's Diſgrace;
Strict to your Duty in the Fields you keep,
There vigilant by Night to watch your Sheep;
Attend ye Swains on whom the Muſes call,
Regard the Honour not beſtow'd on all:
'Tis ours to ſpeak the Truth in Language plain,
Or give the Face of Truth to what we feign.
So ſpoke the Maids of Jove, *the ſacred Nine,*
And pluckt the Sceptre from the Tree divine,
To me the Branch they gave, with Look ſerene
The Laurel Enſign never fading green:
I took the Gift with holy Raptures fir'd,
My Words flow ſweeter, and my Soul's inſpir'd.
Before my Eyes appear the various Scene,
Of all that is to come, and what has been:
Me have the Muſes choſe their Bard to grace,
To celebrate the bleſs'd immortal Race.
To them the Honours of my Verſe belong,
To them firſt and laſt devote the Song.

THIS is no more than a poetical Piece of Vanity, which *Lucian* ridicules in a whole Dialogue; *Ovid* ſeems to have the ſame Opinion of it in the beginning of his *Art of Love*. To prove that he intended to be ſincere, and ſpeak nothing but Truth, he ſays,

Nec mihi ſunt viſæ Clio, Cliuſque Sorores,
Servanti pecudes vallibus, Aſcra, tuis.

Nor *Clio*, nor his Siſters have I ſeen,
As *Heſiod* ſaw them in the ſhady Green.

VIRGIL had more reſpect for this Poet, to whom he was ſo much obliged, and whoſe Pattern he propoſed to imitate in his *Georgicks*, and only turning the *Laurel Rod* into a Set of *Paſtoral Reeds*, he takes occaſion to paſs the higheſt Compliment in the World upon *Heſiod*.

Hos tibi dant Calamos, en accipe, Muſæ,
Aſcræo quos ante ſeni, quibus ille ſolebat
Cantando rigidas deducere Montibus Ornos.

Theſe Reeds the Muſes to your Lips commend,
The ſame they lent their old *Aſcræan* Friend;
By whom inſpir'd, deſcending Trees they led
To mix in Chorus with the Flocks he fed.

UPON the Death of the Father, who left ſome Fortune behind him, the Eſtate ought to have been equally divided between the two Brothers *Heſiod* and *Perſes*, but upon the Diviſion *Perſes* defrauded him by corrupting his Judges. He was ſo far from being provok'd to any Reſentment by this Injuſtice, that he expreſſed a Concern for thoſe poor miſtaken Mortals, who placed their Happineſs in Riches only, even at the Expence of their Virtue. He lets us know that he was not only above Want, but capable of aſſiſting his Brother in time of Need, which he often did after the ill Uſage he had received from him.

THE laſt Paſſage he mentions relating to himſelf, is his Conqueſt in a poetical Contention. *Amphidamas* King of *Eubœa* had inſtituted funeral Games in honour of his own Memory, which his Sons afterwards ſaw performed; *Heſiod* here was a Competitor for the Prize in Poetry, a Tripod, which he won, and, as he tells us himſelf,

ſelf, conſecrated to the Muſes. *Plutarch* in his Banquet of the *Seven Wiſe Men*, makes *Periander* give an Account of the poetical Contention at *Chalcis*, in which *Heſiod* and *Homer* are made Antagoniſts; the firſt was Conqueror, who received a Tripod for his Victory, which he dedicated to the Muſes with this Inſcription.

This Heſiod *vows to th'* Heliconian *Nine,*
In Chalcis *won from* Homer *the Divine.*

Ἡσίοδος Μούσαις, &c.

GYRALDUS in his Life of *Heſiod* informs us, that he and *Homer* ſung in *Delos* to the Honour of *Apollo*.

Ἐν Δήλῳ,

Homer *and I in* Delos *ſung our Lays,*
There firſt we ſung and to Apollo's *Praiſe;*
New was the Verſe in which we then begun
In honour to the God Latona's *Son.*

WE are told that *Philip* of *Macedon* and his Son *Alexander* had a Diſpute upon this Subject. The Prince declared in favour of *Homer*; his Father tells him the Prize had been given againſt him to *Heſiod*, and aſks him whether he had never yet ſeen the Verſes *Heſiod* inſcrib'd upon the Tripos, and dedicated to the Muſes on Mount *Helicon? Alexander* allows it, and ſays, that *Heſiod* might well get the better, when Kings were not the Judges, but ignorant Plowmen and Ruſticks. The Remark of *Cleomenes* the *Spartan* bears ſome Reſemblance to this, who obſerves that *Homer* was the Poet of

the *Lacædemonians*, and *Heſiod* of the *Ilotes* or the Slaves, becauſe the firſt taught the Art of War, and the other the Art of Huſbandry. The Authority of theſe Relations is queſtioned by learned Men, eſpecially by ſuch who will not allow theſe two great Poets to have been Contemporaries, but place *Heſiod* between thirty and forty Years the older of the two.

HESIOD having enter'd himſelf in the ſervice of the Muſes left off the Paſtoral Life, and applied himſelf to the Study of Arts and Learning. In the latter part of his Life he removed to *Locris*, a Town near the ſame Diſtance from Mount *Parnaſſus*, as *Aſcra* was from *Helicon*. *Gyraldus* and others tell us he left a Son and a Daughter, and that his Son was *Steſichorus* the Poet; but this wants better Confirmation than we have of it. It is agreed by all, that he lived to a very advanced Age.

THE Story of his Death as told by *Solon*, in *Plutarch*'s Banquet of the *Seven Wiſe Men*, is very remarkable. The Man with whom *Heſiod* lived at *Locris*, a *Mileſian* born, raviſhed a Maid in the ſame Houſe. *Heſiod*, tho' intirely ignorant of the Fact, was maliciouſly accuſed as an Accomplice to her Brothers, who barbarouſly murder'd him with his Companion, whoſe Name was *Troilus*, and throwed their Bodies into the Sea. The Body of *Troilus* was caſt on a Rock, which retains the Name of *Troilus* from that Accident. The Body of *Heſiod* was received by a Shoal of Dolphins as ſoon as it was thrown into the Water, and carried to the City of *Molicria*, near the Promontory *Rhion*; near which Place the *Locrians* then held a ſolemn Feaſt, the ſame which is at this Time celebrated with ſo much Pomp.

Pomp. When they ſaw a floating Carcaſs, they ran with Aſtoniſhment to the Shore, and finding it to be the Body of *Heſiod*, newly ſlain, they reſolved, as they thought themſelves oblig'd, to detect the Murderers of a Perſon they ſo much honoured. When they had found out the Wretches that committed the Murder, they plunged them alive into the Sea, and afterwards deſtroyed their Houſes. The Remains of *Heſiod* were depoſited in *Nemea*, and his Tomb is unknown to moſt Strangers; the reaſon of its being concealed was becauſe of the *Orchomenians*, who had a Deſign, founded on the Advice of an Oracle, to ſteal his Remains from thence, and to bury them in their own Country. This Account of the Oracle here mentioned by *Plutarch* is related by *Pauſanias* in his *Bœotics*. He tells us, the *Orchomenians* were adviſed by the Oracle to bring the Bones of *Heſiod* into their Country, as the only means to drive away a Peſtilence which raged among them. They obeyed the Oracle, found the Bones, and brought them home. *Tzetzes* ſays, they erected a Tomb over him, with an Inſcription to this Purpoſe on it:

Heſiod, *thy Birth is barren* Aſcra's *Boaſt*,
Thy dead Remains now grace the Minyan *Coaſt.*
Thy Honours to meridian Glory riſe,
Grateful thy Name to all the Good and Wiſe.

We have the Knowledge of ſome few Monuments, which were framed in honour to this great and ancient Poet. *Pauſanias*, in his *Bœotics*, informs us, that his Countrymen the *Bœotians* erected to his Memory an Image with a Harp in his Hand; the ſame Author tells us in

another Place, there was likewiſe a Statue of *Heſiod* in the Temple of *Jupiter Olympicus*. *Fulvius Urſinus*, and *Boiſſard*, in his Antiquities, have exhibited a Breaſt with a Head, a Trunk without a Head, and a Gem of him; and *Urſinus* ſays, there is a Statue of Braſs of him in the publick College at *Conſtantinople*; the only Original Monument of him beſides now remaining, or at leaſt known, is a Marble Buſto in the *Pembroke* Collection at *Wilton*.

THE *Theogony*, and *Works* and *Days*, are the only undoubted Pieces of our Poet now extant; though 'tis ſuppoſed that theſe Poems have not deſcended perfect and finiſhed to the preſent Times. The *Theogony*, or *Generation of the Gods*, *Fabricius* puts out of diſpute to be the Work of *Heſiod*; nor is it doubted, ſays he, that *Pythagoras* took it for his, who being come down to Hell, feigned he ſaw the Soul of *Heſiod* tied with Chains to a Braſs Pillar, and that of *Homer* hung to a Tree, both expoſed to the Biting of Serpents, in puniſhment for what they had written concerning the Nature of the Gods. This, doubtleſs, is the Poem that gave *Herodotus* occaſion to ſay, that *Heſiod* with *Homer* was the firſt who introduced a *Theogony* among the *Grecians*, the firſt who gave Names to the Gods, aſcribed to them Honours and Arts, giving particular Deſcriptions of their Perſons. The EPTA, or *Works* of *Heſiod*, *Plutarch* aſſures us, were uſed to be ſung to the Harp; *Manilius*, whom Mr. *Creech* has evidently proved to be an Author of the *Auguſtan* Age, in the ſecond Book of his Aſtronomy, takes notice in his Commendation of this Poem and his Writings, that thoſe two Poems were the only remaining Pieces of *Heſiod*'s in the Reign

Reign of *Auguſtus*. *Manilius* gives this extraordinary Account of them, and of their Author.

Heſiodus memorat, &c.

----- *Heſiod* ſings the Gods immortal Race,
He ſings how *Chaos* bore the earthy Maſs;
How Light from Darkneſs ſtruck did Beams diſplay,
And Infant Stars firſt ſtagger'd in their way.
How Name of Brother veil'd a Huſband's Love,
And *Juno* bore unaided by her *Jove*.
How twice-born *Bacchus* burſt the Thund'rer's Thigh,
And all the Gods that wander through the Sky.
Hence he to Fields deſcends, manures the Soil,
Inſtructs the Plowman, and rewards his Toil.
He ſings how Corn in Plains, how Vine in Hills
Delight; how both with vaſt Increaſe the Olive fills.
How foreign Grafts th'Adulterous Stock receives,
Bears ſtranger Fruit, and wonders at her Leaves:
An uſeful Work when Peace and Plenty reign,
And Art joins Nature to improve the Plain.

THERE is a Poem aſcribed to *Heſiod*, and commonly printed with the other two, under the Title of *The Shield of* Hercules, which has not one convincing Argument in its favour, by which we may poſitively declare it a genuine Work. *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian ſuppoſes it to be ſpurious, and that it is an Imitation of the *Shield of* Achilles in *Homer*. Of the other Labours of this Poet, we ſee nothing but the Titles remaining, except ſome Fragments preſerved by *Pauſanias*, *Plutarch*, and *Polybius*, who gloried as much in reſcuing a Verſe from the Ruins of Time, as a Prince in a Victory over his moſt powerful Enemy.

Enemy. We are told that *Heſiod* compoſed ſome other Works, of which we have not even the Titles. Ve are aſſured from divers Paſſages in *Pliny*, that he wrote of the *Virtues of Herbs*, as in the beginning of his *Works* and *Days* he ſpeaks of the Wholeſomneſs of Mallows, and the Daffadil, or Aſphadelos; *Quintilian*, in his fifth Book, denies the Fables of *Æſop* to be originally written by him, but ſays the firſt Author of them was *Heſiod*; and *Plutarch* informs us, that *Æſop* was his Diſciple; but nothing certain can be determined upon this Subject.

THIS *Greek* Poet, with all his Excellencies, notwithſtanding the Sweetneſs and eaſy Plainneſs of his Stile, the Pleaſantneſs of his Fables, and the ſtrict Virtue and Morality of his Precepts, has met with coarſe Treatment from Men of Note, who have deſcanted upon his Writings: *Le Fevre* remarks, that in his Poem of *Works* and *Days*, he has acted like our Almanack-Makers, who diſtinguiſh between fortunate and unfortunate Days, and that this Piece upon the whole is not much to be valued. *Vives* ſpeaking of his *Theogony* ſays, It is of ſome uſe for the underſtanding of the Poets, but in other reſpects it is good for nothing. *Quintilian* gives him the Palm only *in medio genere dicendi*, in the middle Stile, not conſidering that his Subjects obliged him to riſe no higher. *Clemens Alexandrinus* takes notice of ſeveral Verſes ſtolen *verbatim* by *Heſiod* out of *Muſæus* the Poet; and *Gale*, in his Court of the *Gentiles*, aſſures us, that *Heſiod* received ſome of his choiceſt Traditions from the Scriptures, if not immediately, yet originally, as will appear probable to any one who

who will take the trouble to draw up the Parallel.

BUT notwithſtanding the Severity of theſe Cenſures, *Heſiod* has the Current of learned and judicious Criticiſm in his favour. *Heinſius* in the Preface to his Edition of this Poet remarks, that among all the Poets, he ſcarce knew any but *Homer* and *Heſiod* who underſtood how to repreſent Nature in her true native Dreſs: Which, ſays he, is infinitely to be preferr'd before all thoſe artful Ways that were uſed in After-times. He proceeds to tell us, that which to him ſeemed the moſt wonderful was, that Nature had both begun and perfected at the ſame time her Work in theſe two Perſons, whom for that very reaſon he makes no ſcruple to call *Divine*; adding, that Nature had in both theſe Authors exhibited to us a full and perfect Idea of all human Virtue.

THE learned *Borrichius* remarks, that *Heſiod*'s Poem, call'd *Works* and *Days*, was writ with ſo much Prudence, that even at this Day the reading of it may be of great Uſe to all ſuch as apply themſelves to Moral Philoſophy, to Policy, to Œconomy, to Marine Affairs, and to Huſbandry; and as for his *Theogony*, or *Generation of the Gods*, he obſerves, that we may learn much more by that Piece, than the Title ſeems to import; ſince thoſe that are curious in finding out the Nature of Things, diſcover under the Covert of theſe Fables, natural Truths, and wholeſome Maxims, drawn from the deepeſt Philoſophy. *Paterculus* ſtiles him a Poet of a moſt curious Fancy, one famous and diſtinguiſhed for the Sweetneſs of his Verſe, moſt deſirous of his own Peace and Quiet.

BUT

BUT *Virgil* compleats the Character of *Heſiod*; he frequently mentions him with Honour, and follows him as his great Example, particularly thus,

Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida Carmen.

EDITIONS of *HESIOD.*

Græcè. Inter principes heroici Carminis. *apud* Hen. Stephanum 1566. *Folio.*

Gr. Lat. Scholiis Græcis, notis Var. & *Tho. Robinſon.* *Oxon.* 4*to.*

Gr. Lat. Scholiis Gr. Notis *Grævii* & *Joh. Clerici.* *Amſt.* 1702. 8*vo.*

SAPPHO.

SAPPHO.

THIS excellent Poeteſs, who enjoyed the Titles of the *Ninth Lyrick*, and the *Tenth Muſe*, was a Native of *Mitylene*, the Capital of the *Molian* Cities in the Iſland of *Leſbos*. Her Mother's Name was *Cleis*, but who was her Father is uncertain, there being no leſs than eight Perſons contending for that Honour in *Suidas*; the moſt received Opinion decides in favour of *Scamandronymus*. She flouriſhed, according to *Suidas*, about the forty-ſecond Olympiad, and was Contemporary with *Pittacus*, Tyrant of *Mitylene*, and according to the common Account one of the ſeven renowned Sages of *Greece*. She had the Acquaintance of the two famous Poets, *Steſichorus* and *Alcæus*. The laſt of theſe is ſaid to have been her Suitor, and a Rebuke which ſhe gave him, is ſtill extant in *Ariſtotle*. He informs us, that *Alcæus* one Day accoſting *Sappho*, and telling her he had ſomething to ſay to her, but was aſhamed to utter it: Was it any thing good, replied ſhe, and not rather ſome Diſhoneſty which you have conceived in your Mind, you would not be aſhamed to diſcloſe it.

DIPHILUS the Comick Poet, and *Hermeſionax* the *Colophonian*, aſſure us, that *Anacreon* of *Teos* was alſo one of her Lovers; but this Amour has been generally eſteemed too repugnant to Chronology

nology to be admitted, and it muſt ſtill be conſider'd as ſuch, notwithſtanding Mr. *Barnes*'s learned Endeavours to prove the contrary.

We have no Account by which we can judge of her Quality, whether ſhe was of a Noble or Vulgar Extraction; for though *Strabo* tells us, that her Brother *Charaxus* traded in Wines from *Leſbos* to *Egypt*, yet we can conclude nothing from thence, for People of the beſt Rank among the Ancients employed themſelves in Traffick, and frequently uſed it as a means to travel. *Solon*, when in *Egypt*, defrayed his Expences by Commerce, and *Plato* maintained himſelf there by the Oils which he ſold. Beſides *Charaxus*, whom I mentioned, ſhe had alſo two elder Brothers, *Larychus* and *Eurygius*. *Larychus* ſhe highly commended in her Verſes for his Virtue and Generoſity, and particularly for his having diſtributed Wine among the *Mitylenians* in the *Prytanæum*; but *Charaxus* ſhe as bitterly inveighed againſt for the extravagant Love he bore to a famous Courtezan called *Rhodope*.

THIS *Rhodope* is reported to have been Fellow-Slave with the celebrated *Æſop*, and to have built one of the Pyramids of *Egypt*. As ſhe was once bathing in the *Nile* (for ſhe was a Native of *Naucratis*, a City of *Egypt*) an Eagle ſnatch'd one of her Slippers out of the Hands of her Waiting-Woman, and carrying it to *Memphis*, where the King ſat adminiſtring Juſtice in a publick Place of the City, drop'd it in his Lap. The King was ſurprized at the Novelty of the Adventure, and being ſmitten with the Beauty of the Slipper, immediately diſpatch'd Meſſengers over the Country, with Orders

Orders to bring him the Woman with whom they ſhould find the Fellow of that Slipper: In ſhort, *Rhodope* being found, was brought to the King, and made by him Queen of *Egypt*.

To return to *Sappho*: She married one *Cercolus*, a Gentleman of great Wealth and Power in the Iſle of *Andros*, by whom ſhe had a Daughter named *Cleis*; but he leaving her a Widow very young, ſhe would never endure any ſecond Match; not bearing to confine that Paſſion to one Perſon, which as the Ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be reſtrained even to one Sex. She had many Female Favourites whom ſhe laſciviouſly careſſed, *Athis*, *Andromeda*, *Teleſylla*, *Megara*, and others. Upon the account of theſe Intimates, her Character ſuffers much from the Charge of diſhoneſt and unnatural Pleaſure; it being a conſtant Tradition that her Amorous Humour was not ſatisfied with the Addreſſes of Men, but that ſhe was willing to have her Miſtreſſes as well as her Gallants.

But no one ſeems to have been the Object of her Admiration, ſo much as the lovely *Phaon*. He was at firſt a kind of Ferryman, as is reported, and thence fabled to have carry'd *Venus* with a great deal of Care over the Stream in his Boat, and to have received from her as a Reward, the Favour of being the moſt beautiful Man in the World. *Sappho*, it ſeems, had not Charms ſufficient to ſubdue this obdurate Lover. He withdrew from her Addreſſes, and retired from *Leſbos* to *Sicily*. She took a Voyage in purſuit of him, and there, upon that occaſion, it is imagined ſhe compoſed her Hymn to *Venus*. Her Diſappointments in Love produced

duced ſome of her fineſt Pieces, particularly that delicate Epiſtle which *Ovid* makes her write to her ungrateful *Phaon*, the beſt Thoughts of which, he is ſuppoſed to have borrowed from ſome of her Compoſitions that are now loſt.

IT is no wonder that the Charms of her Perſon made no Impreſſion upon *Phaon*'s Heart, for it ſeems ſhe was a very plain Lady, and as ſhe is commonly deſcribed, of a very ordinary Stature, and of a brown Complexion. *Ovid* knew very well this Part of her Character, and he only had the Art to excuſe it.

Si mihi difficilis, &c.

To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd,
Is well by Wit's more laſting Charms ſupply'd;
I own my ſhort Dimenſions; that they ſuit
Juſt with my Verſe, and make with that two Foot.
Tho' ſhort of Stature, yet my Name extends
To Heaven itſelf, and Earth's remoteſt Ends.
Brown as I am; an *Æthiopian* Dame
Inſpir'd young *Perſeus* with a generous Flame.
White Doves will bill with thoſe of ſhining Jet,
And the Green Turtle woo a ſpeckled Mate:
If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart reſign,
But ſuch as merits, ſuch as equals thine,
By none alas, by none thou canſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by *Phaon* muſt be lov'd.

FINDING her Prayers ineffectual, and her dear *Phaon* inexorable, ſhe was tranſported with the Violence of her Paſſion, and reſolved to get rid of it at any rate. There was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate*, on the Top of which ſtood a Temple dedicated to *Apollo*; in this Temple it was uſual for deſpairing Lovers to make their

their Vows, and afterwards to caſt themſelves from the Precipice into the Sea; for it was an eſtabliſhed Opinion, that all thoſe who were taken up alive, would immediately find themſelves rid of their former Paſſion. *Sappho* try'd the Cure, but periſhed in the Experiment. Some write that ſhe was the Inventreſs of this Cuſtom; but *Strabo* tells us, that thoſe who underſtood Antiquity better, reported one *Cephalus* firſt made the deſperate Leap from that fatal Precipice called *the Lovers Leap*. *Ovid* introduces *Sappho* as adviſed to this Remedy by the Viſion of a Sea-Nymph, of which ſhe ſent the following Account to the cruel *Phaon*.

Hic ego cum laſſos, &c.

Here as I lay and ſwell'd with Tears the Flood,
Before my Sight a watry Virgin ſtood,
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain,
" Fly hence and ſeek the fair *Leucadian* Main;
" There ſtands a Rock, from whoſe impending Steep,
" *Apollo*'s Fane ſurveys the rolling Deep.
" There injur'd Lovers leaping from above,
" Their Flames extinguiſh, and forget to love:
" *Deucalion* once with hopeleſs Fury burn'd,
" In vain he lov'd, relentleſs *Pyrrha* ſcorn'd,
" But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,
" *Deucalion* ſcorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
" Haſte, *Sappho*, haſte, from high *Leucadia* throw
" Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below.

THE *Mitylenians* had her Worth in ſuch high Eſteem, and were ſo ſenſible of the Glory they received from her being born amongſt them,

that

that they paid her Sovereign Honours after her Death, and coined Money with her Head for the Impreſs.

SHE was the Inventreſs of *Sapphick* Verſes, and, according to ſome Authors, of the *Pectis*, an Inſtrument of Muſick. She wrote in the *Æolick* Dialect; ſhe compoſed nine Books of Odes, beſides Elegies, Epigrams, Iambicks, Epithalamiums, and other Pieces, of which we have nothing remaining entire but a Hymn to *Venus*, which we find in *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, and an amorous Ode, addreſſed to one of the young Maids that ſhe admired; and this we meet with in *Longinus*. The laſt of the two is the moſt eſteemed, and is ſtill acknowledged for the inimitable Example of the moſt artificial Union, or rather Combat of all the Paſſions, and of all the moving Circumſtances that can enliven a Piece. It is ſhort, and tranſlated by Mr. *Addiſon* runs thus.

On a YOUNG MAID whom ſhe loved.

Happy as a God is he,
That fond Youth, who plac'd by Thee,
Hears and ſees thee ſweetly gay
Talk and ſmile his Soul away.

That it was alarm'd my Breaſt,
And depriv'd my Heart of Reſt.
For in ſpeechleſs Raptures toſt,
Whilſt I gaz'd, my Voice was loſt.

The ſoft Fire with flowing Rein,
Glided ſwift thro' every Vein,
Darkneſs o'er my Eyelids hung,
In my Ears faint Murmurs rung.

Chilling

Chilling Damps my Limbs bedew'd,
Gentle Tremors thrill'd my Blood,
Life from my pale Cheeks retir'd,
Breathleſs I almoſt expir'd.

The Soul of *Sappho* ſeemed form'd for Love and Poetry, ſhe felt the Paſſion in all its Warmth, and deſcrib'd it in all its Symptoms. *Horace* calls her *Maſcula Sappho*, which *Porphyrion* explains of the Energy of her Poetry, and *Plutarch* compares her to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breath'd out nothing but Flame. *Voſſius* ſays, that none of the *Greek* Poets excelled *Sappho* for Sweetneſs of Verſe, and that ſhe made *Archilochus* the Model of her Stile, but at the ſame time ſhe took great care to ſoften and ſweeten the Severity of his Expreſſion. What remains of *Sappho*'s carries in it ſomething ſo ſoft, luſcious and charming, even in the Sound of the Words, that *Catullus* himſelf, who has endeavoured ſomewhat like them in *Latin*, comes infinitely ſhort of them. And ſo have all the reſt, who have writ their own Thoughts upon that Subject. It muſt be allowed, ſays *Rapin*, by that which is left us of the Fragments of *Sappho*, that *Longinus* has great Reaſon to boaſt ſo highly in his Works of the admirable Genius of this Woman, for there are found ſome Strokes of Delicacy, the moſt fine, and the moſt paſſionate in the World.

THE Criticks pretend, there were two Ladies of this Name, who lived at the ſame time, and excelled in the Delights of Poetry: But *Ovid*, *Statius*, and others of the *Latin* Poets, confeſs but one *Sappho*, in Memory of whom the *Romans* erected a noble Statue of Porphyry. If there

were

were two, the Characters of theſe Ladies muſt lie blended as they have hitherto done, and the ſurviving Nymph muſt own the Faults, as well as the Virtues of her forgotten Name-ſake.

MR. *Oldham* complaining of the ſmall Encouragement the Poetic Tribe met with in the Age in which he lived, obſerves,

Should mighty Sappho *in theſe Days revive,*
And hope upon her Stock of Wit to live,
She muſt to Creſwell's *trudge to mend her Gains,*
And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.

EDITIONS of *SAPPHO.*

Gr. & Lat. Notis Var. & *Chr. Wolfii.*
Hamburg, 1732. 4*to.*
Inter Novem Fæminarum Græcarum Carmina.
Græcè curâ *Fulvii Urſini.*
apud Plantin. 1598. 8*vo.*

ALCÆUS.

ALCÆUS.

THE Account of *Sappho* properly introduces the Life and Character of *Alcæus*. He was a Native of *Mitylene* in the Iſland of *Leſbos*, and one of the greateſt *Lyric* Poets of Antiquity. Some ſay he was the firſt Inventor of the *Barbiton*, though others aſcribe the Honour to *Terpander*. *Horace* compliments him upon this Subject;

———*Age dic Latinum, &c.*

Begin ſweet Harp a *Roman* Strain,
Thoſe Meaſures, and thoſe Airs maintain,
Firſt ſtruck by great *Alcæus'* noble Hand.

HE flouriſh'd in the forty-fourth Olympiad, at the ſame time with *Sappho*, who was born in the ſame Place. We find a Fable in *Ariſtotle*'s Rhetoric, where *Alcæus* is introduced requeſting I know not what Favour of *Sappho*, who was not at that time in ſo good a Humour as ſhe uſed to be, and refuſed him what perhaps ſhe offered him the next Day.

Θέλω τὶν εἰπεῖν, *&c.*

Alcæus.

Fain would I ſpeak, but muſt thro' Shame conceal
The Thought my eager Tongue would ſoon reveal.

Sappho.

Were your Requeſt, O Bard, on Honour built,
Your Cheeks would not have worn theſe Marks of Guilt;
But in prompt Words the ready Thoughts had flown,
And your Heart's honeſt Meaning quickly ſhown.

UPON this Occaſion *Le Fevre* obſerves, that a bright Genius who at half a Word can diſcover wherein the Beauty of Thought and Expreſſions conſiſts, muſt be ſenſible that this Application of *Alcæus* is one of thoſe Declarations of Love, which require the critical Minute, and that *Sappho* apprehended perfectly what it meant. Her Anſwer, ſays he, is wiſe, but perhaps too ſerious upon this Suppoſition.

THE State of *Mitylene* ſuffered at this time under the Oppreſſion of *Pittacus*, one of the ſeven Sages of *Greece*. *Alcæus* undertook the Defence of the Publick Liberty, and put himſelf at the Head of a ſtrong Party for the Deliverance of his Country; but the Succeſs did not anſwer his Deſign at the firſt Attempt, for he was overthrown and driven by the Tyrant's Power out of the City. It is ſaid by ſome, that he was taken Priſoner by *Pittacus*, who gave him his Liberty after he had treated him in a very ſcurrilous manner. *Alcæus* had inveigh'd againſt this Prince in very vulgar Expreſſions; he called him, as we learn from *Suidas*, *Splay-Foot*, *Fat Guts*, and other opprobious Names; but *Pittacus* paſt by the Affront, ſaying, It was better to forgive, than to puniſh an Injury. He was forced into Baniſhment, with many others, but returning with a numerous Force at the Head of the Exiles, he expelled the Tyrant, and confirmed the old Government of the City. We

are

are told, that to inſpire his Soldiers with Courage, he made uſe of the Harmonious Cadence of Numbers, and made his Speeches in Verſe at the Head of his Army. But though he appeared ſo ſtrenuous an Aſſertor of the Publick Liberty, yet he was ſuſpected to entertain ſome dangerous Deſigns againſt the State, and ſet himſelf to oppoſe the Tyranny with no other View, than to get Poſſeſſion of the Sovereign Power into his own Hands. I find in *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus*, that the Inhabitants of *Mitylene* elected *Pittacus* for their General againſt the Poet *Alcæus*, and his Adherents, whom they had baniſhed. Others ſay, that having abuſed *Pittacus*'s Clemency, and continuing to cabal and inveigh againſt him, he was no longer uſed with favour; which *Ovid* thus expreſſes,

Utque Lyræ vates fertur periiſſe ſeveræ,
Cauſa ſit Exitii dextera læſa tui.

Or may thy Satire too ſevere be found,
And thine like poor *Alcæus*'s Muſe be crown'd,
With Vengeance from the Hand it dares to wound.

We are told by *Diogenes Laertius*, that he had a Conteſt with the Tyrant in Verſe, in which Engagement no doubt Victory declared for him.

ALCÆUS ſeemed to have been of a warlike Genius; we find by him that his Houſe was furniſh'd with Helmets and Shields, and Enſigns, and was a Magazine of Military Stores, yet Hiſtory has laid an Imputation upon his Courage; for *Herodotus* reports, that he ran away and left his Arms behind him, when the *Athenians* gained a Battle againſt the *Leſbians*. But it was ſome

Comfort to him in his Diſgrace, that the Conquerors cauſed his Arms to be hung up in the Temple of *Minerva* at *Sigeum*. *Horace*, who among all the *Latin* Poets reſembles *Alcæus*, confeſſes as well as he, that he fled from the Battle, and threw down his Arms, as being uſeleſs in Flight.

Tecum Philippos, *&c.*

The Bloody Wars, *Philippi*'s Field,
Ignobly having loſt my Shield,
With thee I ſaw ſecure from Wound;
I ſaw the Flight, when *Pompey* proud,
To *Cæſar*'s ſtronger Virtue bow'd,
And baſely bit the bloody Ground.

THE ſame Adventure happen'd to *Archilochus* before *Alcæus*, and he publickly confeſſed it.

HE fell into the *Greek* Vice, the Love of Boys; the Name of his Favourite was *Lycus*, whoſe black Eyes, as *Horace* ſays, and black Hair had inflamed him.

———*Qui ferox bello, &c.*

He fierce in Arms yet 'midſt his Cares,
When Dangers preſs'd and noiſy Wars,
And ſtain'd his charming Harp with Blood,
Or when he ſtemm'd the angry Seas,
Or when arriv'd he ſat at Eaſe,
And laugh'd at all the Fury of the Flood;
The Muſes he in ſounding Verſe
Wou'd ſing and *Venus*' Praiſe rehearſe,
With her th' attending wanton Boy,
Or *Lyco*'s Face ſurprizing fair
With coal-black Eyes and auburn Hair,
By Nature fitted to entice to Joy.

THIS

THIS Boy, as *Cicero* obſerves, had a Mole upon his Finger, which, in the Poet's Eye, was a beautiful Ornament; and remarks farther, that though *Alcæus* had ſome Share of Courage, yet he had filled his Verſes with an exceſſive Pederaſty. He was ſo amorous, ſays *Scipio Gentilis*, in his Notes on *Apuleius*, that he compares himſelf to a Hog, who whilſt he eats one Acorn, devours another with his Eyes; juſt ſo, ſays he, when I am enjoying one Girl, I am wiſhing for another. He had likewiſe the Character of a great Drinker, and would take occaſion from the Difference of each Seaſon of the Year, to illuſtrate the Neceſſity of plying his Wines, and putting about the Glaſs.

THE Poetical Abilities of *Alcæus* are indiſputed, and though his Writings were chiefly in the *Lyric* Strain, ſome Fragments of which are collected by *Fulvius Urſinus*, yet his Muſe was capable of treating the ſublimeſt Subjects with a ſuitable Dignity. This made *Horace* ſay,

Et te ſonantem, &c.

Alcæus too whoſe Golden Strings,
With manly Strokes ſound loftier Things;
He ſings the Dangers and the Fears
Of Flights, of Sailing and of Wars;
With ſilent Awe the Shades admire
The tuneful Numbers of his Lyre:
The vulgar Ghoſts throng moſt to hear
Of Kings depos'd, of Feats of War,
And drink them with a greedy Ear.

MR. *Dacier* obſerves upon this occaſion, that *Alcæus*'s Style was noble and ſtrong, and that he

treated of more lofty Subjects than *Sappho*, who ſays of him in *Ovid*,

Nec plus Alcæus, *&c.*

—The wide World reſounds with *Sappho*'s Praiſe,
Tho' great *Alcæus* more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder Rage the ſounding Strings.
No leſs Renown attends the moving Lyre,
Which *Cupid* tunes, and *Venus* does inſpire.

ALCÆUS, ſays *Quintilian*, deſerves the Golden *Plectrum*, which is given him in that part of his Poems, in which he laſhes the Oppreſſion of Tyrants; in this he is greatly uſeful to the Manners of Mankind, being conciſe and majeſtic in his Language, and much like *Homer*; however, he ſometimes deſcends to Mirth and Love, tho' naturally qualified for loftier Subjects.

THERE was another *Alcæus* an *Athenian*, a *Tragic* Poet, and the firſt, according to ſome, who compoſed Tragedies. It ſeems he renounced his Country, which was *Mitylene*, and paſſed for an *Athenian*. He left ten Pieces, whereof one was *Paſiphaë*; it was that which he produced when he diſputed with *Ariſtophanes*, in the fourth Year of the ninety-ſeventh Olympiad. I find in *Plutarch* another *Alcæus*, different from the preceding, and who is perhaps the ſame, whom *Porphiry* mentions as a Writer of ſatirical Iambic Verſes, and Epigrams, and who wrote a Poem concerning the Plagiariſm of the Hiſtorian *Ephorus*. The *Alcæus* of *Plutarch* lived in the hundred and forty fifth Olympiad, in the Year of *Rome* five hundred and fifty five, as appears by the Ode he compoſed on the Battle

tle which *Philip* King of *Macedon* loſt in *Theſſaly*. This Ode repreſented *Philip* as running away faſter than a Stag, and magnified the number of the Slain, in order to chagrin him the more. Nevertheleſs, *Plutarch* tells us, that *Titus Flaminius*, who gained that Battle, was more offended at *Alcæus*'s Verſes than *Philip*, becauſe the Ode mentioned the *Ætolians* before the *Romans*, and ſeemed thereby to give the *Ætolians* the chief Honour of the Victory. *Philip* defended himſelf againſt *Alcæus*'s Song by another; the Subſtance of it is thus given us by *Plutarch*:

This leafleſs barkleſs Trunk, O Paſſenger,
Is erected as a Gibbet for Alcæus.

WE are told likewiſe of one *Alcæus* a *Meſſenian*, who lived in the Reign of *Veſpaſian*, and in that of *Titus*. I know not which of theſe *Alcæus's* ſuffered a very remarkable Kind of Death for his Lewdneſs. This Epitaph is given us by *Voſſius*.

Ἄλκαῖε τάφος ἔτος, &c.

This is *Alcæus*'s Tomb, who died by a Radiſh,
The Daughter of the Earth, and Puniſher of Adulterers.

THE Meaning is, that *Alcæus* ſuffered the Puniſhment of Adulterers, which conſiſted in a certain manner of impaling; they thruſt one of the largeſt Radiſhes they could find up the Adulterer's Fundament, or for want of Radiſhes they made uſe of a Fiſh with a very large Head, as the Scholiaſt of *Juvenal* informs us in theſe Words of the tenth Satire;

——— *Quoſdam Mœchos & Mugilis intrat,*
———The Mullet enters ſome behind.

THIS helps us to underſtand the Menace of *Catullus*,

Ah tum te miſerum, &c.

Ah! wretched Thou, and born to luckleſs Fate,
Who art diſcover'd by the unſhut Gate!
If once, alas! the jealous Huſband come,
The Radiſh, or the Sea-Fiſh, is thy Doom.

EDITIONS of *ALCÆUS.*

Inter Poetas Lyricos diverſarum editionum *Genevæ. Fol.* and *24to.*

He never was publiſhed by himſelf.

ANACREON.

ANACREON, a merry *Greek*, wanton and amorous, was born at *Teos*, a City and Sea-Port of *Ionia*, but of what Parents is not agreed among Authors; ſome calling his Father's Name *Scythinus*, others *Eumelus*, and others *Parthenius* or *Ariſtocritus*; his Mother's Name was *Eëtia*. Madam *Dacier* endeavours to prove from *Plato*, that he was a Kinſman of *Plato*'s, and conſequently ally'd to the *Codridæ*, the nobleſt Family in *Athens*; but this Conjecture cannot be ſupported. The Time of his Birth was about the ſecond Year of the fifty-fifth Olympiad, and the twenty-ninth before the Death of *Cyrus*.

AGREEABLE to this Account, this Writer was about eighteen Years of Age, when *Harpagus*

Harpagus, the General of *Cyrus* came with an Army againſt the confederate Cities of the *Ionians* and *Æolians:* The *Mileſians* immediately ſubmitted themſelves, but the *Phocæans*, a brave People, finding they were too weak to withſtand the Enemy, rather choſe to abandon their Country than their Liberty, and getting a Fleet together, tranſported themſelves and Families to the Coaſt of *France*, where being hoſpitably received by *Nannus* the King of the Country, they built *Marſeilles*. The *Teians* ſoon followed this generous Example, as *Herodotus* informs us; for *Harpagus* having made himſelf Maſter of their Walls by the Advantage of his Earth-works, they unanimouſly went on board their Ships, and ſailing into *Thrace*, fixed themſelves in the City *Abdera*; where they had not been long, before the *Thracians*, jealous of their new Neighbours, endeavour'd to give them Diſturbance. And in theſe Conflicts, it ſeems to be that *Anacreon* loſt thoſe of his Friends whom he celebrates in his Epigrams. It was alſo in this Place, that he compoſed his fifty-ninth Ode, which one may conjecture to be wrote whilſt he was very young.

We are not to expect many Particulars of the Life of this Poet, becauſe he ſeems to have been a profeſſed Deſpiſer of all Buſineſs and Concerns of the World. It is certain, that Wine and Love had the Diſpoſal of all his Hours. And if to divert himſelf, he engaged in ſo delightful a Study as Poetry, perhaps his Intention was rather to pay his Reſpects to ſome other Deities, than to compliment the Muſes. *Ovid* himſelf, tho' one of the freeſt Livers upon Record, yet could cenſure *Anacreon*'s Verſes as of a looſer Humour than his own.

Quid niſi cum multo Venerem confundere Vino
Præcipit Lyrici Teia Muſa ſenis.

Venus with *Bacchus* madly to confound,
Was all the wiſe Advice the *Teian* Lyre could ſound.

FROM *Abdera*, we find he took a Voyage to the Court of *Polycrates*, Tyrant of *Samos*, as he is called, through the Politeneſs and good Fortune of its Prince, one of the gayeſt and moſt flouriſhing in *Aſia*. A Perſon of *Anacreon*'s Character could not chuſe but meet with a welcome Reception, wherever Wit and Pleaſure were eſteemed; and accordingly we find by the Ancients, that he was ſo highly honoured by *Polycrates*, as not only to be admitted a Partner of his Friendſhip, but even of his moſt ſecret Counſels. It was here he became enamour'd of the beautiful *Bathyllus*, whoſe Picture he has ſo finely drawn in his twenty-ninth Ode.

Non aliter, &c. Hor. Epod. 14.

Thus ſoft *Anacreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,
And oft his Love he ſadly mourn'd;
He to his Harp did various Grief rehearſe,
And wept in an unpoliſh'd Verſe.

To this Minion a celebrated Statue was erected at *Samos*, by *Polycrates*. *Apuleius* has given us a Deſcription of it. *Maximus Tyrius* mentions another favourite Youth, named *Smerdias*, the Son of a *Thracian* Prince, and preſented to *Polycrates* by ſome *Grecian* Pirates. *Ælian* reports, that *Polycrates* was ſo jealous of this laſt Amour, as to order the Boy to be ſhaved, and that *Anacreon* compoſed an elegant Poem upon the

the Occaſion, tho' we have nothing now but the Remembrance of it remaining.

BESIDES theſe two, he was in love with the fair *Cleobulus*. He had like to have killed him in the Arms of his Nurſe, by rudely joſtling of her as he reeled one Day through the Streets, when he was in his Cups; and not content with this, he abuſed the Child with railing Language. The Nurſe wiſhed he might one Day commend him more than he had then abuſed him. Her Wiſhes were fulfilled; for *Cleobulus* grew to be a beautiful Youth. *Anacreon* fell in love with him, and wrote ſeveral Verſes in his Commendation. *Ælian* indeed is very angry if we ſuſpect *Anacreon* of any Diſhoneſty towards the train of fine Boys whom he admired; but the general Cry runs ſo loud againſt him in this Point, that the Imputation muſt lie heavy upon his Memory.

IF we may believe *Stobæus*, he was no leſs a Philoſopher in his Contempt of Riches, than he was a Poet in his Love of Pleaſures. That Author relates, that *Anacreon* having received five Talents of Gold as a Preſent from *Polycrates*, could not ſleep for two Nights ſucceſſively; ſo that not being willing to loſe his Reſt in ſo bad a Cauſe, he fairly carried back the Treaſure, and told his Patron, that however conſiderable the Sum might be, it was not an equal Price for the trouble of keeping it. A very uncommon Behaviour in a Poet.

HERMISIONAX, as he is cited in *Athenæus*, gives an Account of *Anacreon*'s Amours with *Sappho*; but *Athenæus* himſelf refutes the Story, by obſerving that *Sappho* and *Anacreon* could not poſſibly be Contemporaries; the Lady living under *Alyattes* Father to *Cræſus*, and the Gentle-

man under *Cyrus* and *Polycrates*. Mr. *Bayle* remarks upon this Occaſion, that *Sappho* and *Anacreon* are ſo very much alike in their Humours, and in their way of Writing, that it is ſomewhat difficult to diſtinguiſh the one from the other: 'Tis pity, ſays he, that they were not Contemporaries; for if they had, they ought to have been Huſband and Wife, that ſo the World might have ſeen the Effect of two ſuch amorous and delicate Souls.

How long *Anacreon* continued at *Samos* is uncertain; but it is probable the Friendſhip of *Polycrates*, and the Splendor of his Court, had Influence enough to detain him there the greateſt part of his Reign. This Opinion alſo ſeems confirmed by *Herodotus*, who aſſures us, that *Anacreon* of *Teos* was with that Prince in his Chamber, when he received a Meſſage from *Orætes*, Governor of *Sardys*, by whoſe Treachery *Polycrates* was ſoon after betrayed and inhumanly crucified, ſatisfying by his cruel Death the Envy of an uninterrupted Happineſs.

IT ſeems to have been a little before this remarkable Accident, that our Poet left *Samos* and removed to *Athens*, having been invited thither by *Hipparchus* the eldeſt Son of *Piſiſtratus*, one of the moſt virtuous and learned Princes of his Time; who, as *Plato* aſſures us, ſent the moſt obliging Letters with a Veſſel of fifty Oars, to convey him over the *Ægean*. The ſame Philoſopher who relates this, does *Anacreon* the Honour to ſtile him the *wiſe* Anacreon; which is the Foundation of Monſieur *Fontanelle*'s ingenious Dialogue, where he brings in *Anacreon* and *Ariſtotle* diſputing the Prize of Wiſdom, and gives the Advantage to the Poet.

BUT

BUT *Hipparchus* being ſlain by the Conſpiracy of *Harmodius* and *Ariſtogiton*, he returned to his native Country *Teos*, (for after the Death of *Cyrus* the *Teians* had been ſuffered to reinhabit their Country unmoleſted;) here he remained till the Revolt of *Hiſtiæus*, on which account, as *Suidas* tells us, he was obliged once more to fly to *Abdera*, where he died. As his own Verſes confeſs his great Age (tho' not the Effects of it) ſo *Lucian* reckons him among the long Livers, allowing him fourſcore and five Years.

BUT a ſmall Portion of his Works has eſcaped the Malice of Time; for beſides his Odes and Epigrams that ſtill remain, he compoſed Elegies, Hymns, and Iambics. Some Writers honour him with the Invention of the Lyre. His Poems that are extant, conſiſt chiefly of drunken Catches, *Bacchanalian* Songs, and Applications and Strokes of Love to both Sexes. He wrote in the *Ionick* Dialect. How much he was the Delight both of the Ancients and Moderns, appears ſufficiently from thoſe extravagant Praiſes they have beſtowed upon him. *Horace* remember him with Honour.

Nec ſiquid olim, &c. *L.* 4. *Od.* 9.

We read *Anacreon*'s wanton Toys,
Whilſt they our Paſſions gently move;
No Envy blaſts, no Age deſtroys:
And *Sappho*'s charming Lyre,
Preſerves her ſoft Deſire,
And tunes our raviſh'd Souls to Love.

THIS Writer had a delicate Genius, and there are inexpreſſible Charms and Graces in his Poetry. The Verſes of *Anacreon*, ſays *Scaliger*, are

are ſweeter than *Indian* Sugar; he paſſed among the *Greeks* for one of the greateſt Maſters, both in the Art of Complaiſance and in the Softneſs of Expreſſion. His Beauty, ſays Mrs. *Le Fevre*, and chiefeſt Excellency lay in imitating Nature, and in following Reaſon; he preſented not to the Mind any Images but what were noble and natural, and always took great care to avoid the *Points*, which were introduced in the latter times contrary to the Practice of the beſt ancient Poets. The Odes of *Anacreon*, ſays *Rapin*, are Flowers, Beauties, and perpetual Graces; it is familiar to him to write what's natural and to the Life, he having an Air ſo delicate, ſo eaſy, and ſo graceful, that among all the Ancients, there is nothing comparable to the Method he took, nor to that kind of Writing he followed. He flows ſoft and eaſy, every where diffuſing the Joy and Indolence of his Mind thro' his Verſe, and tuning his Harp to the ſmooth and pleaſant Temper of his Soul.

BUT no one has given a juſter Character of his Writings, than that little God that inſpired them, as taught to ſpeak by Mr. *Cowley*.

All thy Verſe is ſofter far
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings or of my Arrows,
Of my Mothers Doves and Sparrows.
Graceful, Cleanly, Smooth, or Round,
All with Venus' *Girdle bound.*

THE Manner of his Death was very extraordinary; for they tell us he was choaked with an unlucky Grape-Stone, which ſlipped down, as he was regaling on ſome new Wine. This remarkable

markable End, altogether as odd as his way of Life, has given an excellent Subject to his Succeſſors in Poetry. Amongſt the reſt our incomparable Mr. *Cowley*, who has ſo happily imitated the Style and Manner of *Anacreon*, has farther repaid his Obligations, by honouring him with an Elegy in his own Strain. The Concluſion is very grave and ſerious, and the moſt fortunate in the World for the Occaſion.

It grieves me when I ſee what Fate
Does on the beſt of Mankind wait,
Poets or Lovers let them be;
'Tis neither Love nor Poeſie
Can arm againſt Death's ſmalleſt Dart
The Poet's Head, or Lover's Heart.
But when their Life in its Decline,
Touches th' inevitable Line;
All the World's mortal to them then,
And Wine is Aconite to Men.
Nay, in Death's Hand the Grape-ſtone *proves,*
As ſtrong as Thunder is in Jove's.

EDTIONS of *ANACREON.*

Gr. & Lat. Typis elegantiſſimis. Notis *Mich. Mattaire.* 4*to majori. Lond.* 1725.

Gr. & Lat. notis *Joſuæ Barnes. Cantab.* 1705. 12*mo.*

PINDAR.

PINDAR.

THE Prince of the *Lyrick* Poets was a Native of *Thebes* in *Bœotia*; he was Contemporary with *Æſchylus*, and began to flouriſh about the ſeventy-ſixth Olympiad. His Family was of the loweſt Deſcent, his Father being one *Scopelinus*, a Piper, tho' ſome call him *Diaphantus*: His Mother's Name was *Myrtis* or *Myrto*, though it is more likely this was a *Greek* Lady, who inſtructed him in the Art of Poetry, and was Miſtreſs to *Corinna*, who obtain'd from *Pindar* the Prize in a Contention of Verſe before the Magiſtracy of *Thebes*: It happened that he was born at the Solemnity of the *Pythian* Games, which ſeemed to predict the Honours they were afterwards to receive by his Compoſitions; for it ſeems the Conquerors in the *Grecian* Games, the *Olympick*, the *Iſthmick*, the *Pythian* and *Nemæan*, ſcarce valued their Honours and Wreaths of Victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading Laurels, and immortalized by his celeſtial Song. Theſe Odes of Victory were compoſed to be ſung by a Chorus of Men at publick Feſtivals and Meetings, aſſiſted with the Advantage of inſtrumental Muſick.

MANY ſtrange Events are ſaid to have happened at the time of his Birth; the Nymphs it ſeems danced, and the God *Pan* friſked about when he was born; but when *Pindar* was grown up and applied himſelf to write, that rural Deity left off his antick Gambols, and made it his Buſineſs

ess to learn and to ſing the new Poems.
re told as an Omen of his future Great-
that as he ſlept one day in the Fields, when
s a little Boy, a Swarm of Bees found him
ed him with their Honey; this Accident
nined him, no doubt, to the Study of
r.

is ſuppoſed that the Meanneſs of his Fa-
Fortune, deprived him of the Advantages
from a learned Education; ſo that his Ac-
iſhments were chiefly owing to the Boun-
Nature, tho' one *Laſus Hermiones* is men-
l as his Tutor in the Art of Poetry. *Voſſius*
ore remarks, that *Pindar* uſed to brag,
Nature was the only Guide he followed in
; whereas his drudging Rivals were oblig'd
, to which he had no regard. On this
nt he uſed to compare himſelf to the ſoar-
agle, and the creeping Tribe of Poets to
roaking Ravens.

IE States of *Greece* adored him almoſt with
Honours, they admitted him a Share with
Gods in their Gifts and Oblations: The
e at *Delphos* commanded the People to pre-
o *Pindar*, a Proportion of their Firſt Fruits.
ed to ſit in that Temple on an iron Stool,
cite his Verſes to the Honour of *Apollo*:
Stool was to be ſeen there a long time af-
is Death. He chanced to diſoblige his
trymen the *Thebans*, who laid a ſevere Fine
him for favouring and applauding the *Athe-*
who were Enemies to the *Theban* State:
ne City of *Athens* made him a Preſent of
e the value of his Fine, and erected a Sta-
o his Honour. To gratify their Revenge,
o mortify him with Contempt, the Ma-
giſtrates

giſtrates of *Thebes* allotted the Prize of Poetry to *Corinna* before him, tho' the Lady's Charms it is ſuppoſed had ſome Influence upon the Judges to his Diſſervice, for ſhe is repreſented as the greateſt Beauty of her Time. This Indignity did not diſcourage *Hiero*, the famous King of *Syracuſe*, from employing *Pindar*'s Muſe in celebrating his Victories in the *Grecian* Games. This Prince won the Prize in the Horſe-race in the *Olympic* Games; he did the ſame in the *Pythic*, and was alſo Victor in the Chariot Courſe. Theſe Succeſſes were magnificently ſung by the Poet, who, tho' Digreſſions take up more than three Fourths of his Odes, yet beſtowed the higheſt Praiſes upon his Patron, to whom he aſcribes all the Virtues of a wiſe and excellent Prince.

HE made it his Prayer to the Gods, that they would beſtow upon him all the Happineſs that Man was capable of; they oblig'd him therefore with an eaſy and ſudden Death, for he died at once as he lean'd upon the Knees of a favourite Boy in the publick Theatre. But it ſeems his poetic Genius exerted it ſelf after his Death, for *Pauſanias* relates, that a few Nights before he expired the Goddeſs *Proſerpine* appear'd to him with an angry Look, and complain'd that ſhe was the only Deity he had not celebrated in his Verſes. *Pindar* dying ten Days after, appear'd to an old Woman with a Copy of Verſes, in honour of that Goddeſs, which ſhe preſerved by writing them down. His Relations were highly reſpected after his Deceaſe; the *Lacedemonians* at the taking of *Thebes* ſaved the Houſe of *Pindar*, which upon a like Occaſion was preſerved alſo by *Alexander* the Great, and the

Ruins

Ruins of this Houſe were to be ſeen at *Thebes* in *Pauſanias*'s Time, who lived under *Antoninus* the Philoſopher.

The Works of *Pindar*, which Time has ſpared, conſiſt of four Books of Odes or Triumphal Hymns; he is ſaid to have written Tragedies, Pæans, Dithyrambs, Epicks, Epigrams, and other Poems, in the whole ſeventeen diſtinct Works; the Dialect he uſed was the *Dorick*, with a ſmall Mixture of the *Ionic*. His Verſes are termed *Eide*, perhaps, ſays *Voſſius*, becauſe theſe Poems are certain *Images* of *Things*: for though they do not imitate Actions, yet they imitate the Affections and Manners; his Odes are all Panegyrics upon the Victors in the *Olympic*, *Pythic*, *Nemean* and *Iſtmian* Games. He was uſed to be hired upon theſe Occaſions; to this purpoſe there is a Story, that when *Pytheus* had conquer'd in the *Nemean* Games, his Friends applied themſelves to *Pindar* for a Triumphal Poem; but he inſiſting upon too high a Price, they reſented it, and told him they could buy a Statue in Copper for the ſame Money. However, upon ſecond Thoughts they complied with his Demand, concluding, that the Verſes of *Pindar* would convey the Memory of their Friend farther down to Poſterity, than an Image of the moſt durable Metal.

THE Spirit of *Pindar*'s Poetry is ſo ſublime, and the Beauty ſo peculiar, that it is impoſſible to make an Abſtract of them, becauſe we cannot diſtinguiſh the Beauties without ſeparating the Parts, and loſing the Numbers. In the Separation of the Parts, the Tranſitions muſt be loſt, and in loſing the Numbers the Poetry dies; and therefore his greateſt Judges are

are contented with giving him the general Title of Prince and Father of *Lyriques*, without entring into the Search of his particular Excellencies; for that prodigious Elevation of Spirit, that amazing Beauty of Sentences, that boundleſs Scope of Thought, and that daring Liberty of Figures and of Meaſures, are as likely to deter a Critick, as an Imitator: His *Pegaſus*, as Mr. *Cowley* ſays, *Flings Writer and Reader too, that ſits not ſure.* But notwithſtanding the Difficulty of his Character, ſome Men of Eminence have ventur'd to enter more particularly into it.

THE Harmony of the Numbers and the Grandeur of the Diction is inimitable in this Poet, and *Pindar* can never be juſtly known, but from himſelf. In his Numbers we are ſometimes above the Clouds, ſometimes deſcending, ſometimes ſwimming in a direct Courſe, riſing by little, ſinking as gradually, carried aloft as quick as Lightning by ſuch Rapidity of Meaſures as agitate the Soul, and make the Paſſions keep time with the Numbers. *Pindar* and *Sophocles*, ſays *Longinus*, like a rapid Fire, carry every thing before them, though ſometimes the Heat is unhappily extinguiſhed: The Magnificence of his Enthuſiaſm, his Sentiments and Figures, his moſt happy Copiouſneſs of Things and Words, his peculiar Torrent of Eloquence, made *Quintilian* eſteem him the Prince, and that by far, of all the *Lyric* Poets. This, ſays he, was the reaſon *Horace* juſtly thought he was never to be imitated.

BESIDES the Beauty of his Numbers, this Poet is no leſs eminent for his Moral and Divine Maxims. The Uſefulneſs of his Poetry recommends

recommends him to the Votaries of Religion and Learning. His Hymns are continued Leſſons of Morality, recommending to us one Virtue or another, as Juſtice, Hoſpitality, Peace and Piety, Prudence and Contentedneſs, Fortitude, Veracity, Innocence, Affability, Emulations after Goodneſs, and ſuch like. His Erudition and Grandeur of Poetry, made the Antients give him the Title of the *Wiſeſt*, the *Divine*, the *Great*, and the moſt *Sublime*. *Plato* calls him the Wiſeſt and the Divine, *Æſchylus* terms him the Great, and *Athenæus* the moſt Sublime.

THE Lord *Bacon* takes notice, that it is peculiar to *Pindar* to ſtrike the Minds of Men, as it were, with a Divine Scepter. He is great, ſays *Rapin*, in his Deſigns, vaſt in his Thoughts, bold in his Imaginations, happy in his Expreſſions, and eloquent in his Diſcourſe; but he obſerves, his great Vivacity hurries him ſometimes paſt his Judgment; he gives himſelf too much ſwing, his Panegyricks are perpetual Digreſſions, where, rambling from his Subject, he carries the Reader from Fable to Fable, from Alluſion to Alluſion, from one Chimæra to another; for he has the moſt unbridled and irregular Fancy in the World; but this Irregularity is one Character of the Ode, the Nature and Genius of it requiring Tranſports. He is the only Perſon among the *Greeks*, that got any Reputation by this ſort of Writing, for little remains of the other nine *Lyrick* Poets, mentioned by *Petronius*.

Le Fevre tells us, that the Figures which *Pindar* uſes are noble and great, but that they have ſometimes the Air of the *Dithyrambick*; that is, they are bold and raſh, which is by no means agreeable

Whether th' *immortal* Gods he ſings,
In a no leſs *immortal Strain*,
Or the great Acts of *God-d ſcended Kings*,
Who in his Numbers ſtill ſurvive and reign.
Each rich embroider'd *Line*,
Which the triumphant Brows around
By his ſacred Hand is bound,
Does all their *ſtarry Diadems* outſhine.

III.

Whether at *Piſa*'s Race he pleaſe
To *carve* in poliſh'd *Verſe* the *Conquerors Images*;
Whether the *ſwift*, the *ſkilful*, or the *ſtrong*,
Be crowned in his *artful*, *nimble*, *vigorous Song*:
Whether ſome brave young Man's untimely Fate
In Words worth *dying for* he celebrate
Such *mournful* and ſuch pleaſing Words,
As *Joy* t'his *Mother*'s, and his *Miſtreſs' Grief* affords:
He bids him *live* and grow in Fame,
Among the *Stars* he ſticks his *Name*;
The *Grave* can but the *Droſs* of him devour,
So *ſmall* is *Death*'s, ſo *great* the *Poet*'s Power.

IV.

Lo, how th' obſequious *Wind*, and ſwelling *Air*,
The *Theban Swan* does upward bear
Into the *Walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,
And with extended Wings opens his liquid Way.

EDITIONS of *PINDAR*.

Gr. & Lat. Scholiis Græcis & Notis Var. cura *R. Weſt* & *R. Welſted*. accedit Verſio elegans metrica *Nic. Sudorii*. } *Oxon.* 1697, *Folio.*

Pindar. Gr. & Lat. cum utiliſſimis Commentariis *Eraſmi Schmidii*. 4*to*, 1616.

Gr. Lat Scholiis celeber. *Joh. Benedicti*. 4*to*. *Salmur*, 1620.

Pindar. Gr. & Lat. *apud* Hen. Steph. 1566, 24*to*.

ÆSCHYLUS.

ÆSCHYLUS.

ÆSCHYLUS a Tragic Poet, an *Athenian*, born in the Village of *Eleuſis*, claimed the Honour of deſcending from the original Inhabitants of that Country. He was born in the ſixty ninth Olympiad according to the Old Scholiaſt, but, as Mr. *Stanley* in his moſt accurate Edition of this Author makes out by diligent Computation, and his Collection out of *Selden*'s *Marmora Arundeliana*, in the ſixty third; which Account places him as Cotemporary with *Pindar*. He was the Son of *Euphorion*, and Brother of *Cynegirus* and *Aminias*, who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the Battle of *Marathon*, and the Sea-Fight of *Salamis*, and *Æſchylus* was preſent in this Engagement.

In this Action, we are told by *Diodorus Siculus*, that *Aminias* the Younger of the three Brothers commanded a Squadron of Ships, and behaved with that Conduct and Bravery, that he ſunk the Admiral of the *Perſian* Fleet, and killed the commanding Officer; for which his Countrymen diſtinguiſh'd him with a ſignal Reward, and after the Victory was obtained, preſented him with the firſt Prize. To this younger Brother, our Poet was upon a particular Occaſion obliged for ſaving his Life; *Ælian* relates

that *Æſchylus* being charged by the *Athenians* with ſome blaſphemous Expreſſions againſt the Gods, was accuſed for his Impiety, and to be ſtoned to Death; to prevent the Severity of this Sentence, *Aminias* with a happy Preſence of Mind drew his Arm from under his Cloak, and ſhewed it to the Judges in open Court without a Hand, which he had loſt at the Battle of *Salamis* in Defence of his Country: This Sight made that Impreſſion upon the Judges, that in a grateful Memory of his good Services, our Poet was immediately ordered to be diſmiſs'd unpuniſhed. But though he eſcaped the Penalty of ſuffering, yet he reſented the Indignity of the Proſecution, and reſolved to leave a Place where his Life had been in danger: He was the more fixed in this Reſolution, by receiving ſoon after another Affront; for the Judges of Compoſitions for the Theatre had preferred *Sophocles*, though a young Man, before him, and *Simonides* had won the Prize from him, by an Elegy he wrote upon the Battle of *Marathon*; though *Suidas* gives another reaſon for his leaving his Country, that while one of his Tragedies was acting, the Seats and Galleries of the Houſe fell down, to the great Aſtoniſhment and Damage of the Audience.

ÆSCHYLUS retired to *Sicily*, and applied to the Court of *Hiero*, King of that Iſland, the great Patron and Protector of Learning in that Age. This Prince had at that time laid the Foundation of a new City called *Ætna*, which was celebrated by his new Gueſt, by a Tragedy of the ſame Name, in which he foretold the future Proſperity and Magnificence of the Inhabitants of that riſing City. After he had

had lived at *Gela* in that Iſland for ſome Years, he died of a Fracture of his Scull, cauſed by an Eagle's letting fall a Tortoiſe out of his Claws upon his bald Head. The manner of his Death ſeems to be foretold by an Oracle, which being conſulted for that purpoſe, made anſwer, that he ſhould die by a Weapon from Heaven. This happened, according to Mr. *Stanley*, in the ſixty-ninth Year of his Age. He had the Honour of a pompous Funeral from the *Sicilians*, who buried him near the River *Gela*, and the Tragedians of the Country perform'd Plays and Theatrical Exerciſes at his Tomb. Upon it was an inſcrib'd an Epitaph of four Verſes, which he made himſelf a ſhort time before his Death.

Æſchylus, Euphorion's *Son*, *whom* Athens *bore*,
Lies here interr'd on Gela's *fruitful Shore*:
The Plains of Marathon *his Worth record*,
And Heaps of Medes *that fell beneath his Sword.*

ÆSCHYLUS, it is ſaid, wrote ſixty-ſix Drama's (being Victor in thirteen) and five Satires; there remain no more than ſeven of his Tragedies; and notwithſtanding the ſharp Cenſures of ſome Criticks, he muſt be allowed to have been the Father of the Tragick Art, and introduced a Regularity upon the Stage, that was unknown to thoſe that went before him. In the Times of *Theſpis* his Predeceſſor, there was no publick Theatre fix'd to act upon, the Strollers drove about from Place to Place in a Cart. He furniſh'd his Actors with Maſques, ſo that they left off their Dawbings of Lie and Soot; he dreſs'd his Players ſuitable to the Characters

they were to repreſent, and introduced the *Buſkin*, to make them appear the more like Heroes. So that *Boileau*, in his Art of Poetry, obſerves juſtly,

Next Æſchylus the different Perſons plac'd,
And with a better Maſque his Players grac'd;
Upon a Theatre his Verſe expreſs'd,
And ſhew'd his Hero, with a Buſkin *dreſs'd.*

THIS Sentiment was borrow'd from *Horace* in his Art of Poetry,

Poſt hunc Perſonæ, &c.

To avoid ſhocking his Audience, he contrived all the killing Work and bloody Incidents in his Plays, to be tranſacted behind the Scenes. In this Infancy of Tragedy, it was one of the principal Deſigns of it, to infuſe Terror into the Audience. This Art was ſo well underſtood by this Poet, that, as the Story is told of him, when his *Epimenides* appeared upon the Stage, and he had introduced a Chorus of frightful Furies, the People were ſo aſtoniſh'd, that the Children fell into Fits, and the big-bellied Women miſcarried upon the Place.

THE Poet *Æſchylus* was held in that Veneration by the *Athenians*, that his Tragedies, with thoſe of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, were enrolled with the Laws, and made Part of their Statute Book. *Longinus* has judg'd in favour of him, that he had a noble Boldneſs of Expreſſion, and that his Imaginations were lofty and heroic. It is certain, that he affected pompous Words, and that his Senſe too often was obſcured by Figures;

Figures; that his Epithets were, for the moſt part, bold and daring, as ſavouring too much of his former Profeſſion, that of a Soldier: But notwithſtanding theſe Imperfections, the Value of his Writings after his Deceaſe was ſuch, that his Countrymen ordained an equal Reward to thoſe Poets, who could alter his Plays to be acted on the Theatre, with thoſe whoſe Productions were wholly new and of their own.

RAPIN remarks, that *Æſchylus* had ſcarce any Principle for Manners, and for the Decencies. His Fables are too ſimple, the Contrivance wretched, the Expreſſion obſcure and intricate: One can ſcarce underſtand any thing of his Tragedy of *Agamemnon*, but becauſe he believed that the Secret of the Theatre is to ſpeak pompouſly, he beſtowed all his Art on the Words, without any regard to the Thoughts. He is ſublime and lofty to Extravagance; he never ſpeaks in cold Blood, and ſays the moſt indifferent Things in a Tragick Huff; likewiſe in the Images that he draws, the Colours are too glaring, and the Strokes too groſs. The Author of the *Journal de Sçavans* obſerves, that he is a Poet ſo hard to be underſtood, that even *Salmaſius*, who was an excellent Critick, and whoſe chief Delight lay in clearing the difficult Places of the moſt abſtruſe Authors, was mightily puzzled and perplex'd at the Difficulties he met with in this Poet, which gave him occaſion in one of his Books to ſay, that this *Greek* Writer was more obſcure than the Scripture itſelf. He goes on and ſays, that *Æſchylus* in his Style flies ſo very high, and uſes ſuch lofty Expreſſions, that this ſeems to be the only reaſon of his having the Character of being a Drunkard; as if his Diſcourſe

proceeded rather from the Fumes of Wine than from ſolid Reaſon. Mr. *Dryden* aſſures us, that *Æſchylus* writ nothing in cold Blood, but was always in a Rapture and in Fury with his Audience. The Inſpiration was ſtill upon him, he was ever tearing it upon the *Tripos*, or (to run off as madly as he does from one Similitude to another) he was always at high Flood of Paſſion, even in the dead Ebb, and loweſt Water-mark of the Scene.

EDITIONS of *ÆSCHYLUS.*

Gr. & Lat. Scholiis Græcis, nova Verſione & notis Tho. Stanleii. Lond. 1664. Folio.

Græcè, Scholiis Græcis & notis Hen. Stephani. apud ipſum *Stephanum*, Paris, 1577, 4to.

Gr. & Lat. notis Stanleii, Canteri & Joh. Corn. Pauw. 2 *vol.* Amſt. 1744, 4to.

Gr. Lat. editio nitida, 2 *vol.* Glaſguæ, 1746, 12mo.

SOPHOCLES,

A TRAGICK Poet, born at *Athens* about the fourth Year of the ſeventieth Olympiad. He was called the *New Syren*, the *Flower of Poets*, and the *Bee*, from the Sweetneſs of his Speech. His Father's Name was *Sophilus*, a Man of a Mechanick Profeſſion, who yet ſpared from the Narrowneſs of his Fortune ſufficient to beſtow the moſt

moſt polite Education upon his Son: This Citizen had the Friendſhip and Eſteem of *Pericles*, and the Chief Magiſtrates, and by that means introduced his Son into the Company of the principal Youths, who were delighted with his Wit, and eſteemed it a Happineſs to be in the Number of his Acquaintance.

SOPHOCLES was but a Boy when *Xerxes* invaded *Greece*, but when that Expedition, which ſo terrified the Country was defeated, and the proud *Perſian* was obliged to fly ignominiouſly home, *Sophocles*, who was then at *Salamis*, contributed to celebrate that Victory, and putting himſelf at the Head of a Company of noble Youths, all naked and anointed with Oil and Perfumes, while they ſung a Triumphal *Pæan*, he directed the Meaſures with his Harp.

HE applied himſelf to the compoſing of Tragedies when he was very young: This Accompliſhment he learned under the Inſtruction of *Æſchylus*, and he ſo ſucceſsfully improved in the Tragick Strain, that he carried the Prize from his Maſter upon the publick Stage: *Plutarch* gives a particular Account of this Adventure in the Life of *Cimon*. This *Athenian* General underſtanding that *Theſeus* the Son of *Ægeus*, when he fled from *Athens*, and took refuge in the Iſle of *Scyros*, was here ſlain by *Lycomedes* upon certain Suſpicions, endeavoured to find out where he was buried; for the Oracle had commanded the *Athenians* to bring home his Aſhes, and to honour him as an Hero. *Cimon* could not for a long time learn where he was interred, for thoſe of *Scyros* diſſembled the Knowledge of it, and were not willing he ſhould ſearch; but at length, after diligent Inquiry, found out the

Tomb, and then carried the Reliques in his Admiral Galley, and with great Pomp and Shew brought them into *Athens*, four hundred Years after *Theſeus* firſt left that Country. This Act got *Cimon* the Hearts of the People, who received the Diſcovery with great Joy and abundance of Thanks. To ſignalize and perpetuate the Memory of this Deed, and their Senſe of it, they appointed that memorable Deciſion of Victory between the two Tragedians *Æſchylus* and *Sophocles*; for the latter having writ the firſt Play, being yet very young, the Applauſe of the Theatre was divided, and the Spectators ſided into Parties. To determine this, *Apheſion*, who was at that time *Archon*, would not caſt Lots who ſhould be Judges, but when *Cimon* and the other Commanders with him came into the Theatre to ſee the Iſſue of the Contention, after they had performed the uſual Rites to the God of the Feſtival, the *Archon* came to them, and made them ſwear (being ten in all) to ſpeak their Judgments in this Diſpute according to Equity and Honour. And ſo being ſworn Judges, he made them all ſit down to give a deciſive Sentence. The Contention for Victory grew warm, and both ſides ambitiouſly ſtrove who ſhould get the Suffrages of ſuch honourable Judges; but the Victory was at laſt adjudged to *Sophocles*, which *Æſchylus* took ſo ill that he left *Athens*. What a killing Blow muſt this be to *Æſchylus* to ſee himſelf vanquiſhed by a firſt Eſſay, he, a Veteran, covered over with Glory, and proud of ſeveral Poetical Triumphs!

UPON this Succeſs of *Sophocles*, and many extraordinary Inſtances of Wiſdom which the People obſerved in him, they thought he was the peculiar

culiar Care of ſome Deity, that inſpired him with uncommon Knowledge, and attended upon him in all his Actions, ſo as to work Miracles, and bring about wonderful Events. *Plutarch* in the Life of *Numa*, ſays, it was a current Tradition that *Æſculapius* ſojourn'd with *Sophocles* in his Life-time, of which many Inſtances are told to theſe Days, and that being dead, another Deity took care to perform his Funeral Rites. There is a Story told by *Cicero*, that a large Golden Goblet being ſtolen out of the Temple of *Hercules*, *Sophocles* in a Dream ſaw the God himſelf telling him who had done it. He diſregarded the Viſion once and twice, but it being repeated, he went to the Court of *Areopagus*, and gave Information of the Matter. The *Areopagites* ordered the Perſon whom *Sophocles* had named to be arreſted. Upon Examination by Torture, he confeſſed the Fact, and reſtored the Goblet; from thence that Temple received the Name of *Hercules* the *Diſcoverer*. *Apollonius* of *Tyana*, in his Oration before *Domitian*, relates, that *Sophocles* had a Power to check the Fury of the Winds, when they threatned to waſte and blaſt the Fields.

THE Conduct of *Sophocles* in the *Athenian* State, raiſed him to the higheſt Honours and Advantages in it; he had a warlike Genius, and was joined in a Commiſſion with the Great *Pericles*, to reduce the Iſland of *Samos* that had rebelled. In the Execution of this Employment it was that *Cicero* gives the Account of the vicious Inclination of this Poet in his Love of Boys; for obſerving a beautiful Youth paſſing by, he fell to commending his Charms, and praiſing the Gracefulneſs of his Perſon, which ſo offend-

ed *Pericles*, that he rebuked him, ſaying, a Man of his Character ſhould have pure Eyes as well as clean Hands. He was certainly of an amorous Diſpoſition, for being old he was aſked, whether he could ſtill divert himſelf with the Fair Sex? *God forbid*, anſwer'd he, *I am delivered out of the Hands of ſo furious a Maſter, and I eſteem it the greateſt Happineſs in the World.* Yet he ſeems to have but an indifferent Opinion of Women in general, for being aſked one Day, why the Women he brought upon the Stage were Perſons of Virtue and Honour, whereas *Euripides* introduced none but the Lewd and Infamous; he anſwer'd, *that* Euripides *repreſents them as they really are, and I ſhew them as they ought to be.*

WE are told by *Cicero* in his *Cato Major*, that *Sophocles*, who lived to a very great Age, continued to write Tragedies to the very laſt: This occaſioned a pleaſant Incident; for his Sons made a Complaint to the Judges againſt him, alledging, that the good old Man their Father did ſo wholly apply himſelf to this ſort of Study, that he never regarded the Concerns of his Family, and therefore they petitioned, that they would pleaſe to aſſign to him, being *non Compos*, a Guardian to look after the Eſtate; but as ſoon as the old Gentleman heard this, he immediately produced his *Oedipus Coloneus* (which he had writ but a little before) reciting it to the Judges, and then aſk'd them, whether they thought a Man, who had loſt his Senſes, could ever be the Author of that Work? The Judges preſently diſmiſs'd the Cauſe, acquitted the Father, and pronounced the Sons mad for accuſing him.

HE

He lived to a great Age, and is ſaid to have been Victor four and twenty times. We are told by *Valerius Maximus*, that the laſt time he carried off the Prize, it was ſo ſurprizing and unexpected, that he died with the very Joy of it; though *Lucian* will have it, that he met with the ſame Death with *Anacreon*, and was choaked with a Grape-ſtone. He chanc'd to die when the City of *Athens* was cloſely beſieged by the *Lacedæmonians*, which hinder'd the Solemnity of his Funeral; but *Lyſander* the *Spartan* General, being commanded by a Viſion of the God *Bacchus* (the Patron of Tragedians) to permit one of the chiefeſt of his Votaries to be buried; he ſuſpended the Attack of the City, and ſuffer'd the laſt Rites to be executed to the Honour of this Illuſtrious and Divine Writer.

The greateſt Part of the Works of this *Greek* Poet are loſt; of one hundred and twenty, or twenty three Tragedies which he compoſed, ſeven only remain to the preſent Time.

Tragedy in the Original ſignifies a *Goat-Song*, ſo termed from the Goat ſacrificed to *Bacchus*, in whoſe honour Tragedy was uſed. This Poetry was firſt acted in the Vintage, which made the *Grammarians* derive the Name from the Lees of Wine in *Greek Trux*, and the compound Word in *Ariſtophanes* is *Trugody*, or the *Lees Song*, becauſe the Actors beſmear'd their Faces with the Lees of Wine. *Athenæus* informs us, that Tragedy and Comedy owed their Origin to Drunken Carouſes practiſed in *Icarium* a Village of *Attica*. *Theſpis* was the firſt who taught Tragedy according to Art, and it being at firſt no more than extempore Songs, he augmented it with *Dithyrambics*. *Æſchylus* by add-

ing a ſecond Perſon, introduced the *Diverbium*, or Dialogue, and ſo leſſen'd the Chorus, as *Ariſtotle* informs us. He was alſo the Inventor of the Stage, the proper Dreſs and Geſtures of the *Chorus* in the Dance. *Sophocles* added a third Perſon, found out the Ornament of the Tragic Scene, and made the Chorus, conſiſting only of twelve, to conſiſt of fifteen Perſons; for this, he was thought to complete Tragedy: *Theſpis*, ſays *Diogenes*, began Tragedy, *Æſchylus* augmented it, and *Sophocles* brought it to perfection. Upon this account *Boileau*, in his Art of Poetry, draws him in this Character.

Then Sophocles *the Genius of his Age,*
Increas'd the Pomp, and Beauty of the Stage;
Ingag'd the Chorus *Song in every Part,*
And poliſh'd rugged Verſe, by Rules of Art;
He in the Greek *did thoſe Perfections gain,*
Which the weak Latin *never would attain.*

THIS great Reformer of the Stage has met with his Share of Applauſe from the Learned of all Ages. *Tully* calls him a *Divine Poet*, and *Virgil* in a particular manner diſtinguiſhes him by a Mark of Honour from all other Tragick Writers.

Sola Sophocleo *tua carmina digna Cothurno.*

MR. *Barnes*, in his Life of *Euripides*, makes an odd Obſervation upon this Expreſſion of *Virgil*'s: Though he beſtows, ſays he, ſo remarkable a Compliment upon *Sophocles*, and does not ſo much as mention *Euripides*, this is not ſo much owing to his own Opinion (for, as I have proved in the Annotations, he has frequently imi-

tated

tated him) as to the Reſtraint of Metre, ſince *Euripides* is a Word very improper for Heroic Verſe both in *Greek* and *Latin*. The God of Verſe himſelf, the *Delphian* Oracle, ſays *Bayle*, upon this occaſion was forced to ſubmit to the Laws of Quantity; he found no other Expedient than to renounce *Hexameter* Verſe, and anſwer in *Iambics*, when he was to name *Euripides*; for *Chærephon* the Tragic Poet conſulting the *Pythian* God concerning his Friend *Socrates*, was anſwer'd in Iambics, *Sophocles* is Wiſe, *Euripides* is more Wiſe, but the Wiſeſt of all Men is *Socrates*. *Euripides* and *Socrates* are Names altogether unfit for heroic Verſe. Now, ſays he, who can ſay it is of no great Importance to have one Name rather than another? Here is *Euripides*, who had perhaps a greater Share in the Eſteem of *Virgil*, and the reſt of the Poets at the Court of *Auguſtus*, than *Sophocles*; he is, I ſay, deprived of this Advantage, becauſe they could not bring his Name into their *Hexameters*, and on account of this Impoſſibility they were forced to immortalize to his Prejudice thoſe that were judged inferior to him, but the Laws of Verſe pleaded in their favour. It is certain, there was an Emulation highly carried between the two great Tragic Poets *Sophocles* and *Euripides*; it was next to an Impoſſibility, that two ſuch excellent Poets aſpiring to the ſame Glory, ſhould live in real Friendſhip; and *Athenæus* relates ſome Particulars of their Quarrel, that do not much contribute to their Honour; but Mr. *Barnes* pretends, that though theſe two Poets were a long time at Variance, yet at laſt they became good Friends. *Sophocles* expreſſed a great Eſteem for *Euripides* when he heard the News of his Death; he

he ordered a Tragedy to be acted, at which he appeared in Mourning, and made his Actors lay aſide their Crowns, nor did he long ſurvive, dying, according to the beſt Accounts, in the very ſame Year.

THE Difference between theſe two Poets ſeems to conſiſt in this, *Sophocles* outdoes his Rival in the Sublimity and Loftineſs of his Expreſſion, but *Euripides* excels him in Neatneſs and Compactneſs of Style: *Sophocles* from his Style ſeems to be rather a Man for Buſineſs than for Words; whereas the Style of *Euripides* ſavours more of the Scholar and the Orator: *Sophocles* preſerves the Dignity and the real Character of his Perſons: *Euripides* did not ſo much conſult the Truth of his Manners, and their Conformity to common Life: *Sophocles* wiſely choſe the moſt noble and generous Affections to repreſent: *Euripides* employ'd himſelf in expreſſing the more diſhoneſt, the more effeminate and abject Paſſions.

YET this *Greek* Poet is ſeverely handled by the *French* Critick *Rapin*; he complains that he is too elaborate in his Diſcourſe, that his *Art* is not hid enough in ſome of his Pieces, it lies too open, and too near the Light; that he ſometimes becomes obſcure, by his too great Affectation to be ſublime, and the Nobleneſs of his Expreſſion is injurious to the Perſpicuity; his Plots are not all ſo happily unravelled as that of the *Oedipus*. The Diſcovery of the *Ajax* anſwers not the Intrigue. The Author ought not to have ended a Spectacle of that Terror and Pity, with a dull and frivolous Conteſt about the Sepulture of *Ajax*, who had then ſlain himſelf. *Oedipus* ought not to have been ignorant of the Aſſaſſination of the King of *Thebes*, the Ignorance

he is in of the Murder, which makes all the Beauty of the Intrigue, is not probable. This Tragedy receives better Quarter from Mr. *Dryden*; he ſays, that *Oedipus* was the moſt celebrated Piece of all Antiquity, that *Sophocles*, not only the greateſt Wit, but one of the greateſt Men in *Athens*, made it for the Stage at the publick Coſt, and that it had the Reputation of being his Maſter-piece, not only among the ſeven Tragedies of his that ſtill remain, but of the greater Number which are periſhed.

EDITIONS of *SOPHOCLES*.

Græcè, typis eleg. cum Scholiis Græcis & Notis Hen. Stephani. apud *H. Stephan.* 1568, 4to.

Gr. Lat. Schol. Gr. Notis H. Stephani & Joach. Camerarii. *apud* Paul. Steph. 1603, 4to.

Gr. & Lat. Scholiis Græcis, & Notis Tho. Johnſon. 3 *vol.* Oxon. 1703, & ſeq. 8vo.

Gr. curâ Gul. Canteri. apud *Plantin*, Antverp, 1597, 24to.

EURIPIDES,

A *Greek* Poet, one of thoſe who excelled in Tragedy, was born in the firſt Year of the ſeventy-fifth Olympiad in the Iſland of *Salamis*, whither his Father and Mother retired with many *Athenian* Families, a little before *Xerxes* invaded

vaded *Attica*. His Mother *Clito* was big with him when ſhe left her Country, together with her Huſband, and was accidentally delivered the very Day that the *Greeks* defeated the Fleet of the *Perſian* King near the Iſland; and it is pretended, becauſe that Victory was obtained near *Euripus*, the Child *Clito* brought into the World, was called *Euripides*. *Mneſarchus*, the Father of this Poet, was an *Athenian* of the *Oenoide* Tribe, and of the People called *Phile*, and in all probability had ſuffered in his own Country the Puniſhment of Bankrupts. They uſed in ſome Parts of *Attica* to carry Perſons, who did not pay their Debts, into an open Place, where they were commanded to ſit down and throw a *Buſhel*: This was a Mark of Infamy. As to *Clito*, it is ſaid ſhe was an Herb-woman; *Ariſtophanes* aſſerts, ſhe got her living by ſelling of *Greens*; and *Valerius Maximus* obſerves, that the Mother of *Euripides*, and the Father of *Demoſthenes*, were unknown even in their own Ages; but the greateſt part of Authors agree, that the former ſold Herbs, and the latter Knives.

HOWEVER, ſome will derive him from a Family of Rank and Diſtinction. The Oracle of *Apollo* was conſulted upon the Fate of *Euripides*, while *Clito* was big with him, which ſeems to imply, that ſhe was not ſo mean as an Herb-woman; for the Huſband of ſo ordinary a Perſon, would ſcarce trouble *Apollo* about the Fortune of a Child unborn. The Oracle returned this Anſwer,

Ἔσται σοὶ κῦρος, &c.

To

To thee Mneſarchus *Fate a Son ſhall raiſe,*
Whom Greece *ſhall honour, whom the World ſhall praiſe;*
And whoſe victorious Brow, the ſacred Crown ſhall grace.

MNESARCHUS, ſays *Agellius*, concluding that the Oracle implied his Son, when he grew up, ſhould win the Prize in the *Olympick* Games, took care to bring him up in the Exerciſe of Strength and Activity performed in thoſe Solemnities; and when his Body was properly prepared, he took him to *Olympia* to try his Fortune: He was at firſt refuſed, becauſe they queſtioned his Age; he was afterwards admitted a Combatant in the Games of *Theſeus*, and thoſe of *Ceres*, and was crowned. Paſſing afterwards from the Care of his Body to the Improvement of his Genius, he ſtudied under the moſt celebrated Maſters; he frequented the Lectures of *Anaxagoras* for natural Philoſophy, and of *Prodicus* for Rhetorick; ſome place him under *Socrates* for Moral Philoſophy, but that probably is a Miſtake, for *Socrates* was younger than *Euripides* by almoſt thirteen Years; and ſeems, ſays Mr. *Barnes*, to have borrowed many Things from him, of whom he often makes honourable Mention, and that in *Plato*. We are told by *Ælian*, that *Socrates* ſeldom appeared at the Theatre, unleſs when *Euripides* the tragick Poet contended with the new Tragedians, at which Times he uſually attended; and when *Euripides* had the Conteſt in the *Pyræum*, he was alſo preſent, having a peculiar Eſteem for the Man, in regard both to his Wiſdom and the Excellence of his Compoſitions. Nor ſhould I wonder at this,

that

tho' I were perſuaded the Philoſopher had no hand in the Production of the Poet, for the Tragedies of *Euripides* were ſo full of fine Morality, that they were infinitely pleaſing to *Socrates*; for *Euripides* was properly called the *Dramatic Philoſopher*.

IT is obſerved, that in his Tragedies he took a particular Delight in vilifying the Fair Sex; he introduced the moſt vicious Women into his Plays: Sorcereſſes, Adultereſſes, Murtherers of Huſbands, and inceſtuous Characters; for which reaſon, he obtain'd the Name of *The Woman-Hater*. He is ſaid, according to *Agellius*, to have conceived a violent Averſion to moſt of the Female Sex, either from a natural Antipathy to their Company, or becauſe he had two Wives at the ſame time, (ſuch Practices being allowed by a Decree of the *Athenians*) and was thoroughly weary of his Conforts. Some rather believe, he had no more than one Wife at a time, the Name of the firſt was *Chærina*, by whom he had three Sons; but her diſorderly Life obliged him to repudiate her: The ſecond he married was at leaſt as leud at the firſt; I know not which of the two it was he found one day with one of his own Actors, but probably it was the laſt, ſince the Ignominy this expoſed him to, and the frequent Raillery of the Comic Poets on this Account, made him leave *Athens*. If *Athenæus* is to be believed, we ſhould have no extraordinary Opinion of *Euripides*'s Chaſtity. He aſſures us, this Poet was a great Lover of Women, and that *Sophocles* hearing ſomebody ſay, that *Euripides* hated them furiouſly: In his Tragedies, replied he, I grant he does, but he loves them paſſionately in bed.

The

The Criticks are not forward in believing what is ſaid of his Adventures in *Macedonia*. He was about ſeventy-two Years of Age when he retired thither, and it is ſaid that at an Entertainment of *Archelaus* the *Macedonian* King, *Euripedes* having drank too freely, fell a kiſſing the Poet *Agathon*, who ſate by him, and was about forty Years old; and that upon the Prince's aſking him, if he thought *Agathon* was ſtill an agreeable Object, he anſwer'd, by *Jupiter* I think he is very amiable, for the Autumn of beautiful Perſons has ſomething lovely in it. It is ſaid that he was in love with *Agathon*, and to pleaſe him, he compoſed the Tragedy of *Chryſippus*. He entertained likewiſe, they ſay, a leud Commerce with the Minion of *Archelaus*, and that as he was going to him by Night, he was met by the Women, and torn to pieces. But the Character of *Euripides* has not ſunk under the Weight of theſe Aſperſions, for they are abſolutely inconſiſtent, and find no Credit with the moſt learned Judges.

THE *Macedonian* Court was at that time the common Refuge of learned Men; and hither *Euripides* repaired, and met with a very agreeable Reception. *Archelaus* was a moſt paſſionate Admirer of Learning, and ſoon diſtinguiſhing the Abilities of his Gueſt, he truſted him with the ſole Adminiſtration of Affairs, and made him his Prime Miniſter in full Power. Among many Inſtances of Eſteem, he did the Poet juſtice upon a young Courtier, one *Decamnichus*, who reproaching him for his ſtinking Breath, *Euripides* replied, It might well be ſo, ſince ſo many Secrets had lain ſo long rotten in his Mouth, *Archelaus* not thinking him ſufficiently

ficiently revenged by this Anſwer, deliver'd up *Decamnichus* to him, to be ſoundly laſhed: It is pretended that *Euripides* made uſe of the King's Permiſſion, and did it to the Purpoſe. But this exceeding Reſpect ſhewed him, could not upon earneſt Sollicitation prevail upon him to celebrate the Actions of his royal Patron in a tragick Piece: He handſomely evaded the King's Importunity; I pray the Gods your Majeſty's Reign may never afford the Subject of a Tragedy.

EURIPIDES unfortunately came to a tragical End, about the ſeventy-fifth Year of his Age; for as he was walking in a Wood, (ſome ſay) according to his Cuſtom, the Intenſeneſs of his Thoughts led him too far, till he was met alone by the Prince's Dogs, who was then out a hunting, and thoſe curſed Hounds tore him in pieces. Others ſay, it was not by Accident he was expoſed to the Fury of the Dogs, but that they were purpoſely let looſe upon him, and that by the Artifices of two Poets, *Arideus* a *Macedonian*, and *Cratevas* a *Theſſalian*, who were jealous of his Glory, and hired the Keeper of the King's Dogs with a Sum of Money to do it. *Valerius Maximus* only ſays, that *Euripides* having ſupped with the King, and returning home, was ſo torn by Dogs that he died of his Wounds. *Ovid*, without doubt, referr'd in his *Ibis* to the tragical End of this Poet:

Utque Cothurnatum Vatem tutela Dianæ,
Dilaniet vigilum te quoque turba Canum.

Thine be the Fate of that ſame buſkin'd Bard,
Butcher'd by Dogs, Diana's *ſurly Guard.*

HIS

His ſad Death was lamented with general Sorrow by the *Athenians*; his Body was removed from *Bormiſcus*, where he died, to *Pella* the Metropolis of *Macedonia*; where King *Archelaus* not only celebrated his Obſequies in the moſt magnificent manner, but, as *Solinus* ſays, cut off his Hair, and went into ſolemn Mourning, as a Teſtimony of the Reſpect he had for him. He had a Monument erected to his Memory, with an Epitaph inſcrib'd; and the *Macedonians* preſerved his Remains with that Regard, that when the *Athenian* Embaſſadors came to deſire Leave to transfer his Bones to *Athens*, they abſolutely refuſed, and could not be induced to part with his Relicks upon any account. We are told by *Plutarch*, that this Monument at *Pella* was ſtruck with Lightning, which, after the Superſtition of thoſe Times, was a Proof that he was a Favourite of the Gods. The *Athenians* not being able to obtain the Bones of *Euripides*, erected a ſtately *Cenotaphium* to him, which, *Pauſanias* ſays, was ſtanding in his Time. *Philemon*, a Friend of his, was ſo affected by his Death, that he declared, if he thought, as ſome aſſured him, that the Dead preſerved a Senſe of Things, he would hang himſelf to enjoy a Sight of *Euripides*.

Εἰ ταῖς ἀληθείαις, &c.

If Shades have Senſe, as ſome pretend,
A friendly Cord my Life ſhould end,
That I once more might ſee my Friend.

The Fate of *Anaxagoras* determin'd *Euripides*, when he was about eighteen Years of Age, to take off his Mind from natural Philoſophy, and apply

his

his Studies to *Dramatick* Poetry. The Maſter's Learning was the occaſion of his Baniſhment by the Citizens, as a Reviler of the publick Gods, and our Poet the Scholar was in danger of the ſame Cenſure, for introducing a new and impious Diſtinction in the Doctrine of Oaths.

Ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος.

My Tongue has ſworn, but ſtill my Mind is free.

THERE was one *Hygiænon*, who could not bear this Verſe; he charged *Euripides* with Impiety, as a Teacher and Protector of Perjury. The Poet demanded to be tried by his proper Judges; appealing to the Juriſdiction of the Judges appointed over all theatrical Controverſies, declaring that he was ready to give an Account of his Faith and Doctrine before that Tribunal; and that it was there, and not before the uſual Courts that he ought to be accuſed. This Defence, it is ſuppoſed, brought him off for that Time. Upon another Occaſion, he dogmatized ſo gravely in defence of covetous Men, that the Audience were enraged and reſolved to demoliſh him and the Actor; *Euripides* appearing upon the Stage, deſired them to have Patience, and they ſhould find the old Miſer ſhould ſuffer the Puniſhment he deſerved. Another time ſome Perſons were offended with him, for bringing ſo wicked a Wretch as *Ixion* upon the Stage: Take notice, ſaid he, that before I let him go off, I ſhall tie him to a Wheel. But he was oblig'd to alter the two *firſt* Verſes of his *Menalippus*, which gave Offence.

——Jupiter, *if his Name be ſo,*
For 'tis by Hearſay only that I know.

He

HE was mighty fond of this Tragedy, as being excellently well writ, but he was forced to alter the firſt Lines into what they are at preſent.

Jove, *for we own he has receiv'd that Name*
From Truth alone, and not from common Fame.

HE would not always comply with his Audience in things of this Nature; for one Day, the People of *Athens* deſiring him to ſtrike out a certain Paſſage in a Tragedy of his, he came upon the Stage and told them; I do not compoſe my Works to learn of you, but to teach you.

THERE remain to us but twenty Tragedies of *Euripides*. To inſpire his Mind with ſolemn and terrible Ideas, he uſed to compoſe his Pieces in a gloomy diſmal Cave, in the Iſland of *Salamis*. We are told by *Varro*, that of ſeventy-five Tragedies which he writ, five only carried off the Prize, he being often vanquiſhed by the moſt groveling Pretenders to Poetry: one *Xenocles*, a wretched Poetaſter, was preferred before him, in a Conteſt of four Plays againſt four Plays, at the Celebration of the eightieth Olympiad. His Poems coſt him a great deal of Labour; he complained once to the Poet *Alceſtis*, that for the laſt three Days he had not been able to make above three Verſes, tho' he had ſtudied with great Application; the other anſwer'd with an Air of Vanity, that he had made a hundred with eaſe: But, replied *Euripides*, there is this Difference between yours and mine, that mine will continue thro' the utmoſt Extent of Time, and yours will periſh in three Days.

IN the Opinion of many excellent Judges, *Euripides* was the moſt accompliſh'd of all the tragick

tragick Poets; yet he had his Rivals in Fame, who diſputed the Prize with him. His Poems are full of moral Aphoriſms, and contain many Tenets of natural Philoſophy: As many Verſes, ſays *Cicero*, that I read in *Euripides*, I find ſo many Maxims of Morality. Can it be thought ſtrange after this, that that illuſtrious Orator ſhould prepare himſelf for Death by reading of this Poet? It is obſerved that the Aſſaſſins, who purſu'd him and murder'd him, found him reading in his Litter the *Medea* of *Euripides*. He was a ſevere grave Writer, and indifferent to Pleaſure. We are told by *Galen*, that the Original of his Works came into *Ptolemy*'s Hands, when he was founding his famous Library at *Alexandria*. King *Ptolemy*, ſays he, ſent to the *Athenians*, to borrow the original Manuſcripts of *Sophocles*, *Æſchylus*, and *Euripides*, in order to tranſcribe them for his Library, laying down in their Hands fifteen Talents of Silver by way of Security. Upon the Receipt of the Books, he took care to have them wrote out on the faireſt Parchment, and ſet off with the richeſt Ornaments; and then keeping the Originals, he ſent the Copies to *Athens* with this Meſſage, that the King deſired the City to accepts of thoſe Books, and of the fifteen Talents he had left in their Hands. That they had no reaſon to be angry, ſince if he had neither ſent them the Originals, nor the Copies, he had done them no Injury, as long as they themſelves by taking the Security, ſuppoſed it a ſufficient Reparation in caſe of a Loſs.

HIS Rivals in Tragedy were *Æſchylus* and *Sophocles*: There is a Diviſion among the Criticks concerning the Pre-eminence of theſe Poets:

Poets: Each of them has their Adherents, who give him the firſt Place, and there are alſo ſome good Judges, who will determine nothing concerning it. *Quintilian* ſeems to be of this Party, and yet it is eaſy to ſee, that all Things conſidered, he gives the preference to *Euripides*. *Sophocles*, ſays he, and *Euripides* have by far ſurpaſſed *Æſchylus* on this Head, and brought the Art to a much greater degree of Perfection: It is a Queſtion much canvaſſed, to which of theſe two in their different Manners the Preference in Poetry is due; and as it has no relation to my preſent Subject, I ſhall leave it undecided. But this muſt be acknowledged by all, that to Perſons deſigned for the Bar, *Euripides* would be far more uſeful. For his Style (which thoſe find fault with, who think the Majeſty, the Air and the Diction of *Sophocles* more ſublime) is more nearly allied to that of an Orator. His Sentences are alſo thick ſown, nor does he fall far ſhort of the Sages themſelves, when he handles their Topicks. In his Method of arguing and replying, he is not inferior to the moſt eminent Speakers at the Bar. In raiſing the Paſſions he is univerſally admirable, but in that of Compaſſion inimitable. *Menander*, as he himſelf teſtifies, held him in the higheſt Eſteem, and copied him, though in a different Work.

EURIPIDES, ſays *Borrichius*, for Eloquence and Prudence was equal to, if not beyond *Sophocles*. He took more care in the placing of his Words, and ordering of his Sentences than ever *Sophocles* did; and yet *Ariſtotle* thought him not exact enough in the Contrivance of his Fables. *Sophocles*, by his Style, ſeems rather to be a Man for Buſineſs than for Words, whereas

the Style of *Euripides* ſavours more of the Scholar and the Orator. The Smoothneſs of his Compoſition, his Excellency in *Dramatick* Poetry, the Soundneſs of his Morals, convey'd in the ſweeteſt Numbers, the Purity of his *Attick* Style, and his Power in moving the Paſſions; eſpecially the ſofter ones of Grief and Pity, were ſo univerſally admired, and his Glory ſo far ſpread, that the *Athenians* who were taken Priſoners in the fatal Overthrow under *Nicias*, were preſerved from perpetual Exile and Ruin, by the aſtoniſhing Reſpects that the *Sicilians*, Enemies and Strangers, paid to the Wit and Fame of their illuſtrious Countryman. As many as could repeat any of *Euripides*'s Verſes, were rewarded with their Liberty, and generouſly ſent home with Marks of Honour. The *Sicilians* gave another remarkble Proof of their Eſteem for *Euripides*: A *Caunian* Veſſel chaſed by Pirates, endeavoured to make ſome Port of *Sicily*, but could not obtain Permiſſion to enter till it was known, there were ſome Perſons on board that could rehearſe ſome Lines of this celebrated *Athenian*.

THIS Poet, however, is condemned by the Learned, for not obſerving poetical Probability, a Rule ſo highly recommended to all Poets by *Ariſtotle*, and agreeable to the Advice of *Horace*,

Aut famam ſequere, aut convenientia finge.
Keep to old Tales, or if you muſt have new,
Feign Things coherent, that may look like True.

HE is not exact in the Contrivance of his Fables, his Characters want Variety, he falls often into the ſame Thoughts upon the ſame Adventures; he does not religiouſly enough obſerve Decencies, and by a too great Affectation to be morally ſententious

tentious, he is not ſo ardent and paſſionate as he ought to be; for this Reaſon he goes not to the Heart as much as *Sophocles*. There are Precipitations in the Preparation of his Incidents, as in the *Suppliants*, where *Theſeus* levies an Army, marches from *Athens* to *Thebes*, and returns the ſame Day. The Diſcoveries of his Plots are not at all natural, theſe are perpetual Machines. *Diana* makes the Diſcovery in *Hippolitus*; *Minerva*, in that of *Iphygenia*; *Thetis*, that of *Andromache*; *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, that of *Helena* and that of *Electra*, and ſo of others. *Euripides* has been cenſured for making his Characters more wicked than they ought to be in Tragedy: It was the Obſervation of thoſe Times, that Comedy (whoſe Province was Humour and low Matter) was to repreſent Things worſe than the Truth; Hiſtory to deſcribe the Truth; but Tragedy was to invent Things better than the Truth. Whether theſe Diſtinctions were exact, I ſhall not take upon me to determine.

EDITIONS of *EURIPIDES.*

Gr. & Lat. cum Scholiis Græcis & Notis Joſuæ Barnes. Cantab. 1694, Folio.

Gr. Lat. Scholiis Græcis & Notis Gul. Canteri, & *aliorum.* 2 *vol.*. *apud* Paul Steph. Genev. 1602, 4to.

Tragœdiæ 4 *ſelectæ*, viz. Hecuba, Oreſtes, Phæniſſæ & Alceſtis. *Gr. & Lat. Notis*, Joh. King & Tho. Morell. 2 *vol.* Lond. 1748, 8vo.

Græcè Typis nitidiſs. apud *Plantin*, 1571, 24to.

SIMONIDES,

ONE of the Principal of the *Grecian* Poets: He was a Native of *Ceos*, an Iſland of the *Ægean* Sea: He flouriſhed in the time of *Xerxes*'s Expedition, that is, about the ſeventy fifth Olympiad. His Father's Name was *Leoprepes*; *Ælian* mentions him for the good Advice he gave two young Men who were intimate Companions. Two particular Friends aſked him which was the beſt way to render their Friendſhip perpetual. You muſt never be angry, ſaid he, one with another at the ſame time, but one of you muſt ſhew reſpect to the Anger of the other. This Poet ſet up a School at *Carthea* in that Iſland, where he introduced the Art of Dancing and Singing in Chorus; he fixed his School near the Temple of *Apollo* in that City.

BUT he ſoon left his Native Country, upon ſome Diſappointment it is ſuppoſed, and retired to *Sicily*, where he was entertained in the Court of *Hiero*, a wiſe Prince, and a Royal Patron of learned Men. *Pauſanias* the *Lacedæmonian* General, who defeated the *Perſians* at the Battle of *Platææ*, had a great Reſpect for *Simonides* upon the account of his Wiſdom and Poetical Accompliſhments. He therefore procured him to compoſe an Inſcription in Verſe to be inſcribed upon a Golden Tripod, which he found among the Spoils, and preſented to the Temple of *Delphos*; the Epigram was to this Effect, That by the

the Conduct of *Pauſanias*, the Barbarians were defeated at the Battle of *Platææ*, and in Acknowledgment of the Victory, that Preſent was by him dedicated to *Apollo*. But the *Lacedæmonians* cauſed the Verſes to be raz'd out, and in their ſtead engraved only the Names of ſuch confederate Cities as had been inſtrumental in overthrowing the *Perſians*. He wrote a Poem in Celebration of the Victory of *Salamis*, and contracted an Acquaintance with *Themiſtocles*, who won that Battle: He obtained the Prize from *Æſchylus*, by an Elegy he wrote upon the Victory at *Marathon*; and the Elegies he compoſed upon the *Greeks* that were ſlain at the Battle of *Platææ*, were in the Time of *Pauſanias* to be ſeen upon their Tombs.

It is ſaid, that the Gods preſerved him twice from imminent Danger of Death, upon the account of his Virtue. He happened, it ſeems, to ſup at the Houſe of *Scopas*, who was a conſiderable Man for his noble Birth and great Riches; after he had recited the Poem he had made for a ſet Price for that Man's Honour, who was Victor in the Wreſtling Games, wherein he inſerted an Encomium upon *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, he was told he ſhould receive one half of the Price agreed upon, but that he might, if he thought fit, aſk the other half of the *Tyndarides*, on whom he had beſtowed as many Praiſes as he had upon *Scopas*. Soon after he was informed, that two young Gentlemen upon white Horſes were at the Door, and deſired to ſpeak with him; he went out, and ſaw No-body; in the mean time the Room where he had left *Scopas* and the other Gueſts fell down, and they were all killed. Upon this Occaſion it was, that he

invented the Art of *Local* Memory; for when *Scopas* and his Gueſts were cruſhed to pieces by the fall of the Room, they were ſo bruiſed together and disfigured, that they could not be known one from another. And yet there was a Neceſſity to know them, for thoſe who deſigned to bury them, deſired to perform that Duty, each to his Relation. *Simonides* removed the Difficulty; he remember'd in what Place each of the Gueſts ſat at Table, and was by that means capable to tell each of their Relations, which of them was to be buried by him. Afterwards conſidering how neceſſary Order is to preſerve the Ideas of Objects, he invented the Method of annexing them to certain Places, and ſo became the Inventor of Local Memory. Tho' ſome Authors ſay, that he made uſe of ſome certain Medicines to acquire a good Memory, which produced the intended Effect.

THE other Miracle, by which his Life was ſaved, is related thus: His Deliverance was owing to the ſeaſonable Advice he received in his Sleep; for when he was ready to take Shipping, and had buried the dead Body of a Man which lay on the Shore, he was warned by an Apparition of the ſame Man, not to go to Sea the next Day, but to ſtay at Land. He took the Advice; they who had taken ſhipping periſhed in his Sight by the Storm, and were ſwallowed up in the Waves: *Simonides* rejoiced becauſe he had truſted his Life rather to a Dream than a Ship. Being mindful of the Favour, he immortalized that Man in a moſt elegant Poem, and erected a better and more durable Tomb to him, than that which he had before raiſed upon the deſart Sands. He did not think that Humanity required

required any thing of him beſides the burying of the dead Body; but being ſo well rewarded for that Favour, he inſcribed a memorable Epitaph upon the Tomb to this Effect; This is the Tomb of the Man that ſaved the Life of *Simonides* of *Ceos*, and who, after his Death, was grateful to the Living. This Story introduces another told of him by *Ælian*. *Pauſanias*, the *Lacedæmonian* General, ſitting at Table with *Simonides*, ordered him to deliver ſome remarkable Maxim. *Remember*, anſwer'd he, *that you are a Man*: This Saying ſeem'd ſo inſipid to *Pauſanias*, that he did not regard it; but when he happened to be in a Place of Refuge, where he ſtruggled with an intolerable Hunger, and out of which he could not come without running the hazard of being put to Death, a Misfortune he brought upon himſelf by his Ambition, he remember'd the Words of that Poet, and cry'd out three times, O *Simonides*, how important was the Meaning of the Exhortation you gave me!

BUT the moſt remarkable Tranſaction of his Life was what happened between him and King *Hiero* his Patron. The Story is told with moſt advantage by *Cicero*, in the Perſon of *Cotta* the Pontiff. Aſk me, ſays he, what kind of Being God is? I will anſwer in the Words of *Simonides*, who when the Tyrant *Hiero* demanded this Queſtion, required a Day to conſider of it; when next Day he aſked him the ſame Queſtion, *Simonides* required two Days more; when he had often doubled the Time, he required more; and *Hiero* being ſurprized, aſked him the Reaſon of it: It is, ſays he, becauſe *the longer I conſider, the more obſcure the Subject appears to me.* Of all the Sayings aſcribed to him, this was remarkable; he

ſaid, that *Neceſſity* was a Thing which the Gods themſelves would not oppoſe nor reſiſt.

BUT theſe Inſtances of his Piety and Humanity will by no means excuſe his inſatiable Avarice and Thirſt of Wealth: When he was aſked the Reaſon of his being ſo covetous in his old Age, he ſaid, I had rather leave ſomething to my Enemies after my Death, than want the Aſſiſtance of my Friends during my Life; and that being by his Years deprived of other Pleaſures, he recreated his old Age with the only Delight he took in heaping up Riches. We are told his Way of Life was narrow and mean, that he was frugal to Exceſs, and covetous even of diſhoneſt Gain; that his great Age did not reſtrain him from applying to the Court of *Hiero*, for, ſays *Ælian*, the *Cean* was exceeding covetous, and it is ſaid, the great Generoſity of that Prince induced him to it the more: He was never at a loſs for an Anſwer when aſked, why he took ſuch Pleaſure in Saving; but his Anſwers were poor and trifling. Whilſt he was at *Syracuſe*, the King ſupplied him from Day to Day with every thing that was neceſſary for his Maintenance; he ſold the greateſt part of it, and alledged for his Reaſon, that he had a mind to ſhew his Frugality and *Hiero*'s Magnificence; which was a wretched Subterfuge.

HE has been blamed for being the firſt that let out the Muſes for hire, not as if the Poets that lived before him had refuſed Rewards, but abhorred to proſtitute their Praiſes upon Subjects infamous and unworthy. I do not, ſays *Callimachus*, cheriſh a mercenary Muſe like *Simonides* the Grandſon of *Hyllicus*: He is taxed by *Anacreon* for the ſame Fault. It is certain,

he

he would not ſing upon Truſt, nor rely upon the Generoſity of his Heroes. He diſhonoured the Muſes by his mercenary Spirit, and diſgracefully became a Proverb, *Simonidis Cantilenæ*. He was uſed to ſay, I have two Trunks, one for Salaries, and the other for Favours; I open them from time to time, and I always find the Trunk for Salaries full, and that for Favours empty: He needed not wonder at it, for ſince he did nothing *gratis*, he could not pretend to many Preſents, but to be paid only according to the Agreement he made with his Patrons.

PHÆDRUS in his Fables relates, that *Simonides* ſtrolled about the Towns of *Aſia*, to get Money by ſinging the Praiſes of the Conquerors in the publick Games. This appears alſo by a Story mentioned by *Ariſtotle*: A Man, ſays he, who had won the *Olympic* Prize in the Race of Mules, deſired *Simonides* to make a Triumphal Song upon that Subject; the Poet not ſatisfied with the Reward that was offered, anſwered, that the Subject was ſo low that it would not admit of the lofty Ornaments of a Poem, for the Victory had been obtained in a creeping Race with Mules, and he pretended that a Mule did not afford matter for an Encomium; but having a better Price offered him which pleaſed him, he finiſhed the Poem, beginning in a noble Strain,

Χαίρετ' ἀελλοπόδων θύγατρες ἵππων.

Hail Daughters of the Wind-hoof'd Steeds.

BUT the Money he ſcraped together in the *Aſian* Cities he loſt in his Return; for ſhipping himſelf for the Iſle of *Ceos*, his native Country, the Ship was caſt away, and every one ſtrove to ſave himſelf

ſelf with whatever he could carry. *Simonides*, ſays *Phædrus*, took nothing, and being aſked the Reaſon of it, he anſwer'd, It is becauſe all that I have is with me: Several of his ſhipwreck'd Companions were drowned, ſinking under the Weight of what they had endeavoured to ſave; thoſe who landed were plunder'd by Robbers. Every one went to *Clazomenæ*, a Town not far from the Place where the Ship was caſt away. A Citizen who loved Learning, and had read ſome Poems of *Simonides* with great Admiration, knowing him, received him hoſpitably, whilſt the reſt were forced to beg in the Streets. The Poet meeting them, told them his Anſwer was right.

SIMONIDES lived to a great Age, about ninety Years; he died, it is ſuppoſed, in the Court of King *Hiero*, a Year before that Prince his Patron. It was the Queen of this *Sicilian* Tyrant who aſked *Simonides*, whether it was better to acquire Learning than Riches? who anſwer'd, that Riches were better than Learning; for I ſee, ſaid he, every Day the Learned attending upon the Rich. He was buried with great Magnificence, and had a Monument erected over him. We are told by *Suidas*, that *Phœnix*, General of the *Agrigentines*, being at War with the *Syracuſans*, barbarouſly deſtroyed *Simonides*'s Tomb, and built a Tower with the Materials of it, and it happened that the Town was taken through that part of the Wall where that very Tower was built.

THESE are the principal Incidents to be met with concerning the Life and Death of this *Greek* Poet: The Fragments of his Works that remain are ſcattered up and down in various Authors, but

but are collected together by *Urſinus*. His Wit was beyond the Cenſure of the Criticks: His Poetry was compoſed in almoſt all Strains, but he ſucceeded chiefly in Elegies: He was a moving and paſſionate Writer. The Style of *Simonides*, ſays *Quintilian*, was plain, but fitted to the Subject with a certain Sweetneſs. His principal Excellency lay in Commiſeration, and he was by ſome preferred to all Authors upon that account. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus* confeſſes, that this Poet, among other Virtues, had the Talent of moving to Pity, and places him in that reſpect much above *Pindar*; the *Lamentations* of *Simonides* was one of his moſt famous Poems; to this Piece *Horace* alludes,

Sed ne relictis, &c.

Enough my Muſe, Complaints forbear,
With me to ſhady Grots retire, &c.

CATULLUS refers to the Art of *Simonides* in drawing Tears.

Mæſtius Lacrymis Simonideis.
More ſorrowful than Simonides's *Tears.*

BUT though the chief Character of his Poetry was a kind of moving and ſoftning Sweetneſs, yet he could upon Occaſion dip his Pen in Gall, and write the moſt bitter and piercing Invective. One *Timoleon* it ſeems was his Enemy, and wrote a Comedy which reflected upon *Simonides*; but he came not off with Impunity, for our Poet laſhed him ſeverely, and among other cutting Strokes, he wrote his Epitaph.

Πολλὰ φαγὼν, &c.

After I had eat and drank plentifully, and ſpoke a great deal of ill of Men, here I lie, Timoleon *of* Rhodes.

THE Poetical Genius of this Poet was ſo ſtrong and laſting, that he diſputed the Prize of Poetry at eighty Years of Age.

EDITIONS of *SIMONIDES.*

Inter Poetas Græcos minores a Rad. Wintertono *Editos. Gr. Lat.* 8vo.

Inter Reliquias Poeſios Philoſophicæ. Gr. apud Hen. Steph. 1573, 8vo.

ARISTOPHANES,

A Famous Comick Poet, but of his Country nothing is certain; ſome ſay he was an *Athenian*, others a *Rhodian*, and ſome an *Egyptian*; the moſt probable Conjecture is, that he was born at *Ægina*, or at leaſt that he had an Eſtate in that Iſland; when he came to *Athens* he was ſummoned before the Magiſtracy, and accuſed for aſſuming the Privileges and Rights of an *Athenian* Citizen without a Freedom: He defended himſelf by ſaying one *Philip* an *Athenian* was his Father, and repeating two Verſes of *Homer*,

Μήτηρ μὲν τ' ἐμὶ, φησὶ, &c.

My

My Mother told me ſo: 'twas he ſhe ſaid,
I know not; and, pray, who has more to plead?

This Anſwer ſatisfied the Court, and he was admitted a Denizen without further Difficulty. The Time of his Birth is not liable to the ſame Uncertainty; he was Cotemporary with *Sophocles* the Tragick Poet, and flouriſhed between the eighty-fifth and ninety-firſt Olympiad.

BEING received into the Freedom of *Athens*, he profeſſed himſelf an Enemy to Tyranny and Corruption, and reformed the Government more by his Comedies, than if he had ſate at the Head of the Council, and had the Reins of Power at full length in his own Hands. He repreſented the Vices of the chief Citizens upon the Stage, and had the Courage to expoſe the Leading Men to the People in their proper Characters. He openly cenſured the perverting of Juſtice in the People, and was not afraid to attack the publick Worſhip of the Gods and the National Superſtition, without dreading the Reſentment which *Æſchylus* and *Euripides* had ſuffer'd before upon the ſame Occaſion. Indeed, his Works, which Time has preſerved to us, are a valuable Set of pertinent Reflections upon the Government of the *Athenian* State through the whole Courſe of the *Peloponneſian* War.

THIS fair Side of his Character does not conceal the Blemiſhes that lie upon his Good-nature, if not upon his Honeſty, by the profeſſed Hatred he bore to *Socrates* and *Euripides*, two of the greateſt Men in the Commonwealth of *Athens*: One *Anytus*, it ſeems, with other Citizens, engaged in a Deſign againſt the Life and Reputation of *Socrates*, but conſidering that his Credit

Credit was ſo great with the Magiſtrates and the People upon the account of his many excellent Qualities, that they feared to bring him to a fair Trial; they choſe to attack him by ſlanderous and vile Aſperſions, to repreſent him as a ridiculous, idle Perſon, as a ſilly weak Arguer that would diſpute on both Sides the Queſtion, and turn things inſide out as he pleaſed; but particularly, as one that deſpiſed the Gods and the eſtabliſh'd Worſhip, and would introduce ſtrange Doctrines and Innovations in Religion. For this purpoſe they bribed *Ariſtophanes* with a Sum of Money, to dreſs up the great *Socrates* in a Fool's Coat in one of his Plays, which he did, and for that purpoſe wrote his Comedy of *The Clouds*. But when it came to be performed upon the Stage, the People were ſurprized to ſee the Philoſopher treated with that Indignity, and at the firſt acting ſcorn'd the Repreſentation; but upon the ſecond appearing, the People, naturally envious of Men of ſuperior Learning and Worth, were tickled at the Fancy, and beſtow'd the Prize upon the Writer with general Conſent. This Story is told by *Ælian*; but his Authority is diſputed; and there are Reaſons to believe that the Comedy of *The Clouds* was acted but once upon the *Athenian* Stage. Beſides, *Charpentier*, in the Life of *Socrates*, obſerves, that *Ariſtophanes* compoſed the Play of *The Clouds*, becauſe *Archelaus*, King of *Macedon*, had a better Opinion of that Philoſopher than of himſelf.

EURIPIDES was called the *Philoſophical Poet*; and the Rules and Diſcipline of the old Philoſophy were exceeding ſtrict, and quite contrary to the Licentiouſneſs of the old Comedy, of which *Ariſtophanes* was the chief Writer, as *Menander*

nander of the new; this ſeems to be a chief Reaſon of the Hatred of this Comick Writer to *Euripides*. Beſides, *Socrates* never cared to be preſent in the *Athenian* Theatre, but to hear ſome Performance of that Tragedian, which without doubt increaſed the Enmity. *Ariſtophanes*, in the Comedy of the *Frogs*, ſuppoſes that *Bacchus* putting a Verſe of *Euripides* into the Scales againſt a Verſe of *Æſchylus*, always found that of *Æſchylus* to weigh moſt.

THERE is no account of the Time or Place of *Ariſtophanes*'s Death, but he is ſuppoſed to have lived to a very great Age; *Plato*, his great Friend and Admirer, compoſed an Honorary Diſtich to his Memory, which may ſerve for an Epitaph.

Αἱ χάριτες, &c.

The Graces *ſought a Shrine for ever whole,*
So pitch'd on Ariſtophanes's *Soul.*

OF fifty-four Comedies which he wrote, according to *Suidas*, we have now but eleven left.

THE *Grecian* Comedy was uſually divided into the *Old*, the *Middle*, and the *New*: The firſt expoſed the Vices of the greateſt Perſons by Name, and without Diſguiſe; this licentious Way of Writing is condemn'd by *Horace* in his Art of Poetry,

——*In vitium Libertas excidit, &c.*

THIS old Comedy was cultivated by *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*; *Cratinus* firſt introduced three Perſons, and methodized this Poem; he chaſtiſed the Bad, and mixed what was uſeful and agreeable together. This Licentiouſneſs and open Raillery

Raillery of the Stage was ſtopped by a Law enacted when the thirty Tyrants governed *Athens*. Next came in the *Middle* Comedy, which cenſured and laſhed real Vices under fictitious Names. The *New* Comedy reformed the Stage into Civility and Good Manners, and obliged the Poet to make uſe of feigned Actions, and imaginary Names, without any particular Reflections; he was to exhibit only a probable Deſcription of Human Life.

ARISTOPHANES ſucceeded *Cratinus* in the *Old* Comedy; for though *Cratinus* had much improved Comedy by diſtinguiſhing the Parts, diſpoſing the Acts, and increaſing the Number of Actors, yet Comedy wanted the Perfection which it afterwards received from *Ariſtophanes*; for whereas *Eupolis* ſtudied to delight, *Cratinus* to be ſatirical, *Ariſtophanes* purſued a Medium, and he was not ſo bitter as *Cratinus*, yet he was as vehement againſt Delinquents. *Cratinus* was ſharp, and appeared with a naked Sword; *Eupolis* weighty and agreeable in his Bitterneſs from the Novelty of his fictitious Perſons, but *Ariſtophanes* was facetiouſly ſtinging; and as he was naturally choleric and bold, and a profeſſed Enemy to Servitude, and all who endeavour'd the Oppreſſion of their Country, the Times he lived in afforded ample Matter to exert his Wit, and expreſs his Affection for his Country. The *Athenians* were then govened by Perſons who had no other deſign but to enſlave the publick Liberty; *Ariſtophanes* was ſoon ſenſible of this, and like a generous Patriot expoſed thoſe Deſigns upon the open Stage. *Cleon* Tribune of the People, a powerful Villain, of a turbulent Spirit, and injurious to the City, firſt felt his Satire:

In

In his Comedy termed *Hippeis*, the Poet himſelf acted the Perſon of *Cleon*, (when every one of the common Players declined ſo dangerous a Part;) and in a moſt artful Manner expoſed his Cruelty and Abuſe of the State. *Cleon* was condemned to pay a Mulct of five Talents to the Poet.

NOR did his Induſtry only lead him to ſecure the State from the Magiſtrates at home, but he was as watchful againſt the Enemy abroad: The *Lacedæmonians*, and others who were jealous of the *Athenian* Grandeur, looked upon *Ariſtophanes* as an Army to the *Athenians*, and thought it impoſſible to accompliſh their Ends, whilſt his Counſels were purſued; for he had made the Stage a School of Politics, and Military Arts: He did not flatter his Auditory, but endeavoured to be inſtructive by moſt witty Inventions. His Comedies have been eſteemed an exact Hiſtory of *Athens*. This made *Plato* recommend them to *Dionyſius*, King of *Syracuſe*, who was deſirous of underſtanding the *Greek* Tongue, and the Maxims of the *Athenian* State. This Poet has been juſtly condemned by the Learned, particulary *Cicero*, for traducing the greateſt Men of his Age, as *Pericles*, *Alcibiades*, *Socrates*, *Euripides*, and the moſt eminent Perſonages in the Commonwealth.

AFTER the immoderate Liberty of the Stage was ſuppreſs'd, and the Poets ſuffer'd for their Abuſes, particularly *Eupolis*, who was drowned by *Alcibiades* for his Play termed *Dipper*, the *Chorus* moſt concerned in theſe Railleries was ſilenced, and the *Parabaſis* or Digreſſions introduced. The Digreſſions contained Reflections on the Diction or Compoſition of the Poets, or in a general manner

ner glanced at the Vices of the Citizens, without mentioning Names; or if the Names were intended, it was under Diſguiſe; and this is the Origin of *middle* Comedy. In the Reign of *Alexander* the Great, there was a Law made, that a Suſpicion of Scandal was actionable, though no Name was mentioned. This entirely ſuppreſſed the Licentiouſneſs of the Stage, and gave Birth to *new* Comedy, where the Perſons are fictitious, and the Prologue ſupplies the Place of the *Chorus*. *Philemon* and *Menander* excelled in this kind of Comedy. *Friſchlinus*, in his Life of *Ariſtophanes*, is of Opinion, that the *Plutus* of this Poet was compoſed after the firſt Edict of the States. His *Cocalus*, where there is only a Prologue and no Chorus, is of the kind of *new* Comedy, as *Voſſius* and *Friſchlinus* obſerve. Thus, ſays *Voſſius*, Comedy, which at firſt was nothing but a Chorus without Actors, was made to conſiſt of a Number of Actors without any Chorus.

NEW Comedy differ'd much from the *old*, particularly *old* Comedy made uſe of various kinds of Verſe, the *new* uſed only *Iambics*, and *Trochaics*. The *new* was more elegant and equal in its Style, the Diction of the *old* more grand, and the Style leſs equal. This was what with other Things, ſays *Voſſius*, made *Plutarch* prefer *Menander*'s Diction ſo much to *Ariſtophanes*'s. *Plutarch* condemns this Poet for his unequal Style, Obſcurity of Diction, for being malepert, loquacious, trifling, arrogant, and haughty, and for obſerving no Decorum, for making his Perſons ſpeak only what occurred to him, ſo that we cannot diſtinguiſh from the Style, whether the Father, or the Son, a Ruſtick

or

or a Deity be diſcourſing. But, ſays *Plutarch*, *Menander*'s Diction was agreeable to the Condition, Age and Nature of every Perſon, and incredibly perſuaſive. The Theatre was always full of the Learned when his Plays were acted, and they were a Relaxation to the Philoſophers of their intenſe and deep Meditations. *Menander*'s Jeſts were ſacred, *Ariſtophanes*'s bitter and rough, and of a biting, ſharp, and galling Force. He corrupted his Meditations in conſtituting a malicious, and not a civil Craft, and in making his Ruſtics fooliſh, and not circumſpect, his Amours impure and not agreeable, and his Jeſts ſuch as ſhould be laughed at, rather than excite Laughter.

It muſt be confeſſed, there are many Things ſcurrilous, obſcene, and ſordid in *Ariſtophanes*; but thoſe that plead for him, particularly *Friſchlinus*, ſay he has many things grave and good, and that the Faults laid to his Charge do not occur in all his Comedies, but only in ſome, and that ſeldom, and therefore the whole of his Poetry is not to be condemned. His Characters, they plead, are conformable to the Perſons of the *Drama*, which are often diſhoneſt Servants, avaritious old Men, libidinous Women, and the like, ſo that the Poet was obliged to repreſent his Perſons ſuch as they really were; and the Reaſon why he characterizes ſuch Perſons, was to comply with the Humour of the Age, which reliſhed nothing elſe. Thus the End excuſes him, becauſe Mirth and Joy was the only Scope of *Greek* Comedy. Another Plea for theſe Characters, is the Correction of Vice, by ridiculing and expoſing the Vicious, and therefore he did nothing unbecoming a Comedian in his Imitation

tion of ſuch Perſons. The Odes of his *Chorus* have indeed ſomething of Tragedy in them, becauſe the Gods and Goddeſſes are here invoked; and indeed, he ſometimes affects a Tragical inſtead of a Comick Style, which *Horace*, the moſt exact Reformer of the Stage, ſometimes allows.

Verſibus exponi tragicis, &c.
A Comic Story hates a Tragic Style, &c.

RAPIN, the *French* Critic, aggravates whatever has been ſaid againſt the Character of this *Greek* Poet: He is peeviſh in his Cenſures of him, and reſolves to gives him no Quarter: *Ariſtophanes*, ſays he, is not exact in the Contrivance of his Fables, nor are his Fictions very probable. He mocks Perſons too groſly and too openly. *Socrates*, whom he plays upon ſo eagerly in his Comedies, had a more delicate Air of Raillery than he, but was not ſo ſhameleſs. It is true, he goes on, *Ariſtophanes* writ during the Diſorder and Licentiouſneſs of the old Comedy, and underſtood the Humour of the *Athenian* People, who were eaſily diſguſted with the Merit of extraordinary Perſons, whom he ſet his Wit to abuſe, that he might pleaſe that People. After all, he is no otherwiſe pleaſant than by his Buffoonry. That *Ragouſt*, compoſed of ſeventy-ſix Syllables in the laſt Scene of his Comedy, the *Eccleſiaſouſai*, would not go down with us in our Age. His Language is often obſcure, low, and trivial; and his frequent jingling upon Words, his Contradictions of oppoſite Terms each to other; the Hotch-potch of his Style of Tragick and Comick, of Serious and Buffoon, of Grave and Familiar, is unſeemly, and his Witticiſms

Witticiſms often, when well examined, prove falſe.

THIS Reflection upon the Writings of *Ariſtophanes*, is a piece of falſe Criticiſm, and highly injurious to the Character of this *Greek* Poet; but the Bitterneſs of it is taken off by the Opinion of better Judges, particularly by a Gentlewoman of the ſame Nation. Mrs. *Le Fevre*, in the Preface to her Edition of *Ariſtophanes*, remarks that many excellent Inſtructions are to be found in this Author, of great uſe to the Politician and the Soldier. He aſſembled the Spectators, ſays ſhe, not to fawn upon them and flatter them, or to divert them with Buffoonry and Fooleries, but to give them ſolid Advice, which he knew how to make them reliſh by ſeaſoning it with a thouſand pleaſant Inventions, which no body but himſelf was able to do. Never any Man had better Skill in diſcerning the ridiculous Part, nor a Turn more ingenious to make it appear: His Criticks are natural and eaſy, and, which does not often happen, notwithſtanding he is ſo copious, he ſtill ſuſtains the Delicacy of his Character. She adds, that the *Attick* Spirit, which the Antients ſo much boaſted of, appears more in *Ariſtophanes*, than in any other Author of Antiquity; but what is moſt to be admired in him, is, that he is always ſo abſolute a Maſter of the Matter he treats of, that with all the Eaſe imaginable, he finds a Way how to make thoſe very things which at firſt might appear the moſt remote from his Subject, fall in naturally; and that even his moſt lively and leaſt expected Caprices ſeem'd but as the natural Reſults of thoſe Incidents he had prepared. Nothing, as ſhe further tells us, can be more ingenious than

the

the whole Contexture of the Comedy called *The Clouds*; and what ſhe moſt admires, is, that the Poet has ſo well hit the Air and Humour of *Socrates* in the ridiculous Part, which is done ſo naturally, that a Man would really think he heard *Socrates* himſelf ſpeak: She was ſo much charm'd with this Piece, that after ſhe had tranſlated it, and had read to it two hundred times over, ſhe did not find herſelf in the leaſt cloy'd, which was more than ſhe would ſay of any other Piece. The Style of *Ariſtophanes*, ſhe concludes, is as agreeable as his Wit; for beſides its Purity, Force, and Sweetneſs, it has a certain Harmony which ſounds ſo pleaſant to the Ear, that the very reading him is extremely delightful: When he has occaſion to uſe the common ordinary Style, he does it without uſing any Expreſſion that is baſe and vulgar, and when he has a mind to expreſs himſelf loftily, in his higheſt Flight he is never obſcure. He was reputed, ſays *Gyraldus*, the moſt Eloquent of all the *Athenians*, who look'd upon him the moſt conſiderable of their *Beaux Eſprits*; he abounds with fine curious Sentences; there is in his Invention a Variety that is ſurpriſing, but yet agreeable; he underſtood how to give every thing its Turn, which gave him the Preference above all the other Comick Poets. Let no Man, ſays *Scaliger*, pretend to underſtand the *Attick* Dialect, that has not *Ariſtophanes* at his Fingers Ends; in him are to be found all the *Attick* Ornaments, which made St. *Chryſoſtome* ſo much admire him, that he always laid him under his Pillow, when he went to ſleep.

IT has been obſerved before, that *Ariſtophanes* profeſſed himſelf upon all Occaſions, a zealous

zealous Champion for publick Liberty, but Mr. *Rimer* has enter'd it more particularly into that part of his Character. He was, ſays he, a Man of wonderful Zeal for Virtue, and the Good of his Country; he laid about him with an undaunted Reſolution, as it were ſome Chriſtian Martyr for his Faith and Religion. He plainly ran a muck at all manner of Vice, whereever he ſaw it, were it in the greateſt Philoſophers, the greateſt Poets, the Generals or Miniſters of State. The *Perſian* Embaſſador was ſurpriſed to obſerve the *Athenian* Government, Turning out, Diſgracing, Impeaching, Baniſhing, Outlawing, and Attainting the Great Men, as the Poet hinted or held up his Finger; not underſtanding the *Athenian* Temper, he was aſtoniſhed at the Man. And for all the *Democracy*, no leſs bold was he with his *Sovereign Legiſlative People*, repreſenting them taking Bribes, ſelling their Votes, bought off. He tells them, that the Government had no occaſion for Men of *Wit* or *Honeſty*; the moſt ignorant, the moſt impudent, and the greateſt Rogue, ſtood faireſt for a Place, and was the beſt qualified to be their Chief Miniſter. He tells them nothing ſhall fright him; Truth and Honeſty are on his ſide, he has the Heart of *Hercules*, will ſpeak what is juſt and generous, tho' *Cerberus*, and all the Kennel of Hell-hounds were loo'd upon him: But then, ſays *Rimer*, his Addreſs was admirable, he would make the Truth viſible and palpable, and every way ſenſible to them. The Art and the Application, his ſtrange Fetches, his lucky Stars, his odd Inventions, the wild Turns, Returns, and Counter-turns, were never match'd, nor are ever to be reach'd again.

EDITIONS

EDITIONS of *ARISTOPHANES*.

Græcè Typis elegantiſs.
apud Aldum, *Venet.* 1498, Fol.
Gr. Lat. Scholiis antiquis, Notis Ed. Biſſeti & Æmilii Porti. Aurel. 1607, Fol.
Gr. & Lat. Scholiis Græcis, notis Variorum et Ludolphi Kuſteri. Amſt. 1710, Folio.
Gr. & Lat. Notis Tanaquilli Fabri.
Amſt. 1670, 12mo.
Plutus & Nubes Gr. Lat. notis Joh. Leng.
Lond. 1695, 8vo.

THEOCRITUS,

A *Sicilian* Poet born at *Syracuſe*; he flouriſhed about the hundred and twenty-third Olympiad. Of what Family, or of what Condition his Parents were, is uncertain, their Names only remain; his Father was *Praxagoras*, and his Mother *Philina*. We are told this by an Epigram uſually placed in the Front of his Poem,

Ἄλλος ὁ Χῖος, &c.

I'm not of Chios, *but I do declare,*
I breathed firſt the Syracuſian *Air,*
Son of Praxagoras *and fam'd* Philina,
And 'tis my own Muſe dictates what I ſay.

THERE are two *Idylliums* of his remaining that adjuſt his Age, inſcribed to *Hiero* King of *Syracuſe*, and to *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*

Egypt. The Exploits of this *Hiero* are recorded to Advantage by *Polybius*, in the firſt Book of his Hiſtory; and though he was a Prince of ſignal Courage and Renown, and diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by extraordinary Atchievements in War, yet he ſeems to have had no great Value for Learning or learned Men. *Theocritus* complains of this in his ſixteenth *Idyllium*; and upon this account it is ſuppoſed he left *Syracuſe*, and applied himſelf to the *Egyptian* Court, where, as it appears by his ſeventeenth *Idyllium*, he met with honourable Encouragement and Protection.

NOTHING more is recorded of the Life of this Poet: If we believe *Ovid*, he was put to a violent Death by *Hiero*, King of *Sicily*, for reflecting upon him in his Writings.

Utque Syracuſio *præſtrictâ fauce Poetæ*
Sic animæ laqueo ſit via clauſa tuæ.

THE Compoſitions of this Poet are diſtinguiſhed by the Antients by the Name of *Idylliums*, which Title they obtained to expreſs the ſmallneſs and variety of their Natures; they would now be called *Miſcellanies*, or *Poems upon ſeveral Occaſions*. The nine firſt and the eleventh are confeſſed to be true Paſtoral; ſeveral of the others are Copies directed to particular Friends, and written on particular Accounts. He has compoſed in ſeveral ſorts of Poetry, and ſucceeded in all. The native Simplicity and eaſy Freedom of his Paſtorals are inimitable. *Virgil* himſelf ſometimes invokes the Muſe of *Syracuſe*, when he imitates him thro' all his own Poems of that kind, and in ſeveral Paſſages tranſlates him.

Prima Syracuſio *dignata eſt ludere Verſu,*
Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.

QUINTILIAN allows him to be admirable in his kind, but when he adds, that his Muſe is not only ſhy of appearing at the Bar, but in the City too, 'tis evident this Remark muſt be confined to his Paſtorals. In ſeveral of his other Poems, he ſhews ſuch Strength of Reaſon and Politeneſs, that would qualify him to plead among the Orators, and make him acceptable in the Courts of Princes. In his ſmaller Poems of *Cupid* ſtung, *Adonis* killed by the Boar, and others, you have the Vigor and Delicacy of *Anacreon*; in his *Hylas* and Combat of *Pollux* and *Amycus*, he is much more pathetical, clear and pleaſant than *Apollonius* on the ſame, or any other Subject. In his Converſation of *Alcmena* and *Tireſias*, of *Hercules*, and the old Servant of *Augeas*, in *Cyniſca* and *Thyonichus*, and the Women going to the Ceremonies of *Adonis*, there is all the Eaſineſs and engaging Familiarity of Humor and Dialogue which reign in the *Odyſſeis*; and in *Hercules* deſtroying the Lion of *Nemea*, the Spirit and Majeſty of the *Iliad*. The Panegyric upon King *Ptolemy* is juſtly eſteemed an Original and Model of Perfection in that way of writing. Both in that excellent Poem, and the noble Hymn upon *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, he has praiſed his God and his Hero with that Delicacy and Dexterity of Addreſs; with thoſe ſublime and graceful Expreſſions of Devotion and Reſpect, that in Politeneſs, Smoothneſs of Turn, and a refined Art of praiſing without Offence or Appearance of Flattery, he has equalled *Callimachus*, and in Loftineſs and Flight of Thought ſcarce yields to *Pindar* or *Homer*.

THE Eclogue is the moſt conſiderable of the little Poems, it is an Image of the Life of Shepherds;

herds; therefore the Matter is low, and nothing great is in the Genius of it, its buſineſs is to deſcribe the Loves, the Sports, the Piques, the Jealouſies, the Diſputes, the Quarrels, the Intrigues, the Paſſions, the Adventures, and all the little Affairs of Shepherds. So that the Character muſt be ſimple, the Wit eaſy, the Expreſſion common; it muſt have nothing that is exquiſite, neither in the Thoughts, nor in the Words, nor in any Faſhions of Speech. The true Character of the Eclogue is Simplicity and Modeſty; its Figures are ſweet; the Paſſions tender; the Motions eaſy; and though ſometimes it may be paſſionate and have little Tranſports, and little Deſpairs, yet it never riſes ſo high as to be fierce or violent; its Narrations are ſhort, Deſcriptions little, the Thoughts ingenious, the Manners innocent, the Language pure, the Verſe flowing, the Expreſſions plain, and all the Diſcourſe natural; for this is not a great Talker that loves to make a noiſe. The Models to be propoſed to write well in this ſort of Poeſy are *Theocritus* and *Virgil*. *Theocritus* is more ſweet, more natural, more delicate by the Character of the *Greek* Tongue. *Virgil* is more judicious, more exact, more regular, more modeſt by the Character of his own Wit, and by the Genius of the *Latin* Tongue. *Theocritus* hath more of all the Graces that make the ordinary Beauty of Poetry; *Virgil* has more of good Senſe, more Vigor, more Nobleneſs, more Modeſty. After all, *Theocritus* is the Original, *Virgil* is only the Copy, though ſome things he hath copied ſo happily, that they equal the Original in many places. *Manilius* in his ſecond Book gives us a juſt Character of this Poet:

The ſweet Theocritus *with ſofteſt Strains,*
Makes piping Pan *delight* Sicilian *Swains;*
Thro' his ſmooth Reed no ruſtick Numbers move,
But all is Tenderneſs, and all is Love.
As if the Muſes ſate in ev'ry Vale,
Inſpir'd the Song, and told the melting Tale.

THOUGH *Theocritus* was not the firſt Inventor of the *Bucolick* Verſe, yet he is allowed to be the firſt that brought it to Perfection: That which diſtinguiſhes him, ſays *Dryden*, from all other Poets both *Greek* and *Latin*, and which raiſes him even above *Virgil* in his Eclogues, is the inimitable Tenderneſs of his Paſſions, and the natural Expreſſion of them in Words ſo becoming of a Paſtoral. A Simplicity ſhines thro' all he writes; he ſhews his Art and Learning by diſguiſing both. His Shepherds never riſe above their Country Education in their Complaints of Love. There is the ſame Difference betwixt him and *Virgil*, as there is betwixt *Taſſo*'s *Aminta*, and the *Paſtor Fido* of *Guarini*; *Virgil*'s Shepherds are too well read in the Philoſophy of *Epicurus* and *Plato*; and *Guarini*'s ſeem to have been bred in Courts. But *Theocritus* and *Taſſo* have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains: It was ſaid of *Taſſo* in relation to his Similitudes, *Mai eſce del Boſco*; that he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his Compariſons were taken from the Country. The ſame may be ſaid of *Theocritus*; he is ſofter than *Ovid*, he touches the Paſſions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own Fund, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a Supply. Even his *Dorick* Dialect has an incomparable Sweetneſs in its Clowniſhneſs, like

a fair Shepherdeſs in her Country Ruſſet, talking in a *Yorkſhire* Tone. This was impoſſible for *Virgil* to imitate, becauſe the Severity of the *Roman* Language denied him that Advantage. *Spencer* has endeavour'd it in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, but it can never ſucceed in the *Engliſh* Language.

FONTENELLE would give us a different Idea of this Poet; ſometimes theſe Shepherds are too exalted in their Strains, as when they ſpeak thus;

Gods, when ſhe view'd how ſtrong was the Surprize!
Her Soul took fire and ſparkled through her Eyes;
How did her Paſſions, how her Fury move!
How ſoon ſhe plung'd into th' Abyſs of Love!

THESE Sentiments are very natural to the Paſſions of Love. *Fontenelle* is very difficult; *Theocritus* can neither pleaſe him with his Delicacy, nor with his Ruſticity; for after this, he complains that *Theocritus* lets his Shepherds fall as much too low, as before they were raiſed too high above their native Genius. The Imitations in this Poet are very natural and juſt; and he that imitates Nature in the rough is no leſs a Poet, than he who imitates Nature when ſhe is poliſhed, and in her greateſt Perfection.

EDITIONS of *THEOCRITUS*.

Theocritus & Heſiod. *Græcè* Typis elegant. *apud* Aldum. Venet. 1499, *Folio.*

Inter Poetas Principes heroici Carminis Græcè. apud *Hen. Steph.* Folio.

Theocritus, Moſchus & Bion. *Gr. Lat. Scholiis Gr. Notis* D. Heinſii, Caſauboni & Scaligeri ex Off. Plantin. 1604, *4to.*

Theocritus *Gr. & Lat. Scholiis Græcis, Notis* Dan. Heinſii, Is. Caſauboni, *&c.* Oxon 1699, 8vo.

✕ *Inter Poetas minores Græcos a* Wintertono *editos.* 8vo.

LYCOPHRON.

THIS Writer flouriſhed in the Reign of the great Patron of Learning, *Ptolemy Philadelphus* King of *Egypt*, who retained him with *Theocritus*, *Callimachus*, and the moſt eminent Poets of the Age, encouraged them by his Munificence and Princely Favours, and eſteemed them among the chief Favourites of his Court. His Love to Poetry advanced him to a Star in the poetical *Pleias*, which ſhone with ſo much Luſtre in that Reign. There is little left to Poſterity, to collect concerning the Life and Writings of *Lycophron:* We are informed only, that he was born at the City of *Chalcis* in *Eubœa*; his Father was *Socelus*, by profeſſion a Grammarian, who took all poſſible care of his Education, but dying, he left his Son young, who by good Fortune fell into worthy Hands, and was adopted by *Lycus* the Hiſtoriographer. The Works of his that remain, give us reaſon not to doubt of his Proficiency; his Induſtry, and Application to Learning, and his Accompliſhments in the Arts and Sciences, could not be concealed, they were ſoon obſerved, and, without doubt, recommended him to the Favour of the *Egyptian* Court. There it is ſuppoſed he ſpent the greateſt number of his Days; the time of his Death is uncertain, we have ſome account of the Manner, for we are told by *Ovid*, that he died by the Point of an Arrow.

Utque

Utque cothurnatum periiſſe Lycophrona *narrant,*
Sic animæ laqueo ſit via clauſa tuæ. In Ibin.

LYCOPHRON was the Author of many Works; he wrote ſome Things in Proſe, particularly Eſſays upon Criticiſm; but his Genius led him chiefly to Poetry, in all kinds of which he is ſaid to have excelled from the Loftineſs of Tragedy, (of which he wrote twelve, whoſe Names are mentioned by *Suidas*) to the humble Spirit of Anagram, which lays claim to the honour of his Invention. The voluminous Writings of this Poet have periſhed by the Teeth of Time, except one Piece, his *Caſſandra*, or his *Raving Lady*, which has reached the preſent Age.

THE Story of this unhappy Princeſs is well known and commonly told in this manner. *Caſſandra* was the Daughter of *Priamus*, King of *Troy*, beloved by *Apollo*, who finding her not at all affected by his Courtſhip, but coy and inflexible, reſolved at all Events to ſatisfy his Deſires, and to influence her Love, and engage her Compliance, promiſed her the Gift of Prophecy and Divination. She firſt got poſſeſſion of the Reward, but then refuſed to anſwer the Terms upon which it was granted, and would by no means receive his Embraces. This ſo enraged his Godſhip, that he reſolved to revenge the Injury, and ſo ordered it that tho' ſhe foretold Truth, ſhe was never to be believed. Accordingly ſhe was ſo far from being credited, that her Predictions were deſpiſed and laughed at, when ſhe foretold the Misfortunes that were to fall upon her Country; her Inſpiration therefore proved a deſperate Torment and Affliction to her, inſtead of a divine Favour.

THIS Fable is the Foundation of *Lycophron*'s Piece. *Caſſandra*, or, as ſhe was otherwiſe called, *Alexandra*, is ſuppoſed to be ſhut up in a cloſe Tower, as well to keep her from frightning the People, as to try whether the ſolitary Confinement might not bring her to her right Senſes. During this Reſtraint, her ſuperſtitious old Father commands the Keeper to come and bring him a punctual Account of all that the Princeſs had ſaid under her Fit. This Recital made by the Keeper, is the *Form* of the Poem. He begins with a Promiſe of Faithfulneſs, and having hinted to the King how different a Manner of Speech ſhe had now uſed from her common Strain, appearing a meer *Sphinx*, and affecting the darkeſt and moſt perplexed Thought and Expreſſion; he then goes on to repeat her whole intricate Speech to the King. In which beginning at the Voyage of *Paris*, who was then ſailed for *Sparta*, on his amorous Expedition, ſhe throws out in a moſt miſerable Rant a Prediction of all the Calamities which ſhould be occaſioned by this Adventure: The Miſeries of the ten years Siege of *Troy*, and the no leſs ſtrange Diſaſters that ſhould happen as well to the returning Victors, as to the diſperſed Remains of the common People. At laſt ſhe inquires into the original Cauſe of the Quarrel between *Europe* and *Aſia*, and having deſcribed the ſtealing away of *Europa*, the Voyage of the *Argonauts*, and the other famous old Contentions, ſhe looks forward to the Deſign of *Xerxes* againſt *Greece*; and having reached the Times ucceeding *Alexander* the Great, ſhe there breaks off upon a ſudden Remembrance, that no body will at preſent believe her. And then the Keeper with

with a ſhort Epilogue to the King, concludes the Poem, which is a kind of tragick *Monody*, or Narrative of a ſingle Perſon.

LYCOPHRON is condemn'd as a Writer unpleaſant and almoſt unintelligible, and therefore is called, the *muddy* or *myſterious*; but it muſt be conſider'd, that the Nature of his Subject led him into an obſcure Style, and into a Darkneſs of Expreſſion ſtrange and frantick. But whoever blames this Writer for the Raſhneſs of his Deſign, cannot fail to applaud him for the Greatneſs of his Succeſs. In drawing the Image of common Madneſs, it is enough to be handſomely abſurd. But when the Phrenzy is ſuppoſed to be divine, and the Fit to proceed from a miraculous Tranſport, then there muſt be a dark Conſiſtency of Speech, as well as an appearing Diſtraction. There muſt be the obſcure Certainty, as well as the open Fury of an Oracle. And what could better anſwer ſuch a Peoject, than to join in one wild Diſcourſe almoſt all the Terms, and almoſt all the Adventures, of the moſt copious Language, and of the moſt copious Hiſtory in the World.

IF we would add to this, the Livelineſs of the tranſporting Paſſion, and the artificial Strangeneſs of the Digreſſions, it will not be honour enough to fix this Piece, as the beſt Epitome of the *Grecian* Tongue, and of the *Grecian* Fables; but *Lycophron* will maintain his Seat in the Conſtellation of Poets, however ſome late Criticks have attempted to degrade him, and pull him from his Sphere. And tho' we ſhould ſuppoſe that he formerly made but a dark Figure in that Station, yet the cloudy Spots are now happily removed, the Riddles and Myſte-

ries are explained, and *Caſſandra* is at laſt come into Credit and Eſteem.

THIS *Greek* Writer, in his *Caſſandra*, gives an Account of the Manner of *Hercules*'s Death, which I think is to be found in no other Author. He ſays, that he was devoured by a Sea-Dog, named *Carcharias*, whom *Neptune* had ſent againſt him. And the Scholiaſt of *Lycophron* tells us, that this great Fiſh being ready to ſwallow *Heſione*, the Daughter of *Laomedon*, *Hercules* advanced, and threw himſelf armed into the Mouth of the Monſter; and having torn his Entrails, he got out of his Belly, having left nothing but his Hair, and that from hence *Hercules* was called Τριτοπάτωρ, becauſe he was three Nights in the Belly of the Monſter. *Theophylact* mentions this Fable, and applies it to *Jonas*, ſwallowed by a Whale.

EDITIONS of *LYCOPHRON.*

Gr. & Lat. Scholiis Græcis, Notis Meurſii & Joh. Potteri, *nuper Archiepiſc.* Cantuar.
Oxon. 1697, Folio.

Gr. & Lat. Notis Joh. Meurſii. L. Bat. 1599, 8vo.

CALLIMACHUS,

CALLIMACHUS,

A Famous *Greek* Poet, born in *Cyrene*, a Town of *Africa*; he is frequently diſtinguiſhed by the Title of *Battiades*, which gave occaſion to conclude, that he was the Son of one *Battus*; but the Name is with more reaſon aſſumed from *Battus*, King and Founder of *Cyrene*, from whom *Strabo* ſays he declared himſelf deſcended. Tho' it is difficult to fix the time of his Birth, yet it is certain he was one of the ſeven celebrated Poets, who were entertained in the Court of *Ptolemy Philadelpus* King of *Egypt*, with whom he was in principal Eſteem. His Father placed him under the care of *Hermocrates*, the Grammarian; and whatever his Father's Name was, he acknowledg'd the Obligation he had received from him, by a handſome Epitaph, to be found in the *Anthologia*, and which is a Confirmation of *Martial*'s Judgment, who places *Callimachus* at the head of the *Greek* Writers of Epigram. The Father is ſuppoſed thus to addreſs himſelf to thoſe who viſit his Tomb:

Ὅστις ἰμὸν, &c.

Stranger! I beg not to be known, but thus,
Father and Son of a Callimachus.
Chief of a War, the firſt enlarg'd his Name,
And the laſt ſung, what Envy ne'er ſhall damn;

For whom the Heavenly Muſe admir'd a Child,
On his grey Hairs the Goddeſs always ſmil'd.

HE taught Grammar in *Egypt* with much Reputation, before he appeared at Court; among his other Diſciples. *Apollonius Rhodius*, Author of the *Argonauticks*, was one, who having proved ungrateful, and behav'd diſreſpectfully to his Maſter, *Callimachus* reſented the Indignity, and wrote a bitter Invective againſt him, which he called *Ibis* from the Name of a Bird in *Egypt*, which uſed to foul his Bill by cleanſing his Breech; intimating that the Offence given him by his Scholar, was by foul Words and backbiting Speeches, and therefore he gave him this Name as a Badge of Contempt and Infamy, and to mark him out as a foul-mouth'd reviling Fellow. *Ovid* taking the Hint from hence, wrote a ſharp Satire againſt a Perſon, who had uſed him with the ſame Treatment, and therefore in imitation of *Callimachus*, he diſtinguiſh'd him by the ſame Name. Tho' this *Apollonius* was called *Rhodius*, becauſe he had lived long at *Rhodes*, yet he was not born there, but a Native of *Alexandria*, where he died; he was ſent for from *Rhodes*, to take upon him the Office of Library-keeper to *Ptolemy Euergetes* King of *Egypt*.

THE Favour *Callimachus* received in the Court of *Ptolemy Philadelpus* was continued to him by *Ptolemy Euergetes* his Succeſſor, in honour of whoſe Queen he wrote his Poem called *Coma Berenices*. The Foundation of this Fiction is thus related: When *Ptolemy Euergetes* went on an Expedition into *Syria*, *Berenice* his Queen, out of the tender Regard ſhe had for him, and being

ing concerned at the Danger his Perſon might be expoſed to in this War, made a Vow of conſecrating her Hair, (in the Fineneſs of which, it ſeems, lay her chief Beauty) if he returned ſafe and unhurt. And therefore on his coming back again with Safety and full Succeſs, ſhe cut off her Hair to accompliſh her Vow, and offered it up in the Temple, which *Ptolemy Philadelphus* had built to his beloved Wife *Arſinoe*, on the *Promontory* of *Zephyrium* in *Cyprus*, by the Name of the *Zephyrian Venus*. But the conſecrated Hair being ſoon after loſt, or perhaps contemptuouſly flung away by the Prieſts, which gave offence to *Ptolemy*, one *Conon* of *Samos*, a flattering Mathematician then at *Alexandria*, to ſalve up the Matter, and to ingratiate himſelf with the King, gave out, that this Hair was catch'd up into Heaven, and he there ſhewed ſeven Stars near the *Tail* of the *Lion*, not then taken within any Conſtellation, which he averr'd to be the Queen's *conſecrated Hair*. This Conceit was very agreeable to the *Egyptian* Court, and the Flatterers that followed it; and other Aſtronomers agreeing in the Abuſe for fear of diſobliging the King, from hence it came that *Coma Berenices*, *Berenice*'s *Hair* beame one of the *Conſtellations*, and ſo continues to this day. *Callimachus*, who lived in theſe Times, took occaſion to compoſe a fine Elegy upon the *Queen's Hair*, the Original of which is loſt, but a Tranſlation of it by *Catullus* remains ſtill among the Poetical Works of that Writer. This Poem is commonly printed with the Works of *Tibullus* and *Propertius* in the ſame Strain, and may juſtly vie with the moſt exact of their Pieces; which juſtifies the Remark of *Quintilian*, who obſerves that *Callimachus* paſſed among

among the beſt and chiefeſt of their Elegiac Writers. *Propertius* makes choice of him for a Patttern, and thinks it the greateſt Honour to have his Works eſteemed in the ſame Rank with the Verſes of this Poet.

Inter Callimachi *ſat erit placuiſſe libellos,*
Et ceciniſſe modis, Pure Poeta, tuis.

O may the Elegiac Strains of mine,
Poet correct, be ever ſung with thine!

CALLIMACHUS was a very voluminous Writer, his Excellency lay chiefly in ſmall Compoſitions; but the Foundation of his Character among the Ancients depended upon the numerous Pieces in the Elegiac Way. Of theſe we have only the Hymn on *Minerva*'s *Bath*, and *Catullus*'s Tranſlation of the Copy on Queen *Berenice*'s Hair. He compoſed, if we believe *Suidas*, above eight hundred Pieces; what remains of his, conſiſting of a few Hymns and Epigrams, was publiſhed ſome time ago by the ingenious *Mademoiſelle le Fevre*, with Notes and Remarks full of ſolid Learning. This Lady had a very high Opinion of her Author. She ſays in the Preface to her Edition, that in all the Writings of the ancient *Greeks*, there never was any thing more elegant, nor more polite than the Works of *Callimachus*: Her Father *Tanaquil*, in his Lives of the *Greek* Poets, is of the ſame Judgment; he tells us, that the way that *Callimachus* took in compoſing his Verſes, was both pure and maſculine, that *Catullus* and *Propertius* did often imitate him, and that ſometimes they ſtole from him. He was generally eſteemed a very good Grammarian, ſays *Scaliger*, yet he affected the moſt obſcure, antique, and improper Words, in many of his Poems.

Poems. He was a moſt excellent Critick, and, as the beſt Judges agree, we cannot ſufficiently deplore the Loſs of thoſe many Pieces, he wrote in relation to that ſort of Learning.

LE FEVRE lays himſelf out in the Praiſe of this Poet; he was, ſays he, one of the moſt learned Men in his Age, and it may be, we cannot eaſily find an Author, who has writ a greater Number of Poems, tho' they were generally but ſmall Pieces; for the Averſion he had to long and tedious Works, made him often ſay, That *a great Book was a great Evil.* But in this, he did by no means pleaſe the Criticks of that Age, who commonly thought, but with little Reaſon, that Poets, like the Sea, ſhould never be dry; and that to abound, was the beſt Quality of a Writer.

THERE have been Criticks in the laſt Ages, who would by no means allow that *Callimachus* ever had any great Genius for Poetry, and among many others we find *Voſſius* in his *Arte Poetica* of this Opinion: It is probable, they might form their Judgment upon theſe Lines of *Ovid*;

Battiades *toto ſemper cantabitur Orbe,*
Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.

Callimachus's *Praiſe ſhall never fail,*
Who not by Wit, but does by Art prevail.

So that upon the Faith of *Ovid*, they have taken it for granted, that this Poet does rather excel by Art and Labour, than by Wit and Spirit. But *Heinſius*, in his Preface before *Heſiod*, explaining this Place of *Ovid*, tells us, that when this Author ſeems to accuſe *Callimachus* for not having had a Genius, his Meaning is, not that he wanted Invention, Subtilty, Addreſs, or Wit, but only that

that he is not natural enough, that he is too elaborate, and has too much of Affectation, as if he thought it more Honour to be a good Grammarian, than to be a true Poet. And hence without doubt it was, that *Candidus Heſychius*, a late Author with that fictitious Name, obſerves, that *Callimachus*, finding that the Wind did not favour him, never durſt venture into the open Sea, but always kept near the Shore, that ſo he might the more eaſily get into Harbour; that is, he wanted a poetical Genius, which elevates a Poet, and therefore never cared to undertake a Work of too great a Length.

THIS very Objection his envious Rivals made againſt him in his Life-time; they urged that his Muſe made very ſhort Flights, and would attempt nothing of Length or Conſequence. He gave a very ingenious and ſharp Reply to this Charge, at the End of the Hymn to *Apollo*, which ſeems to be compoſed and introduced with all that Art, which *Ovid* makes the great Excellency of *Callimachus*.

Ὁ Φθόνος Ἀπόλλωνι, &c,

Sly Envy in his Ear Apollo *told,*
He's poor that writes leſs than a Sea can hold:
Apollo *ſpurn'd the Monſter off, and ſaid,*
See vaſt Euphrates *how his Billows ſpread;*
But ſee the Loads of Muck that preſs his Side,
And foul the Water while they raiſe the Tide.
But not with Liquor drawn at every Stream
Great Ceres' *Maids regale their heav'nly Dame.*
But ſome untainted cryſtal Brook ſupplies
Its ſpotleſs Drops to purge the Sacrifice.

THE Scholiaſt on this Place obſerves, that to ſtop

ſtop the Mouths of theſe Detractors, the Poet compoſed his *Hecate*, a Work of a larger Size, now loſt, but frequently cited by *Greek* and *Roman* Authors.

EDITIONS of *CALLIMACHUS.*

Inter Principes Heroici Carminis. Græcè. *apud* Hen. Steph. Folio.

† Callimachus, *Gr. & Lat. notis Variorum, præſertim* Ezech. Spanheimii & Grævii, 2 vol. L. Bat. 1697, 8vo.

Gr. & Lat. notis Annæ Dacierii. Paris, 1675, 4to.

Inter Poetas minores Græcos. 8vo.

Gr. & Lat. Notis Tho. Bentleii. Lond. 1741, 8vo.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

APOLLONIUS, the Son of *Syllus*, was a Native of *Alexandria*, and born under the Reign of *Ptolemy Philadelphus* King of *Egypt*. He received his Education under *Callimachus*, but the Scholar proved ſo ungrateful, that the Maſter was obliged to laſh him with a ſevere Satire, called *Ibis*. This Poet made his firſt Attempt upon a Subject the moſt remarkable in all Antiquity, the Expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, which he called *Argonautica*, and wrote in four Books. This Work he compoſed in his Youth, before his Judgment was mature and ſettled

ſettled: He was ſenſibly convinced of his Miſtakes, by the Succeſs his Poem met with from the Publick; when it was recited it was condemned as a rude and empty Performance. He was ſo affected by the Shame of this Diſappointment, that he could not endure to purſue his Studies at *Alexandria*, but retired to *Rhodes*. Here he ſtaid for ſome Time, which he employed with great Diligence and Induſtry, and for his Support he ſet up a School of Rhetorick, Upon this account he was diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Rhodius*. Here it was that he corrected, and put his finiſhing Hand to his *Argonauticks*, and had the Pleaſure upon its being publickly recited, to meet with univerſal Applauſe, and was complimented with the Freedom of the City.

HE ſoon after returned to *Alexandria* (where he publiſhed his Poem) being ſent for by *Ptolemy Euergetes* to ſucceed *Eratoſthenes* in the care of the publick Library. It is ſuppoſed he died in this Office; and what is very remarkable, he was buried in the ſame Tomb with his Maſter *Callimachus*.

ARGONAUTÆ was the Name given to thoſe valiant *Grecians*, that accompanied *Jaſon* to *Colchos*, in his Expedition for the *Golden Fleece*; they were ſo called from the Ship *Argo*, in which they ſailed, built by *Argus*, with the help of *Minerva*, of the Pine-Trees in the Foreſt of *Peleus* or *Dodona*. The number of thoſe Adventurers were fifty-two or fifty-four, whereof *Hercules*, *Hylas*, *Theſeus*, *Pirithous*, *Orpheus*, *Peleus*, and *Telamon*, famous both in *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, were the chief. Some ſay theſe *Argonauts* ſailed to *Scythia*, and that the *Golden Fleece* was nothing

thing but the vaſt Riches of that Country, the Inhabitants getting great Quantity of Gold, in the Rivers that ran from, or by Mount *Caucaſus*. And becauſe they made uſe of *Sheep-ſkins* with the Wooll on, to take up this Metal in Powder, it gave occaſion to call them *Golden Fleeces*. Several Authors give different Explications of this Fable, ſome ſaying, that the *Golden Fleece* ſignifies Virtue, and when Poets ſpeak of *Jaſon*'s conquering Bulls that vomited Flames, they would repreſent by theſe furious Beaſts, our headſtrong and unruly Paſſions. Others ſay, that this Fable is a Leſſon of Chemiſtry, denoting by the ſeveral Paſſages of a tedious Voyage, the long and many Alterations of Bodies, before they are brought to the Perfection meant by the *Golden Fleece*. *Suidas* thinks that famous Fleece was a Book of Sheepſkins, containing the Secret of the Tranſmutation, or Philoſophers Stone; and that *Medea* ſtole it from her Father *Æetes*, King of *Colchos*, and gave it to her Lover *Jaſon*. In fine, according to the Opinion of ſeveral others, which ſeems the moſt reaſonable, the Golden Fleece ſignifies Honour and Glory, and this Fable teaches young Men not to live idle in their own Country, when there is no Occaſion to ſhew their Courage, if they can ſignalize themſelves elſewhere; and that ſuch as aſpire to any conſiderable Place, or are called by their Birth or Parts to govern, ſhould have ſeen ſeveral Countries to learn their Cuſtoms and Ways, and to make themſelves known by their good Qualities, that ſo they might be the more eſteemed by Strangers, with whom afterwards they have occaſion to deal. For a fuller Account, I muſt refer to the Poem itſelf.

THE

THE Criticks differ in their Sentiments, concerning the Abilities of *Apollonius*; *Quintilian* ſays, the *Argonautica* is no contemptible Work, that the Poet wrote *æquali quadam mediocritate*, he obſerved an exact Medium in his Style, neither too lofty nor too mean. *Longinus* is much of the ſame Opinion with *Quintilian*, he remarks, that the Poem of this Writer never riſes too high, or falls too low, but that he poiſes himſelf very exactly: yet for all this good Quality, he thinks he falls infinitely ſhort of *Homer*, take him with all his Faults, inaſmuch as the ſublime lofty Style, though ſubject to Unevenneſſes, is to be preferr'd to any other ſort. *Gyraldus* ſpeaking of this Poem, commends it as a very laborious Piece, and a Work full of Variety; but yet owns that in ſome places, it is rough and unpleaſant, but not where he deſcribes the Amours of *Medea*, for even there *Virgil* thinks him ſo tranſcendent, that he has copied many Things from thence, inſerting them into the Amours of *Dido*. *Le Fevre* agrees with *Gyraldus*, in what he remarks of *Virgil*, but can by no means comply with the Opinion of *Longinus*, who thinks no Man could find fault with the Oeconomy of the Work. He laughs alſo at thoſe Criticks, who judge the Style of *Apollonius* to be ſo very equal, ſoft and eaſy, ſaying, that he could never be brought to be of their Opinion; for as little as he underſtood *Greek*, he thought he could diſcern a remarkable Difference of Characters. *Apollonius* is very low in Credit with *Rapin* the *French* Critick, who remarks that the Expedition of the *Argonauts* is of a ſlender Character, and has nothing of that Nobleneſs of Expreſſion which *Homer* has; that the Fable is ill invented, and the

Liſt

Liſt of the *Argonauts* in the firſt Book flat. It is certain, that this Poet has not the Happineſs to be ranked among the old Maſters of *Ethick* Verſe; and one great Reaſon of his Diſappointment, muſt needs be the Advantage *Ovid* has had of him, in touching upon the ſame Adventure.

EDITIONS of *APOLL. RHODIUS.*

Inter Poetas Principes Heroici Carminis, Gr.
apud H. Steph. 1566, Folio.
Græcè, cum Scholiis antiquis.
apud Hen. Stephanum, 1574, 4to.
Gr. & Lat. notis Jer. Hoelzlini.
apud Elz. L. Bat. 1641, 8vo.

ARATUS,

AN eminent Poet born at *Soli*, or *Siloe*, a Town of Note in *Cilicia*, founded by the wiſe *Solon*; it afterwards changed its Name, and was called *Pompeiopolis*, in honour of *Pompey* the Great. He flouriſhed about the hundred and twenty ſixth Olympiad under the Reign of *Ptolemy Philadelphus* King of *Egypt*. The Name of his Father was *Athenodorus*, his Mother was called *Letophila*. He diſcovered in his Youth a remarkable Pregnancy of Wit, and Capacity for Improvement,

Improvement, and for the Benefit of his Education was placed under the Care of *Dionyſius* of *Heraclea*, a *Stoick* Philoſopher; he eſpouſed the Principles of that Sect, and his poetic Performances are fixed and eſtabliſhed upon that Foundation.

IT is ſaid, that *Aratus* was Phyſician to *Antigonus Gonatus*, the Son of *Demetrius Polyorcetes*, King of *Macedon*. This Prince was a ſingular Encourager of learned Men, ſent for this Writer to his Court, admitted him into his higheſt Intimacy, and encouraged him in his Studies. He had entertained that Opinion of his Abilities, that he thought he could write well upon any Subject, which 'tis ſuppoſed gave Occaſion to a common Story, that *Antigonus*, for the ſake of a Jeſt, commanded this Poet to write upon the Image, Figure, Riſing and Setting of the celeſtial Sphere, tho' he was a profeſſed Phyſician at the ſame Time, and knew little or nothing of the Nature and Motion of the heavenly Bodies; and order'd at the ſame time *Nicander*, a noted Aſtronomer, to write upon Phyſick: But this Story is inconſiſtent with Chronology, for theſe two Writers were ſo far from being Contemporaries, that they lived at the diſtance of many Olympiads. *Cicero* ſeems to give ſome Foundation to this Report, in his Book of Oratory, where he ſays, that *Aratus* acquitted himſelf excellently upon the Subject of Aſtrology, tho' he knew nothing of the heavenly Bodies; and that *Nicander* wrote well upon Huſbandry, tho' he was a Stranger to Ploughing and Sowing, and the Methods of Paſture and Tillage.

THE

THE Poem of his which remains, conſiſts of two Parts, his *Phænomena*, which is properly Aſtronomical, and elegantly deſcribes the Nature and the Motion of the Stars; and his *Dioſemia*, which is Aſtrological, and ſhews the particular Influences of the heavenly Bodies, their various Diſpoſitions and Relations. His poetic Genius had no low Eſteem, when he was encouraged to correct the many Errors and Corruptions that had in time crept into *Homer*'s Odyſſey, and was ſent for by *Antiochus* King of *Syria*, to beſtow his Criticiſms and Emendations upon the *Iliad*.

ARATUS received as much Honour by the Acquaintance and Familiarity he contracted with *Theocritus*, as he did by the princely Regard he met with from *Antigonus*: To him *Theocritus* addreſſes his ſixth *Idyllium*, his Loves he deſcribes in the Seventh, and from him, he borrows the pious beginning of the Seventeenth.

ABOVE forty *Greek* Scholiaſts have employed their Labours in commenting upon the Works of *Aratus*. *Cicero* raiſes his Character, by ſaying that he wrote *Ornatiſſimos atque optimos Verſus*, moſt polite and moſt excellent Verſes. *Claudius* and *Germanicus Cæſar* did each of them tranſlate his *Phænomena* into *Latin*, as did *Cicero* likewiſe when he was very young; and beſides theſe, *Feſtus Avienus* turned this Work into elegant *Latin* Verſe. *Ovid* ſpeaking of this Writer, ſays of him, *Sole & Luna ſemper Aratus erit*, the Fame of *Aratus* would continue as long as the Sun and Moon endured. He was formerly, ſays *Voſſius*, and is ſtill of very great Authority among Aſtronomers. We are told by *Macrobius*, that *Virgil*

in

in his Georgicks borrowed ſeveral Things of this Poet; but *Quintilian* ſpeaks with more Coldneſs upon his Character. The Verſes of *Aratus*, ſays he, are without Life or Spirit, and have not thoſe Ornaments, nor that poetical Variety which uſes to affect the Reader; and yet, he tells us, he was a Perſon proper enough for the Work he undertook.

ST. *Paul* cites an Expreſſion of this Writer, *Acts* xvii. *v.* 28. *We are alſo his Offspring.*

EDITIONS of *ARATUS.*

Inter Poetas Græcos Principes heroici Carminis.
apud H. Steph. Folio.

Editio elegantiſſima cum Theonis *Scholiis Græcè.*
Paris *apud* Gul. Morel. 1559, 4*to.*

Gr. & Lat. Verſione & Notis Hugonis Grotii. æneis figuris ornatus. L. Bat. 1600, 4to.

Gr. cum Scholiis antiquis, curâ Chilmead.
Oxon, 1672, 8vo.

OPPIAN.

OPPIAN.

THIS *Greek* Poet was a Native of *Anazarba*, a City of *Cilicia*, and was born in the former part of the Reign of the Emperor *Commodus:* He was the Son of *Ageſilaus*, a Man of ſome Quality and Diſtinction in that City; who obſerving the promiſing Endowments of his Son, ſupplied him with all the Advantages of Education, and furniſhed him with Abilities which render'd him one of the greateſt Genius's of the Age in which he lived.

THE Son had an Opportunity of ſhewing his Gratitude to his Father for the Care and Expence of bringing up; for it happened that *Severus* the *Roman* Emperor, going a Progreſs into *Cilicia*, took an Opportunity of paſſing thro' the City *Anazarba*, where *Oppian* was born: He was received with all the Marks of Grandeur and Magnificence that the Place could ſhew, the Magiſtrates and Citizens attending upon him in all their Formalities. Upon this Occaſion old *Ageſilaus* avoided to pay his Compliments, and ſtaid at home. This Neglect was reſented as the higheſt Indignity by the Emperor, who immediately baniſhed *Ageſilaus* into the Iſland *Malta*, where *Oppian* accompanied him to pay his Duty, and aſſiſt him in his Exile.

IN this Retirement, and to paſs away ſome melancholy Hours, he gave himſelf up to the

Amuſements of Poetry, in which he ſo well ſucceeded, that he conceived ſome Hopes of relieving his Father's Misfortunes, by ſome lucky Attempt of his Muſe; who engaged him in writing a Poem upon Fiſhing, called *Halieutica*, which he dedicated to *Antoninus Caracalla*, the Son of that Emperor.

HE wrote another Poem called *Cynegetica*, or Verſes upon Hunting; both theſe Copies, and perhaps ſome other Pieces, he carried to *Rome*, and preſented them to *Severus* the Emperor: This Prince was ſo wonderfully pleaſed with the Preſent, that he rewarded the Poet with a Piece of Gold for every Verſe, (which gave them the Name of *Golden Verſes*) and aſſured him, he would deny him no Favour he could reaſonably expect: He inſtantly thought of requeſting his Father's Deliverance, which was granted, and *Ageſilaus* returned from Exile, and had the Pleaſure of ſeeing his Son with him at *Anazarba*, who ſoon left *Rome* to breath his native Air. But the Happineſs of his Father's Company did not continue long, for the Son was ſeized by a Peſtilential Diſeaſe that then raged at *Anazarba*, which carried him off in the thirtieth Year of his Age. His Funeral Rites were executed with great Magnificence at the Publick Expence: His Citizens erected a Statue in Honour of him, with an Inſcription:

Ὀππιανὸς κλέος εἷλον, &c.

Oppian *I was belov'd by every Muſe,*
But now, alas! the cruel Fates refuſe
A longer Life; they cut me off yet young,
And end my Life, and ſo conclude my Song.

Could

Could Death have ſtaid her Hand till Time had brought
Maturer Judgment, and Perfection wrought,
I ſhould have ſoar'd with an uncommon Flight
Above the Race of Men, and reach'd a nobler Height.

He left behind him the two Poems above-mentioned, and is ſaid to have written a Piece upon the Subject of *Fowling*, which is ſuppoſed to lie concealed in ſome of the Libraries of *Italy*, but is not yet diſcover'd.

Oppian is *dry*, ſays *Rapin*, but the Sourneſs of this Criticiſm has not hindred very able Judges from raiſing the Character of this Poet above the common level, and thinking him capable of reaching the loftieſt Strains of *Greek* Poety. *Scaliger* had a particular Eſteem for this Writer; *Oppian*, he ſays, is a moſt excellent Poet, he is agreeable and eaſy, and yet ſublime, eloquent, and harmonious; ſo that he has not only ſurpaſſed *Gratius* and *Nemeſianus*, who have written upon the ſame Subject, but he ſeems to have the very Air of *Virgil*, whom he endeavoured particularly to imitate: I always thought, ſays he, he gave us the true lively Image of that Divine Poet. The learned *Borrichius* obſerves, that the Style of *Oppian* is copious and beautiful, abounding with excellent Sentences, ſometimes a little obſcure, but always learned; and that his Prefaces are ſo very elaborate, and of the *Aſiatick* Form, that they may well enough paſs for ſo many Harangues and Panegyrical Orations. The particular Excellency of this Poet lies in his Thoughts and Compariſons, and he overcame a great Difficulty in obſerving an Uniformity in all Parts, and at the ſame time preſerving the Elegancy of his Style. *Fuber* calls him that

admirable, and never to be enough commended Poet. *Brown*, in his *Vulgar Errors*, remarks, that *Oppian*, in his Poems of *Hunting* and *Fiſhing*, hath but ſparingly inſerted the vulgar Conceptions upon thoſe Subjects. So that abating the annual Mutation of Sexes in the *Hiæna*, the ſingle Sex of the *Rhinoceros*, the Antipathy between two Drums of a Lamb and a Wolf's Skin, the Informity of Cubs, the Venation of *Centaurs*, the Copulation of the *Muræna* and *Viper*, with ſome few others, he may be read with great Profit and Delight, being one of the beſt *Epick* Poets.

IT is ſuppoſed, that in his Deſcription of a well-bred Horſe, he has taken ſeveral Things out of the thirty-ninth Chapter of the Book of *Job*.

EDITIONS of *OPPIAN*.

Inter Poetas Gr. heroici carminis Principes. H. Steph. Folio.

Gr. & Lat. elegantiſſ. Typis. *apud* Adrianum Turnebum. Paris 1555. 4to.

Gr. Lat. notis Con. Ritterſhuſii. Ludg. Bat. 1597. 8vo.

PLAUTUS.

PLAUTUS.

LATIN Dramatic Poetry was taken from the new Comedy of the *Greeks*, and is termed *Palliata*, when the Subject is *Greek*; *Togata*, when *Latin*; *Motoria*, when the Meaſures of the Action were turbulent; *Statoria*, when peaceable; *Mixta*, when both. The firſt *Latin* Comedian was *Livius Andronicus*, who, as *Euſebius* informs us, was Servant to *Livius Salinator*, whoſe Children he taught, and had his Freedom given him by his Maſter for his Ingenuity. He was a *Greek* by Birth, and tranſlating ſome of the *Greek* Comedies, he introduced them upon the *Roman* Stage. *Livius*'s firſt Play was acted in the Year of *Rome* five hundred and fourteen, in the firſt Year of the hundred and thirty fifth Olympiad. *Nævius* brought one of his Plays upon the Stage about five Years after, and about ſix Years after that *Plautus* was born; and if we ſuppoſe him of the Age of twenty two when he wrote his firſt Play, it will fall in with the Year of *Rome* five hundred and fifty, for it is likely he began very young, the needy Circumſtances he lay under being a Spur to his Wit and Induſtry.

MARCUS ACCIUS PLAUTUS was born at *Sarſina*, a ſmall Town in *Umbria*, a Province of *Italy*, now called *Æmilia*: He was named *Plotus*, as *Feſtus* informs us, from his *Flat Feet*. His Parentage was mean, and it is ſaid, he was the

Son of a Slave. He appeared early upon the *Roman* Stage as an Actor, and ruined himſelf, as ſome ſay, by the extravagant Expence he laid out upon his Player's Dreſs. At the ſame time he was a Writer of Comedies, and flouriſhed when *Cato* the *Cenſor* was diſtinguiſh'd at *Rome* for his Eloquence. His Plays were ſo well received by the *Romans*, that the Poet having been handſomely paid for them, (as *Varro* ſays) thought of doubling his Stock by Trading, in which he was ſo unfortunate, that he loſt all he had got by the Muſes, and for his Subſiſtence, was reduced, in the Time of a general Famine, to ſerve a Baker and grind at the Mill. How long he continued in this Diſtreſs, is no where ſaid; but *Varro* adds, that the Poet's Wit was his beſt Support, and that he compoſed three Plays during this daily Drudgery, the Profits of which one would think might be enough to extricate him from this hard Service.

WE learn from *Agellius*, that a hundred and thirty Comedies went under his Name; but the moſt learned *Ælius Stilo* was of Opinion, that he was the Author of no more than twenty-five; *Varro* of twenty-one. The *Grammarians* have determined twenty to be genuine, what we now have, but they are not all entire. None of them were compoſed at the Mill, but before he was reduced. The Occaſion of this Difference in the Number of his Plays, is thought to proceed from the mixing the Works of other comical Poets with thoſe of this Author, and particularly the Comedies of one *Plautius*, whoſe Name being ſo very like that of *Plautus*, might very well be the Cauſe of ſuch a Miſtake.

WE

WE know nothing more of the Life of *Plautus*; when he died is likewiſe uncertain. *Agellius* has recorded an Epitaph which the Poet made of himſelf: The Lines are exceeding vain, if they are genuine;

Poſt quam eſt Mortem aptus Plautus, *Comœdia luget,*
Scena eſt deſerta; hinc riſus, luduſque jocuſque
Et Numeri innumeri ſimul Omnes collachrymarunt.

Wit, Laughter, Jeſts, and all the Train that uſe
T' adorn the Scene, and grace the comic Muſe,
Forſook the Stage at *Plautus'* Death to mourn,
And Harmony undone ſat mourning o'er his Urn.

COMEDY, which made but a very indifferent Figure under *Andronicus* and *Nævius*, began in the Writings of *Plautus* to receive thoſe Ornaments of Language and Art, which were altogether eſſential to Dramatic Poetry. Among the Comical Poets, ſays *Lipſius*, *Plautus* muſt be allowed the Preference; for in him we not only meet with a Purity of Style, and excellent Language, but he alſo affords us a great deal of Wit, Raillery, and pretty Conceits, beſides that *Attic* Elegancy, which one may look for long enough in the reſt of the *Roman* Authors, but never find. The Propriety of his Expreſſion is made the Standard of the pureſt *Latin*. If the Muſes were to ſpeak *Latin*, ſays *Varro*, they would certainly uſe his very Style: He is called the *Tenth Muſe*, the exact Rule of the *Roman* Language, and the Father of true Eloquence. Never, ſays *Crucius* in the third Book of his Epiſtles, was any thing more pure, more elegant, and better ſkilled in the *Latin* Tongue than *Plautus*, all the Flower and Elegancy of the

the *Roman* Language being comprehended in him: He muſt be a Man of Parts who has a true Taſte of the Excellencies of this Writer; but you muſt take care when you read *Plautus*, or *Terence*, of propoſing to yourſelf to follow them in every thing, for they ſometimes make uſe of old obſolete Words, which if you carry but one foot from the Theatre, they will not keep, but immediately ſtink.

IT is the general Character of this comic Writer, that he was ingenious in his Deſigns, happy in his Imaginations, fruitful in his Invention, but his Raillery is flat; his Wit, which makes the Vulgar laugh, makes the better ſort of his Audience to pity him: He certainly ſays the beſt things in the World, and very often ſays the moſt wretched; this a Man is ſubject to, when he endeavours to be too witty; he will make Laughter by extravagant Expreſſions and Hyperboles, when he cannot ſucceed to make it by things. He is not altogether ſo regular in the Contrivance of his Pieces, nor in the Diſtribution of the Acts, but he is more ſimple in his Subjects: For the Fables of *Terence* are ordinarily compounded, as is ſeen in the *Andria*, which contains two *Loves*. This is what was objected to *Terence*, that he made one *Latin* Comedy of two *Greek*, the more to animate his Theatre. But then the Plots are more naturally unravelled than thoſe of *Plautus*, as thoſe of *Plautus* are more natural than thoſe of *Ariſtophanes*.

THERE are many inſipid Jeſts have eſcaped this Writer, for which *Horace* condemns him, and ridicules the Folly of thoſe who admired him,

IT

IT is certain, that his Raillery is flat, he is often cold and languid, ſometimes obſcene and ridiculous; but it muſt be allowed that his Deſign was to pleaſe his Audience in general; whereas *Terence* deſired to recommend himſelf to the Approbation of the Few of Wit and true Taſte, *Plautus* ventured at any thing, ſays *Scaliger*, if he could but move and affect his Auditory, either by making them laugh, or by introducing ſome new Thing, or coining ſome new Word. He wrote for Bread, and regarded his preſent Intereſt more than his future Fame.

YET *Horace* allows him to be a lively and entertaining Writer, and haſtning with his Characters to the winding up of the Play.

Plautus *ad Exemplar Siculi properare* Epicharmi.
Ep. 1. *l.* 2.

THIS *Epicharmus* was a Scholar of *Pythagoras*, and flouriſhed in *Sicily* in the time of *Servius Tullus*. *Plato* is ſaid to have made great Improvements by reading his Comedies. This Poet was baniſhed by *Hiero* King of *Sicily* for having ſpoken too freely of the Queen his Wife.

IF we conſider the Fables and Characters of the two *Roman* Comedians, *Plautus* and *Terence*, it will appear *Plautus* exceeds *Terence*, in the Variety of his Characters and Vivacity of Action. *Plautus* is vehement and fierce, *Terence* ſedate and cool. *Terence* does not let his Dramas riſe to the Loftineſs of Tragedy, nor ſink into low Ridicule; *Plautus* is often ſcurrilous in his Jeſts, and unequal in his Style. *Voſſius* obſerves, *Plautus* always ſeems to be new, and unlike himſelf, as well in the Matter as Diction; but *Terence's* Fables are ſimilar, and his

Diction, when he treats upon the ſame Subject, little varied. The reaſon why *Terence* did not affect that kind of Wit *Plautus* abounds with, was becauſe he made it his aim to pleaſe the Nobility of *Rome*, and not the Populace. *Plautus* had a different View; for, ſays *Scaliger*, the Populace flowed together, not to learn a Purity of Language, but to relax their Minds with Laughter and Jeſts, and this is the reaſon *Terence*'s fine Language was poſtponed to the facetious Wit of many other Comedians. *Terence*, ſays *Scaliger*, is more languid than *Plautus*, and the reaſon, ſays he, why we prefer him to *Plautus*, is becauſe the Moderns only make it their Aim to expreſs themſelves well. The Style of *Plautus* was more rich and glaring, of *Terence* more cloſe and even. *Plautus* had the moſt dazzling Outſide, and the moſt lively Colours, but *Terence* drew the fineſt Figures and Poſtures, and had the beſt Deſign. The former would uſually put his Spectators into a loud Laughter, but the latter ſteal them into a ſweet Smile, that ſhould continue from the beginning to the end of the Repreſentation. Their Plots are both artful, but *Terence*'s is more apt to languiſh, whilſt *Plautus*'s Spirit maintains the Action with Vigor. *Plautus* appears the better Comedian of the two, as *Terence* the finer Poet. The former has more Compaſs and Variety, the latter more Regularity and Truth in his Characters. *Plautus* ſhone moſt upon the Stage, *Terence* pleaſes beſt in the Cloſet. Men of a refined Taſte would prefer *Terence*, *Plautus* diverted both *Patrician* and *Plebeian*. *Terence* & *Moliere* have a ſtrong Likeneſs.

EDITIONS

EDITIONS of *PLAUTUS.*

Commentariis Dionyſii Lambini *illuſtratus.* elegant. Typis. *apud* Macæum, Paris, 1576. Folio.

Recognitus a Jano Grutero, *qui MSS. Palatinis contulit & Comment.* Frid. Taubmanni *illuſt.* 1621, 4to.

Interpretatione & notis illuſtravit, Jac. Operarius *ad Uſum Sereniſs. Delphini, 2 vol.* Paris, 1679, 4to.

Notis Variorum & Frid. Gronovii, 2 vol. Amſt. 1684, 8vo.

A Joh. Sambuco *editus,* nitidiſs. Typis. *apud* Plantin, Antverp, 1566, 12mo.

TERENCE.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS was an *African,* born at *Carthage,* as it is ſuppoſed, in the Year of *Rome* five hundred fifty-nine, ſeven Years after the ſecond *Punic* War; he was a Captive, perhaps taken in the Wars the *Carthaginians* continually had with the *Numidians,* and ſold when very young to *Terentius Lucanus,* a *Roman* Senator. It is impoſſible to give any Account of his Family; his Parentage it is likely was mean, but his Maſter, in whoſe Hands he fell, made amends for the Loſs of his Relations and Friends, and perceiving an excellent Diſpoſition in his young Slave, and a promiſing and obliging Carriage, he did not only give him the Advantage of a moſt tender and genteel Education,

but his Freedom too; and what is more, when he was very young, a Favour not very uſual in theſe Days. As for his Perſon he was of a middle Stature, very ſlender, and ſomewhat of a tawny Complexion. We know nothing of his *African* Name, that of *Terentius* he took from *Terentius Lucanus*, the *Roman* Senator.

UNDER theſe Encouragements he applied himſelf cloſely to Learning, and his Obſervations and Studies of Men and Manners ſeem'd to be his chief Employment. His exact Remarks upon Men's natural Diſpoſitions, and his Genius led him wholly to Dramatick Poetry, particularly Comedy, wherein all the Humours and Paſſions of Men are ſo nicely obſerv'd and expreſs'd, that we can no where find a truer and more lively Repreſentation of Human Nature. His comely Perſonage, and his extraordinary Merit, brought him into great Eſteem, not only with the People in general, and with the greateſt Genius in *Rome*; but he was more eſpecially beloved and cheriſhed by the famous *Scipio Africanus* and *Lælius*. With theſe two inſeparable Friends and Companions, he had gained more than ordinary Familiarity, paſſing away many a fair Hour in Pleaſures and Delights, at their Country Houſe at Mount *Alba*. *Furius* was another of *Terence*'s Patrons, but his Character is leſs known, though he is mentioned by his Enemies, as one of the greateſt Men in *Rome*. Thoſe who envied the Reputation of this Comic Writer, induſtriouſly gave out that his Plays were compoſed by theſe Noblemen, in order to leſſen his growing Credit.

HE made himſelf Maſter of the *Greek* Tongue, from which he borrowed much of his Plays,

of

of which we have ſix remaining: When he had finiſhed his firſt Play, and brought it to the *Ædiles*, they would needs have him read it before *Cæcilius*, who was an excellent Judge, and the moſt celebrated Comic Poet of the Age. *Cæcilius* was then at Supper. *Terence*'s Habit, it ſeems, was none of the beſt at that Time, therefore he was ſeated in an ordinary By-place, and there order'd to begin; but a few of his fine Verſes ſo well made amends for the Meanneſs of his Dreſs, that he was immediately order'd to ſit down, and take part of what he found at the Table, being placed next to *Cæcilius* himſelf. After Supper he read over the reſt of his Play, to *Cæcilius*'s wonderful Delight: The Name of it we find not, it could not be the *Andrian*, for that was made two Years after *Cæcilius* was dead. This great Judge of Comedy was originally a Slave, and called *Statius*, but with his Freedom obtained the Sirname of *Cæcilius*, and became a famous Comic Writer. He is thought to have been an *Inſubrian Gaul* by Birth, and a Native of *Milan*. He was an intimate Friend of *Ennius*; *Cicero* does not approve the Harſhneſs of his Style; *Horace* gives him the Preference for the Gravity of his Characters:

Vincere Cæcilius *Gravitate*, Terentius *Arte*.

AND *Paterculus*, a moſt exact Judge of Politeneſs and Delicacy, places him among the beſt Comic Writers of *Rome*. *Dulceſque Latini Leporis Facetiæ per* Cæcilium, Terentiumque & Afranium *ſub pari ætate nituerunt*.

IN the twenty-eighth Year of his Age he wrote his *Andrian*, the firſt Comedy that we know of, which he took a great Part of from *Menander* the *Greek* Poet. The Year following he compoſed his *Hecyra*, or *Mother-in-Law*, which he took chiefly from *Apollodorus* the *Greek* Poet. This Play was the firſt Time unſucceſsful, and is the only one whoſe Plot is perfectly ſingle. Two Years after he made his *Heautontimorumenos*, or *Self-Tormentor*, which he borrowed moſtly from *Menander*: Two Years after that his *Phormio*, taken chiefly from *Apollodorus*'s *Epidicazominos*. The ſame Year he wrote his *Eunuch*, of which he borrowed a great Part of *Menander*. This may be reckoned his beſt, however it came off with far greateſt Applauſe. The Year following, in the thirty-fourth Year of his Age, he wrote his laſt Comedy called *Adelphi*, or the *Brothers*, and that too moſtly taken from *Menander*; which *Varro*, as to the beginning of it, prefers to the beginning of *Menander* himſelf. It is ſuppoſed that *Caius Sulpitius Apollinaris*, a learned Grammarian, and a Native of *Carthage*, was the Author of the Verſes prefixed to *Terence*'s Comedies.

MENANDER, to whom *Terence* was ſo much obliged, was a Comic Poet of *Athens*, born in the hundred and ninth Olympiad. He is ſaid to have written a hundred and eight Comedies, which are all loſt except ſome Citations from ancient Authors. If a true Judgment can be formed from the Fragments that remain of him, one may ſay that he drew very pleaſant Images of the Civil Life: His Style is pure, neat, ſhining and natural, he perſuades like an Orator, and inſtructs like a Philo-

Philoſopher; he makes Men ſpeak according to their Character: *Plutarch*, in the Compariſon he has made between this Writer and *Ariſtophanes*, ſays, that the Muſe of *Ariſtophanes* is like an Impudent, and that of *Menander* reſembles a Virtuous Woman.

THE Comedies of *Terence* were in great Reputation among the *Romans*, and generally ſucceeded very well, though *Plautus* had ſometimes better Luck upon the Stage; but never a one of his took like the *Eunuch*, for which he received eight thouſand Seſterces, a Reward (though not exceeding ſixty Pounds of our Money) greater in thoſe Days than ever Poet had. Beſides, it was acted twice in one Day: the more ſtrange, becauſe Plays then were never made but to be acted two or three times in all. All ſix were almoſt equally eſteemed by his Countrymen, and moſt of them had their peculiar Beauties. 'Tis obſerv'd, that the *Andrian* and the *Brothers* excel in their Characters and Manners; the *Eunuch* and the *Phormio* in the Vigour and Livelineſs of their Intrigues; and the *Self-Tormentor* and *Mother-in-Law*, in their Thought, Paſſions and Purity of Style.

UPON the account of his intimate Acquaintance with *Scipio* and *Lælius*, it was and ſtill is generally believed, that they had a great, if not a principal Share in the making of his Plays; and this Conjecture is grounded not only upon the extraordinary Familiarity between them, but alſo the Accuracy, Propriety, Purity, and Politeneſs of the Style, which do indeed ſeem to exceed the Abilities of a poor *African*. But theſe are meer Conjectures, intermixed with a Spice of Malice, tho' indeed redounding much to his Honour,

Honour, as he himſelf intimates in his Prologue to the *Brothers*. The extraordinary Familiarity between them was probably cauſed by his eminent Deſerts: The Accuracy and Delicacy of his Style proceeded perhaps from his Labour and Studies, as the Purity and Politeneſs of it might be the Effect of his *Roman* Education, and his keeping the beſt Company; and if he defended himſelf but ſlightly when he was accuſed, that may be imputed to his great Complaiſance to thoſe noble Perſons.

BUT notwithſtanding theſe plauſible Reaſons, to vindicate *Terence* from the Charge of being aſſiſted in his Writings, *Suetonius* relates a Story that gives ſome foundation for the Report, eſpecially with regard to *Lælius*: He ſays, that upon the Firſt of *March*, which was the Feaſt of the *Roman* Ladies, *Lælius* being deſired by his Wife, to ſup a little ſooner than ordinary, he prayed her not to diſturb him; and that coming very late to Supper that Night, he ſaid he had never compoſed any thing with more Pleaſure and Succeſs, and being aſked by the Company, what it was, he repeated ſome Verſes out of the third Scene of the fourth Act of the *Self-Tormentor*; which Commentators agree, are extremely fine. This Report did not leſſen after his Death, for *Valgius* a Poet, Cotemporary with *Horace*, ſays as much in poſitive Terms. Thoſe Noblemen, perhaps, might divert themſelves in compoſing ſometimes a Scene or two for a Poet they converſed ſo familiarly with, and ſo highly reſpected, tho' I am apt to ſuppoſe that the chief Aſſiſtance he receiv'd was in that Part of his Characters, and while the Comedian took care to preſerve them in the Humour and Manners

he

he had given them, his ingenious Friends might help him, in giving them the true Turn of Gentlemen.

TERENCE, to perfect himself in the Manners and Customs of the *Grecians*, left *Rome* to go for that Country, and died soon after his Departure, in the thirty-fifth Year of his Age. Some say, he went thither to collect some of *Menander*'s Plays, and died in his Return with above a hundred of them translated, which perished by Shipwreck, and he pined himself to Death for the Loss. Others, that he died at *Stymphalus*, a Village in *Arcadia*, whither he had put back from Sea. It's said, that he died very poor, and left only one Daughter behind him, who after his Decease was married to a *Roman* Knight. *Terence* left her a House, and a Garden of six Acres, which was situated under the *Appian Way*, nigh that Place called *Villa Martis*.

THE Character of this Comic Writer is inexhaustible, his particular Excellencies are without Number; so that we must be satisfied with a general Account of his Perfections. He was certainly the most exact, the most elaborate, and the most natural of all the Dramatic Poets. The Pleasantness, says *Heinsius*, the Elegancy, the Judgment and Beauty which is to be found in this Author, is admirable, and hardly to be expressed. There is no Writer, says *Erasmus*, from whom we can better learn the pure *Roman* Style. *Scaliger*, when he was an old Man, after he had run through almost all the Arts and Sciences, was so great an Admirer of *Terence*, that he seldom had him out of his Hand. His Style is so neat and pure, his Characters so true and perfect, his Plots so regular and probable, and almost every thing so absolutely just and agreeable, that

he

he may well ſeem to merit that Praiſe which ſeveral have given him, that he was the moſt correct Author in the World.

HIS great Art in the Œconomy and Conſtitution of his Fables, makes him infinitely preferable to *Plautus*, and his Ethical Characters are a Standard of Imitation to all Ages. See, ſays *Boileau*, in his Art of Poetry, with what an Air, the Father in *Terence* comes to rave at the Imprudence of his amorous Son, and with what an Air the Lover hears the Leſſons, and then runs to his Miſtreſs to forget them all. Is not this, ſays he, a true Image of a Lover, a Son, and a real Father? *Varro* gives him preference in this reſpect to all other Poets; and *Donatus* obſerves this of the Temperature of his Plays, particularly in the laſt Scene of the *Phormio*, that this pleaſant Poet ſmooths the Gravity of his ſerious Subjects with Comic Mirth. *Quintilian*, who thought the *Roman* Comedy defective, allowed *Terence* to be the moſt elegant of all the Comedians; and obſerves, that if his Comedies had been confined to Trimetre *Iambic*, they would have been more beautiful: But Dr. *Hare* is of Opinion, that the Poet's Deſign in the Variety of his Meaſures, was to gratify and relieve the Spectators by an agreeable Variety, and that the *Latins* imitated the *Greeks*, who followed Nature in this grateful Viciſſitude. In ſhort, his Faults are ſo few and inconſiderable, that *Scaliger* ſaid, there were not three to be found throughout the ſix Plays. He ſeems to want nothing to make him abſolutely complete, but only that *Attic* Urbanity, that *Vis Comica*, that *Cæſar* wiſhes he had, and which *Plautus* was Maſter of, in ſo high a degree.

Tu quoque, tu in ſummis, O dimidiate Menander,
Poneris, & merito, puri ſermonis amator,
Lenibus atque utinam ſcriptis adjuncta foret Vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hac deſpectus parte jaceres,
Unum hoc maceror, & doleo tibi deeſſe Terenti.

Thou Half Menander, *thou art juſtly plac'd*
Among the Poets of the chiefeſt Name;
Thy Language is correct, but I could wiſh
The Sweetneſs of thy Style had Comic Force
Joined with it; then equal with the Greeks
Had been thy Spirit; and thou hadſt gain'd Applauſe;
Here, Terence, *lies thy Want; I'm ſorry for it.*

BUT, ſays *Rapin*, tho' *Cæſar* calls *Terence* a diminutive *Menander*, becauſe he only had the Sweetneſs and the Smoothneſs, but had not the Force and Vigour, yet he has writ in a manner ſo natural, and ſo judicious, that of a Copy as he was, he is become an Original, for never Man had ſo clear an Inſight into Human Nature.

THE Style of *Terence* has been admired by the beſt Judges in all Ages, and truly it deſerves it, for certainly never any one was more clear, and more accurate in his Expreſſions than he: his Words are generally nicely choſen, extremely proper and ſignificant, and many of them carry ſo much Life and Force, that they can hardly be expreſſed in any other Language without great Diſadvantage to the Original. His Narrations are ſhort and clear, his Turns are ſoft and delicate; and for the Purity of his Language in general, we find it very much commended, even by *Tully* himſelf; and one of the

Moderns

Moderns is not at all out of the way, when he tells us, that the *Latin* Tongue will never be loſt, as long as *Terence* can be read.

BUT his Style, tho' ſo very extraordinary, in a great meaſure may be learnt by Induſtry, long Cuſtom and continual Uſage, and has been imitated to a high degree by ſeveral; and indeed, this was but as rich Attire and outward Ornaments, to ſet off a more beautiful Body. But in his Characters and Manners it is that he triumphs without a Rival, and not only Dramatick, but all other Poets, muſt yield to him in that Point; for theſe are drawn exactly to the Life, perfectly juſt, truly proportionable, and fully kept up to the laſt. The more a Man looks into them, the more he muſt admire them. He will find there not only ſuch Beauty in his Images, but alſo ſuch excellent Precepts of Morality, ſuch ſolid Senſe in each Line, ſuch Depths of Reaſoning in each Period, and ſuch cloſe Arguing betwixt each Party, that he muſt needs perceive him to be a Perſon of the moſt exact Senſe, and the ſtrongeſt Judgment. He had a peculiar Happineſs at pleaſing and amuſing his Audience, always keeping them in a moſt even, pleaſant, ſmiling Temper; and this is the moſt diſtinguiſhing Part of his Character from other Writers.

HE well underſtood the Rules of the Stage, or rather thoſe of Nature, was perfectly regular, wonderful exact and careful in ordering each *Protaſis* or Entrance, *Epitaſis* or Working up, *Cataſtaſis* or Height, and *Cataſtrophe* or Unravelling the Plot; which laſt he was famous for, making it ſpring neceſſarily from the Incidents, and neatly and dextrouſly untying the Knot, whilſt

whilſt others would either tear or cut it in pieces.

THE Nature of his Plots was for the moſt part grave and ſolid, they were all double except the *Hecyra*, or *Mother-in-law*; yet ſo contrived, that one was always an Underplot to the other, ſo that he ſtill kept perfectly to the firſt great Rule of the Stage, the Unity of Action. As for the ſecond great Rule, the Unity of Time, (that is, the whole Action to be performed in one Day) he was as exact in that as poſſible; for the longeſt Action of any of his Plays, reaches not above eleven Hours. He was no leſs careful in the third Rule, the Unity of Place; for he never ſhifts his Scene in any one of his Plays, but keeps conſtantly to the ſame Place, from the beginning to the end. Then for the Continuance in the Action, he never fails in any one Particular, but every Inſtrument is perpetually at work, in carrying on their ſeveral Deſigns, and in them the Deſign of the Whole, ſo that the Stage never grows cold till all is finiſh'd. His Plots are ſo clear and natural, that they might very well go for a Repreſentation of a Thing that had really happened, and not for the meer Invention of the Poet.

THE Cenſure of *St. Evremont* upon the Writings of *Terence* is of no great Authority. This Comic Writer, he ſays, is generally allowed to be the beſt of all the ancient Authors, in hitting the Humours and Tempers of Men; but there is this Objection to him, That he has not Extent enough, and his whole Talent goes no further, than to give a true and natural Repreſentation of a Servant, an old Man, a covetous Father, a debauched Son, or a Slave: This is the

utmoſt

utmoſt of what *Terence* can do. You are not to expect from him any thing of Gallantry or Paſſion, or of the Thoughts or Diſcourſe of a Gentleman.

EDITIONS of *TERENCE.*

Elegantiſſimis Typis prodiit e Typographiâ regiâ Pariſiis, *vulgo* Louvre. 1642, Folio.

Charactere grandiori & nitidiſſimo, editio caſtigatiſſima Typis Academicis. *curâ* J. Leng. Cantab. 1701, 4to.

Notis integris veterum & recentiorum Criticorum edidit Joſ. Hen. Weſterhovius, 2 *vol.* Hag. Com. 1726, 4to.

Notis ſelectis Variorum & integris Ælii Donati *editus eſt.* L. Bat. 1686, 8vo.

Ex recenſione Dan. Heinſii. *Typis* Elzevir. L. Bat. 1635, 12mo.

LUCRETIUS.

IT is agreed on all hands, even by his own Teſtimony, that *Titus Lucretius Carus* was a *Roman*, and born at *Rome*. His very Name directs us to the noble and ancient Family of the *Lucretii*, which being divided into many Branches, comprehended under it, the *Tricipitini*, the *Cinnæ*, the *Veſpillones*, the *Triones*, the *Oſellæ*, and the *Galli*, and gave to *Rome* many Conſuls, Tribunes, and Prætors, who were the

the great Supports and Ornaments of the Commonwealth.

His Name was *Titus Lucretius Carus*, and no other; for what *Lambinus* pretends, that he might have been called either *T. Lucretius Vespillo Carus*, or *T. Lucretius Ofella Carus*, is mere Conjecture, and grounded upon no Authority. *Carus* was a *Roman* Surname, of which *Ovid* and many others make mention, but we no where find how it came to be given to *Lucretius*. It is not improbable it was conferred upon him, either on account of his excellent and sprightly Wit, his Affability and Sweetness of Temper and Manners, or for some other the like endearing Qualities, that render'd him agreeable to those, with whom he conversed. It is uncertain, from which of the *Lucretian* Branches this Poet claims his Descent, there being nothing any where of his Parentage recorded. There lived indeed in those Days. one *Quintus Lucretius*, but whether he was Brother of our Poet *Lucretius*, or in what degree of Relation they were to one another, cannot be discover'd.

The time of his Birth is almost as doubtful, some placing it in one Year, some in another; the most received Opinion is, that he was born twelve Years after *Cicero*, about the second Year of the hundred and seventy first Olympiad, in the Consulship of *Lucius Licinius Crassus*, and *Quintus Mutius Scævola*, about the six hundred and fifty eighth Year of *Rome*.

About this time, the *Romans* began to apply themselves to the Study of Philosophy. Supposing therefore *Lucretius* to be nobly descended, and a Youth of a sprightly and forward Genius, it is an easy Inference that he re-

received a ſuitable Education; and by his Parents or other Relations was ſent to ſtudy at *Athens*, where at that time the *Epicurean* Philoſophy was in great Reputation. This is the more probable to be true, becauſe it was then the Cuſtom of the *Romans* to ſend their Youths thither to be inſtructed in the Learning of the *Greeks*. Thus ſome Years after *Virgil* ſtudied there, as we learn from himſelf, when writing to *Meſſala*, he ſays,

Etſi me Vario, &c.

And the learned *Propertius* deſired earneſtly

Illic vel ſtudiis, &c.

By Plato's *Studies to correct his Mind,*
And in thy Garden, Epicurus, *find*
Improvement.

HE ſtudied under *Zeno*, who had the Direction of the Gardens at that time, and was the Honour of the *Epicurean* Sect. *Phædrus* was another of his Maſters, whom *Cicero* mentions as a Perſon of the greateſt Humanity. Theſe were the Preceptors of *Lucretius*, as they were likewiſe of *Pomponius Atticus*, *Memmius*, *Caſſius*, and many others, who in that Age render'd themſelves very illuſtrious in the Republick of *Rome*. How he ſpent his Time at *Athens*, how ſtudiouſly he improved it, let his Poem be witneſs. That he fitted himſelf for the beſt Company, is evident by what *Cornelius Nepos* tells us, of the great Intimacy between him, *Pomponius Atticus*, and *Memmius*; and no doubt but he was intimate likewiſe with *Tully*, and his Brother, who make ſuch honourable mention of him.

THE Accounts that remain of this Poet, ſtop

ſhort

ſhort here, and no more is to be found concerning him, till we come to his Death; yet it is difficult to find in what manner he died, nor is it much eaſier to determine in what Year of his Life his Death happened. Some make him die on the very Day *Virgil* was born, when *Pompey* the Great was the third time Conſul, and *Cæcilius Metellus Pius* was his Collegue, in the Year of the City ſeven hundred and one, at which time there were great Commotions in the Republick; for *Clodius* was then killed by *Milo*: *Memmius* and many others being convicted of Bribery, were baniſhed from *Rome* into *Greece*; and *Cæſar*, who was then forty-four Years of Age, was laying waſte the Provinces of *Gaul*. If this imaginary Circumſtance were true, it would be apt to make a *Pythagorean* believe, that the Soul of *Lucretius* tranſmigrated into *Virgil*'s Body. And thus far it is true, that *Lucretius*'s Diction is ſo pure and elegant, and his Verſification, where the Subject gives him the leaſt Scope, ſo noble and ſounding, and his Sentiments ſo truly Poetical, that Poetry muſt needs have declined among the *Romans*, had any but *Virgil* ſucceeded him. But that Particular of the Death of this Poet is no more than an ingenious Fiction, founded upon this, that *Virgil* aſſumed the *Toga Virilis* upon the ſame Day that *Lucretius* died.

THE Chronicle of *Euſebius* obſerves, that he died by his own Hands in the forty-fourth Year of his Age, being made diſtracted by a Philtre, which either his Miſtreſs or his Wife *Lucilia*, (for ſo ſome call her, tho' without Authority) in a Fit of Jealouſy had given him, not with a Deſign to deprive him of his Senſes, or to take away his Life, but only to increaſe the Paſſion

of his Love. *Donatus*, or whoever was the Author of the Life of *Virgil* that goes under his Name, writes that he died three Years before; when *Pompey* the Great, and *M. Licinius Craſſus* were both of them the ſecond time Conſuls. Others, who allow that having loſt his Senſes, he laid violent hands on his own Life, yet place his Death in the twenty ſixth Year of his Age, and believe that his Madneſs proceeded from the Cares and Melancholy that oppreſſed him, on account of the Baniſhment of his beloved *Memmius*; to which others again add likewiſe another Cauſe, the fatal Calamities under which his Country then laboured. And indeed it is certain, that a few Years before his Death, *Lucretius* was an Eye-witneſs of the wild Adminiſtration of Affairs in the Days of *Clodius* and *Catiline*, who gave ſuch a Blow to the Republick of *Rome*, as not long after occaſioned its total Subverſion. Of theſe Commotions, he himſelf complains in the beginning of his firſt Book, where addreſſing himſelf to *Venus*, he implores her to intercede with the God of War, to reſtore Peace and Quiet to his native Country.

Hunc tu Diva, &c. lib. 1.

Peace is thy Gift alone; for furious Mars
The only Governor and God of Wars,
When tir'd with Heat and Toil does oft reſort
To taſte the Pleaſures of the Paphian *Court;*
Where on thy Boſom he ſupinely lies,
And greedily drinks Love at both his Eyes,
Till quite o'ercome, ſnatching an eager Kiſs,
He haſtily goes on to greater Bliſs:
Then midſt his ſtrict Embraces, claſp thy Arms
About his Neck, and call forth all thy Charms,

Careſs

Careſs with all thy ſubtle Arts, become
A Flatterer, and beg a Peace for Rome.

THERE are yet ſome other Accounts given of the Time and Manner of his Death; but ſince in ſo great a Variety of Opinion we can fix on no Certainty, nor determine which of them is true, it would be loſs of Time to dwell any longer upon them.

THE only Remains this great Genius has left us, are his ſix Books *Of the Nature of Things*, which contain an exact Syſtem of the *Epicurean* Philoſophy; they were read and admired by the Ancients, and if *Ovid* could preſage,

Carmina ſublimis tunc ſunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras cum dabit una Dies.

Sublime Lucretius *wrote with ſo much Fire,*
That his bright Work ſhall with the World expire.

THE Learned are in ſome doubt concerning the number of Books written by *Lucretius*, and ſome believe that he writ more than ſix; but this muſt be a Miſtake, for in theſe ſix is contained the whole Doctrine, and all the Philoſophy of *Epicurus*, as far as relates to the Explication of Nature, or natural Cauſes and Effects, and there is nothing left to be ſaid farther upon that Subject. Add to this the manifeſt and pertinent Connexion of one Book to another, the judicious Method he has obſerved, in handling the ſeveral Subjects of which he treats, and his Artfulneſs in the Diſpoſition of them: They ſeem naturally to follow one another. In the firſt Book he treats of the Principles of Things, in the laſt of Meteors and of the Heavens; Has

not this Method been conſtantly practiſed by all who have treated of the Knowledge of Nature? Even *Epicurus* himſelf obſerved the very ſame Diſpoſition, as appears by the few ſurviving Remains of that Philoſopher, his three Epiſtles to *Herodotus*, *Menœceus* and *Pythocles*.

BUT as the Work of this Poet contained no more than ſix Books, ſo there is reaſon to believe that ſome of his Verſes are perhaps wanting; for, as with almoſt all the ancient Authors, ſo more eſpecially with this Writer, ſome have aſſumed to themſelves too great a Liberty, and alter'd, added, or taken away many things. *Servius* cites this Fragment from *Lucretius*:

——*Superi ſpoliatus luminis Aër*,

Which perhaps may have been his, tho' it be no where found in any of his Books, nor can it eaſily be diſcover'd where it has been left out. *Euſebius* informs us, that this Poem was corrected by *Cicero*, after the Death of the Author; Father *Briet* ſeems to believe it, ſince he uſes theſe Words,——*In ſuis Verſibus, duris quidem, ſed valide Latinis, & Tullii limâ digniſſimis.* His Verſes are difficult indeed, but his *Latin* is pure, and worthy the Reviſal of *Cicero*. Some think he only meant that *Lucretius*'s Poem *had need of* Cicero's *File*, but others believe he intended that they do honour to *Cicero*, by whom they were corrected, or that it plainly appears, they received the finiſhing Stroke from that great Man. *Lambinus* contradicts this, but the Arguments he brings againſt the Aſſertion of *Euſebius* are but weak and of little Validity.

LUCRETIUS inſcrib'd his Poem to his intimate Friend *Memmius*, a Perſon of extraordinary Merit, whom he celebrates with great Honour

in

in many Places of it. This *Memmius* was deſcended from one of the moſt ancient Families in *Rome*, being one of thoſe that *Virgil* has immortalized in his *Æneid*, deriving them from *Mneſteus* one of the principal *Trojans* that accompanied *Æneas* into *Italy*:

—*Mox Italus Mneſteus genus a quo nomine Memmi.*

He had been Prætor of *Bithynia*, and upon his Return was accuſed of nine Miſdemeanors by *Cæſar* to the People, but acquitted, and afterward grew very intimate with him. He was alſo Tribune of the People, when among others he accuſed *Rabirius*, in whoſe Defence *Cicero* made the Oration we have under that Name. *Cicero* gives him the Character of a great Scholar, but moſt ſkilful in the *Greek* Learning, an ingenious and good Orator, and Maſter of a polite eaſy Style: He was accuſed of Corruption and Bribery in canvaſſing for the Conſulſhip, and condemn'd to Baniſhment. *Cicero* in one of his Epiſtles to *Sulpitius* tells us, he was innocent, and had retired after his Exile to *Athens*, from thence to *Mitylene*, and at laſt ſettled at *Patræ*, where he died ſoon after.

It is wonderful that this admirable Poem of *Lucretius* ſhould be compoſed in the Time of his Diſtraction: His ſix Books of his *Epicurean* Philoſophy, ſays *Euſebius*, were written in his lucid Intervals, when the Strength of Nature had thrown off all the diſturbing Particles, and his Mind, as it is obſerved of Madmen, was ſprightly and vigorous. Then in a poetical Rapture he could fly with his *Epicurus* beyond the flaming Limits of this World, frame and diſſolve Seas and Heavens in an Inſtant, and by

ſome unuſual Sallies, be the ſtrongeſt Argument of his own Opinion; for it ſeems impoſſible that ſome things which he delivers ſhould proceed from Reaſon and Judgment, or from any other Cauſe but Chance and unthinking Fortune.

THE Character of this Poem is ſurpriſingly raiſed by the beſt Judges of the Art. *Lucretius*, ſays *Agellius*, excelled in Wit and Eloquence; there is not, ſays *Scaliger*, a better Author in the *Latin* Tongue, *Virgil* copied many things from him. Never any Man, ſays *Scioppius*, ſpoke *Latin* to a greater Perfection, neither *Tully* nor *Cæſar* wrote a purer Style. There appears, ſays *Bayle*, ſo much Eloquence in the Verſe of *Lucretius*, that had he lived in the Time of *Auguſtus*, he might very well have diſputed the Point with *Virgil*; but thirty or forty Years make a mighty Difference between two Authors. *Evelyn*, in his Tranſlation of the firſt Book of *Lucretius*, obſerves, that in this Work Nature herſelf ſits triumphant, wanting none of her juſt Equipage and Attendance, whilſt our *Carus* hath erected this everlaſting Arch to her Memory, ſo full of Ornament and exquiſite Workmanſhip, as nothing of this kind has either approach'd or exceeded it. Where the Matter he takes in hand is capable of Form and Luſtre, he makes it even to outſhine the Sun itſelf in Splendour; and as he ſpares no Coſt to deck and ſet it forth, ſo never had a Man a more rich and luxuriant Fancy, more keen and ſagacious Inſtruments to ſquare the moſt ſtubborn and rude Materials into that ſpiring Softneſs you will every where find them diſpoſed in this his ſtupendous and well-built Theatre of Nature.

THERE

THERE are two or three Writers who with great Judgment enter more particularly into the Character and Excellencies of this Poem; *Quintilian*, ſays *Crinitus*, is of opinion that *Lucretius* excels in Elegance of Style, but he is difficult and obſcure. This was occaſioned not only by the Subject it ſelf, but by reaſon of the Poorneſs of the Tongue, and the Newneſs of the Doctrine he taught, as he teſtifies himſelf: He writ ſix Books of the Nature of Things, in which he has followed the Doctrine of *Epicurus*, and the Example of the Poet *Empedocles*, whoſe Wit and Poetry he praiſes with Admiration. It ought not to be wonder'd at, that ſome of his Verſes ſeem rough and almoſt like Proſe. This was peculiar to the Age in which he writ, as *Furius Albinus* fully witneſſes in *Macrobius*, whoſe Words are as follows. No Man ought to have the worſe Eſteem for the ancient Poets upon this account, becauſe their Verſes ſeem to be ſcabrous, for that Style was then in greateſt Vogue; and the following Age had much ado to bring themſelves to reliſh this ſmoother Diction. Therefore even in the Days of the Emperors, the *Veſpaſians*, there were not wanting ſome who choſe to read *Lucretius* rather than *Virgil*, and *Lucilius* rather than *Horace*.

LAMBINUS, in his Preface to *Charles* IX, the moſt Chriſtian King, applauds *Lucretius* as the moſt polite, moſt ancient, and moſt elegant of all the *Latin* Writers, from whom *Virgil* and *Horace* have in many Places borrowed, not half but whole Verſes. He, when he diſputes of the indiviſible Corpuſcles, or firſt Principles of Things, of their Motion and their various Figuration; of the Void; of the Images, or te-

nuious Membranes that fly off from the Surface of all Bodies; of the Nature of the Mind and Soul; of the riſing and ſetting of the Planets; of the Eclipſe of the Sun and Moon; of the Nature of Lightning; of the Rainbow; of the Cauſes of Diſeaſes, and many other things, is learned, witty, judicious and elegant. In the Introductions to his Books, in his Compariſons, in his Examples, in his Diſputations againſt the Fear of Death, concerning the Inconveniences and Harms of Love, of Sleep and of Dreams, he is copious, diſcreet, eloquent, knowing and ſublime. We not only read *Homer*, but even get him by Heart, becauſe under the Veils of Fables, partly obſcene, and partly abſurd, he is deem'd to have included the Knowledge of all natural and human Things. Shall we not then hear *Lucretius*, who without the Diſguiſe of Fables, and ſuch Trifles, not truly indeed, nor piouſly, but plainly and openly, and as an *Epicurean*, ingeniouſly, wittily, and learnedly, and in the moſt correct and pureſt of Styles, diſputes of the Principles and Cauſes of Things, of the Univerſe, of the Parts of the World, of a happy Life, and of things Celeſtial and Terreſtrial. And tho' in many Places he diſſents from *Plato*, tho' he advances many Aſſertions that are repugnant to our Religion, we ought not therefore to deſpiſe and ſet at nought thoſe Opinions of his, in which not only the ancient Philoſophers, but we who profeſs Chriſtianity agree with him. How admirably does he diſpute of the reſtraining of Pleaſures, of the bridling the Paſſions, and of the attaining Tranquillity of Mind! How wittily does he rebuke and confute thoſe, who affirm that

that nothing can be perceived, nor nothing known; and who ſay that the Senſes are fallacious! How beautiful are his Deſcriptions! How graceful, as the *Greeks* call them, his *Epiſodes!* How fine are his Diſputations of Colours, of Mirrors, of the Loadſtone, and of the *Averni?* How ſerious and awful are his Exhortations to live continently, juſtly, temperately, and innocently! What ſhall we ſay of his Diction, than which nothing can be ſaid or imagin'd to be more correct, more clear or more elegant?

But the ſtrongeſt Advocate in Defence of this Poem of *Lucretius*, is *Gifanius*, who has drawn up his Life with exquiſite Skill, and repreſents his Excellencies in the beſt Light. The Subject of this Poem, ſays he, had many Ages before been treated by *Empedocles*, whom *Lucretius* held in great Veneration, as appears by the following Elogy, which he gives him in his firſt Book, where ſpeaking of *Sicily*, he ſays that that Iſland,

Tho' rich with Men and Fruit, has rarely ſhown
A Thing more glorious than this ſingle One;
His Verſe, compos'd of Nature's Work, declare
His Wit was ſtrong, and his Invention rare;
His Judgment deep and ſound; whence ſome began,
And juſtly too, to think him more than Man.

Him therefore our Poet carefully imitated; for what *Ariſtotle* ſays of *Empedocles*, that he writ in the ſame Style as *Homer*, and was a great Maſter of his own Language, as being full of Metaphors, and making uſe of all other Advantages that might conduce to the Beauty of his

Poetry; all theſe Perfections, I ſay, though they are ſcarce to be found in any other of the *Latin* Poets, manifeſtly diſcover themſelves in *Lucretius:* For he excels all the reſt in Purity of Diction, and, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, in Sublimity of Eloquence; beſides, he has adorned his whole Poem with an infinite Number of excellent Metaphors, as with ſo many Badges of Diſtinction and Honour. *Tully*, who was well able to judge, calls him a very artful Poet; and would I had leiſure enough to ſhew not only what he has borrowed from *Homer*, and others, but chiefly from *Ennius*, whom of all the *Latin* Poets he moſt admired, and ſtudied to imitate, but what *Virgil* has likewiſe taken from *Lucretius*; for that would make manifeſt what has been often ſaid, that *Ennius* is the Grandfather, *Lucretius* the Father, and *Virgil* the Son, they being the moſt illuſtrious Triumvirate of the *Epick Latin* Poets.

HE *goes on*; There are many excellent Things contained in the Poem of *Lucretius*, nor is there in all his Works any Token or Footſtep of Intemperance. How diſcreetly and ſtrongly does he argue for the Reſtraint of Ambition, and for avoiding the Miſeries of inteſtine Diviſions and Civil Wars, the Calamities that in his Days afflicted the Republick of *Rome?* He extols Philoſophy, and the Studies of the Wiſe in a Style incredibly ſublime. How beautiful is his Poetry, when he treats of Serenity of Mind, and Contempt of Death? In how many Places, and in how excellent and almoſt divine a Diction does he confute the Superſtition of the Vulgar, and their fabulous Belief of the Torments of Hell? How elegantly does

does he detect the Frauds, and deride the Vanity of Aſtrologers? Not to mention with how great Severity he diſſuades from Avarice, and ſhews many Ills that ariſe from the Greedineſs of Riches, nor how wholeſome are his Inſtructions concerning Temperance, Frugality of Living, and Modeſty of Apparel. As to what relates to the Reſtraint of the other Cupidities of the Mind, and ſordid Pleaſures of the Fleſh, ſo excellent indeed are the Inſtructions he gives us, that what *Diogenes* writes of *Epicurus*, ſeems to be true, that he was falſly accuſed by ſome for indulging himſelf too much in Pleaſure and Voluptuouſneſs, and that it was a downright Calumny in them to wreſt his Meaning, and interpret what he meant of the Tranquillity of the Mind, as if it had been ſpoken of the Pleaſures of the Body. Concerning ſome of the Phænomena of the Heavens, he advances indeed ſeveral Opinions that are falſe, or rather ridiculous, but yet they are conſonant to the *Epicurean* Doctrine; and, on the contrary, how true are many of his Notions concerning Thunder, the Nature, Force, and Swiftneſs of Lightning, the Magnitude of the Sea, the Winds, and many other things of the like Nature? With how wonderful a Sweetneſs does he ſing the firſt Riſe of the World, of the Earth, of the Heavens, and of all the ſeveral Kinds of Animals? As likewiſe the Origin of Speech, of Government, of Laws, and of all the Arts? How full and ſatisfactory are his Diſputations of the Flames of Mount *Ætna*, and of the Cauſes of Diſeaſes? How excellently has he deſcribed, as it were, in a Picture, that memorable and dreadful Plague

which deſolated *Athens*, and the whole Country of *Attica!*

NOTWITHSTANDING theſe urgent and artful Apologies for the Works of *Lucretius*, his Poem muſt upon the whole be condemned as Obſcene, Impious, and Atheiſtical, and be read with the utmoſt Warineſs and Circumſpection. No Writer ever attack'd the Divine Providence with more Boldneſs; he ſets out with this prophane Exordium,

For whatſoe'er's Divine, muſt live in Peace,
In undiſturb'd and everlaſting Eaſe.
Not care for us, from Fears and Dangers free,
Sufficient to its own Felicity.
Nought here below, nought in our Power it needs,
Ne'er ſmiles at good, ne'er frowns at wicked Deeds.

He goes on with giving infinite Praiſe to *Epicurus*, who inſolently attack'd Religion, and triumph'd over it.

Long time Men lay oppreſs'd with ſlaviſh Fear,
Religious Tyranny did domineer;
Which being plac'd in Heav'n, look'd proudly down,
And frighted abject Spirits with her Frown.
At laſt, a Mighty One of Greece *began*
T'aſſert the nat'ral Liberty of Man.
By ſenſeleſs Terrors and vain Fancies led
To Slav'ry; ſtrait the conquer'd Fantom fled;
Not the fam'd Stories of the Deity,
Not all the Thunder of th' threatning Sky,
Could ſtop his riſing Soul; thro' all he paſt
The ſtrongeſt Bounds that pow'rful Nature caſt;
His vigorous and active Mind was hurl'd,
Beyond the flaming Limits of this World,

Into

Into the mighty Space, and there did ſee,
How things begin, what can, what cannot be.
Thus by his Conqueſt we our Right regain,
Religion he ſubdu'd, and we now reign.

I ſhall end this Character with the Opinion of Dr. *Burnet*, in his ſecond Book *Of the Theory of the Earth*: *Lucretius*, he ſays, was an *Epicurean* more from his Inclination and the Bent of his Spirit, than from Reaſon or any Force of Argument. For tho' his Suppoſitions be very precarious, and his Reaſonings all along very ſlight, he will many times ſtrut and triumph, as if he had wreſted the Thunder out of *Jove*'s Right-hand; and a Mathematician is not more confident of his Demonſtration, than he ſeems to be of the Truth of his ſhallow Philoſophy. He was certainly in earneſt in his Diſbelief of the Immortality of the Soul, and a Future State; for he is ſaid to have laid violent Hands upon himſelf. *And ſo moſt unhappily did his ingenious Tranſlator likewiſe.*

EDITIONS of *LUCRETIUS.*

Notis Dion. Lambini, editio elegans.
apud Benenat. Paris, 1570. 4to.
Notis Tan. Fabri. *Salmur.* 1662. 4to.
Elegantiſſimis & grandioribus Typis editus eſt curâ Mich. Maittaire. *apud* Tonſon, Lond. 1711. 4to.
Notis integris Variorum & Sigeberti Havercampi. Æneis figuris ornatus, 2 vol.
L. Bat. 1725. 4to.
Cum Interpret. & Notis Tho. Creech.
Oxon. 1695. 8vo.
Idem.

Idem. In Engliſh *Verſe with the Notes augmented by Mr.* Creech, 2 vol. 1722, 8vo.
In Latin, *with a free Proſe* Engliſh *Verſion, adorned with Cuts,* 2 vol. 1743, 8vo.

CATULLUS.

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS, a *Roman* Poet, was born at *Verona,* about eighty Years before the common *Æra,* and the ſix hundred and ſixty-ſixth Year of *Rome: Giraldus* believes rather, he was born in the Peninſula *Sirmio,* formed by the Lake *Benacus* near *Verona.* His Deſcent was conſiderable, for his Father was a Man of Fortune, and was admitted into Friendſhip with *Julius Cæſar,* who uſually lodged at his Houſe. He was invited to *Rome* very young by *Manlius,* a Nobleman, whom he celebrates in many of his Poems, and to whom he confeſſed he owed the greateſt Obligations. The Elegance of his Style, and the Delicacy of his Compoſitions, introduced him into the Acquaintance of the beſt Judges, and the Beauty of his Verſes procured him the Friendſhip and Conſideration of the Learned, and of the fine Wits, who were then at *Rome* in great abundance.

His Writings inform us, that he had once contracted the cloſeſt Friendſhip with *Furius* and *Aurelius,* Men of ſome Quality and Diſtinction, who had run out their Fortunes by Extravagance. He repreſents them in his eleventh Epigram as ready to go to the End of the World, and into

to the wildeſt Places with him; but he ſays ſo many diſobliging things of them in other Places, that it cannot be thought their Friendſhip was of any Continuance; he repreſents them as open-mouth'd Wolves, that having nothing to live upon, could never free themſelves from Hunger.

Aureli, Pater Eſuritionem, &c. Ep. 21.

Aurelius!
Father of Famine preſent and to come!

He repreſents them as greedy of Sodomy as of Bread, and threatens them with a horrible Treatment, if they continue to ſlander him, aud to debauch the Object of his Flame. He had afterwards, ſays *Muretus*, a grievous Quarrel with theſe two Perſons, and ſatirized them in the bittereſt Verſes, becauſe they had branded him with Effeminacy, and that *Aurelius* had indeed attempted a Youth whom *Catullus* loved, and *Furius* had actually debauched him. So that this Poet was ſtained with that unnatural Vice, and complied with that faſhionable Impurity.

CATULLUS was of a gay amorous Diſpoſition, and ſpeaks with great Paſſion of two of his Miſtreſſes, *Iſpithilla* of *Verona* and *Clodia*, to whom he gave the Name of *Leſbia*, in honour to *Sappho*, who was of the Iſland of *Leſbos*, and whoſe Verſes pleaſed him wonderfully; he tranſlated or imitated ſome of them: He ſpeaks of his *Leſbia*, as of a very laſcivious Lady, and introduces her aſking him how many Kiſſes would ſatisfy him;

Quæris quot mihi Baſiationes, &c.

Leſbia

Leſbia *my faireſt, you require*
How many Kiſſes I deſire, &c.

He deſired, he ſays, as many as there are Grains of Sand in the Deſarts of *Lybia*, and Stars in the Heavens; but his *Leſbia* it ſeems became at laſt a common Proſtitute:

Cæli, Leſbia *illa, &c.*

Leſbia, *my Friend, the beauteous She,*
Who more than Life was dear to me,
Now plies in Alleys, and in Streets,
And lies with every Man ſhe meets.

It is ſaid, that this lewd Woman was the Siſter of the infamous *Clodius*, the great Enemy of *Cicero*.

He ſuffered the common Fate of the Poetical Tribe, for he was poor all his Life-time; which, without doubt, was in ſome meaſure owing to the profligate Company he kept, and his extravagant Expences. He neither made his Fortune by his Verſes, nor in his Travels into *Bithynia* with *Memmius*, who had obtained the Government of it after his Prætorſhip. He compoſed a very paſſionate Epigram upon the Death of his Brother, for whoſe Loſs he was inconſolable,

Tu mea, Tu moriens, &c. Epig. 46.

Thy Death, my Brother, has undone my State;
Our Family lies buried in thy Fate.

He died in the Flower of his Age, and in the Height of his Reputation, about thirty Years old: *Scaliger*'s Opinion cannot be ſupported, who ſays, he lived above ſeventy-one Years; about this time *Virgil* was purſuing his Studies at *Cremona*. The Poem upon *Leſbia*'s Sparrow, ſome pretend

pretend he dedicated to *Virgil*; this Conjecture is founded upon two Verſes of *Martial* that are certainly miſunderſtood,

Sic forſan tener auſus eſt Catullus,
Magna mittere paſſerem Maroni.

As if *Catullus* had preſumed to ſend his *Sparrow* to Great *Maro* as his Friend. *Martial* there addreſſes himſelf to *Silius Italicus*, a celebrated Poet, and one of his Patrons; he compliments him as if he had ſaid, I preſume to inſcribe this little Piece to you, as *Catullus* might have preſented his Poem on *Leſbia*'s Sparrow to the great *Virgil*, had they flouriſhed at the ſame time. It is evident, that *Martial* profeſſed the greateſt Veneration for the Excellencies of *Catullus*;

Tantum magna ſuo debet Verona Catullo,
Quantum parva ſuo Mantua Virgilio.

THIS Poet contracted a Friendſhip with *Cicero*, who is ſaid upon ſome Occaſion to plead as a Publick Advocate for him; and notwithſtanding the Friendſhip between *Julius Cæſar* and his Father, he ſeverely lampoon'd that Emperor, in the Perſon of *Mamurra*, one of his Favourites, and a Surveyor of his Workmen in *Gaul*. The Verſes were very ſatirical, they laſhed the ſevere Robberies of *Mamurra*, and the lewd Intercourſe, ſuppoſed to have paſſed between him and *Cæſar*:

Quis hoc poteſt videre, &c. Ep. 30.

Who but a Wretch as vile can bear to ſee
Mamurra *riot thus in Luxury?*

Rich

Rich with the Spoils, and plunder'd Wealth he bore,
From long-hair'd Gaul, *and diſtant* Britain's *Shore,*
The Pathic Roman, *who unmov'd can ſee*
Such wanton Riot, is as baſe as He.

THE fifty-eighth Epigram is yet more ſevere;

Pulchrè convenit improbis Cinædis,
Mamurrhæ *Pathicoque* Cæſarique.

This ſuits with impious Pathicks *well,*
Cæſar *and vile* Mamurrha———

CÆSAR, upon this Occaſion, behaved with his uſual Generoſity and Moderation; he was not ſilent indeed at the Injury he received, but obliging the Poet to make a ſlight Satisfaction, which he accepted; he invited him (ſays *Suetonius*) the ſame Day to Supper, and continued to lodge at his Father's Houſe, as he had done before.

THE Works of *Catullus* are inſcribed to *Cornelius Nepos*, whom he compliments on his Writing a general Hiſtory in three Books. *Omne ævum tribus explicare Chartis.* We have not all his Pieces: *Crinitus* ſpeaks of an *Ithyphallic* Poem, or Verſes upon the Impure Divinity of *Priapus*, and *Pliny* aſcribes to him a Poem upon Inchantments uſed to make one's ſelf beloved: This Subject had been treated of before him by *Theocritus*, and after him by *Virgil*. The Poem of the *Vigil* of *Venus* is falſely attributed to him. His early Death muſt be lamented by all true Lovers of Wit and Learning, ſince it has robbed us of many Improvements which he was likely to have made in this kind of Poetry: I mean his *Hendecaſyllables*, where he ſeems to excel moſt: There are ſome finiſhed Pieces of his

his that are inimitable in their kind: Such is the Poem upon *Leſbia*'s Sparrow, and that on *Acme* and *Septimius*; the Tranſlation of *Callimachus*'s Elegy on Queen *Berenice*'s *Hair* alſo is an excellent Piece. His Lyric Poems are many of them well written, particularly the *Carmen Seculare*. *Scaliger* thinks he was too critical and exact, and too ſtrict an Obſerver of the *Roman* Elegancies. He is generally eſteemed the beſt Writer in the Epigrammatick Style.

AN Epigram, of all the Works in Verſe that Antiquity has produced, is the leaſt conſiderable; it is of no Worth at all, unleſs it be admirable, and it is ſo rare to ſee ſuch a one, that it is ſufficient to have made one in a Man's whole Life; and yet this Manner of Writing has its Beauty. This Beauty conſiſts either in the delicate Turn, or in a lucky Word. The *Greeks* have underſtood this ſort of Poeſy otherwiſe than the *Latins*: The *Greek* Epigram runs upon the Turn of a Thought that is natural, but fine and ſubtle; the *Latin* Epigram by a falſe Taſte that ſway'd in the beginning of the Decay of the pure Latinity, endeavours to ſurprize the World by ſome nipping Word, which is called a *Point*. *Catullus* writ after the former manner, which is of a finer Character, for he endeavours to cloſe a natural Thought within a delicate Turn of Words, and within the Simplicity of a very ſoft Expreſſion. *Martial* was in ſome manner the Author of this other way, that is to ſay, to terminate an ordinary Thought by ſome Word that is ſurpriſing. Judges of a good Taſte have always preferred the way of *Catullus* before that of *Martial*, there being more of true Delicacy in that than in this. And in theſe latter Ages we have

ſeen

ſeen a noble *Venetian*, named *Andreas Naug* who had an exquiſite Diſcernment, and w a natural Antipathy againſt all that whi called *Point*, which he judged to be of Reliſh, ſacrificed every Year in Ceremony lume of *Martial*'s Epigrams to the *Manes* o *tullus*, in honour to his Character.

THIS Poet has been cenſured for the I neſs of ſome of his Pieces; the Looſeneſs Thoughts, and his fulſome Expreſſions have great Offence, and obliged his Judges to clude that he muſt have been a profligate bauchee. But *Bayle* makes an Apology him; he ſays, that the ancient *Romans* ha laid down thoſe Rules of Politeneſs, whi preſent make thoſe who compoſe obſcene fall into publick Contempt. *Catullus* the did his Character no great Harm by the Obſcenities and infamous Impurities which he poiſon'd many of his Poems. the Younger is of the ſame Opinion: It Obſcenity, according to the Ancients, w only allowable in theſe ſort of Compoſi but when artfully dreſſed up was eſteeme of its greateſt Beauties. *Catullus* wrote b Rule,

Nam caſtum eſſe decet, &c. Lyri

The Poet, I confeſs, ſhould chaſte appear,
Then may his luſcious Lines affect the Ear,
Divert with wanton Pleaſantry the Mind;
Not over-modeſt, but to Love inclin'd.

WE are told by *Crinitus*, that *Catullu* ſo great a Reputation for Learning, that b Conſent of the beſt Judges, the Epith

Doctus was affixed to his Name. *Ovid* thought that for Majeſty and Loftineſs of Verſe, he was no way inferiour to *Virgil* himſelf; and tho' both the *Plinys* have condemned *Catullus*'s Verſe as harſh and unpleaſant, yet he has generally been accounted a moſt elegant Poet, and has had ſeveral who have copied after him. The ſweeteſt and moſt polite of all the Poets, if he appears at any time hard and rough, eſpecially in his *Epicks*, yet he has made ſufficient amends by his wonderful pleaſant Wit, and by his pure Elegancy in the *Roman* Language. His Cotemporaries called him *the Learned*, becauſe he knew how to tranſlate into *Latin* Verſe the moſt beautiful and delicate Pieces in the *Greek* Poets, which before him was thought impoſſible to be done.

THE Reputation of *Catullus* ſinks very low in the Opinion of *Julius Scaliger*; he can upon no account imagine the Reaſon, why this Poet was diſtinguiſh'd by the Ancients with the Title of *the Learned*; he does not ſee any thing in his Pieces but what is common and ordinary. His Style, he ſays, is generally hard and unpoliſhed, though indeed ſometimes it flows like Water, but has no Strength. He is often very immodeſt, and puts him out of countenance; ſometimes he is ſo very languid and faint, that he cannot but pity him; and he is often under ſuch Difficulties and Conſtraint, that he is exceedingly troubled and concerned for him.

EDITIONS

EDITIONS of *CATULLUS.*

Cum Tibullo *& Propertio editus eſt. Notis doctiſs. Virorum &* eleg. Typis. Pariſiis, 1604, Folio.

Cum iiſdem Poetis, eleganti Charactere, prodiit accuratiſſima editio. Typis *Acaæm.* Cantab. 1702, 4to.

Cum Tib. & Prop. Notis Varierum curâ Joh. Geo. Grævii, 2 vol. L. Bat. 1689, 8vo.

Catullus *& in eum Obſervationes* Iſaaci Voſſii. 4to. parvo. L. Bat. 1684.

Cum Tibullo *& Propertio, notis* Ant. Vulpii. Patav. 1710, 4to.

Variæ editiones horum Autorum extant. 24to.

VIRGIL.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO, the moſt excellent of all the ancient *Roman* Poets, flouriſh'd in the Time of *Auguſtus*; he was born on the fifteenth of *October*, in the Year of *Rome* Six hundred eighty-three, in a Village called *Andes*, about three Miles from *Mantua*. His Father was a Man of low Fortune, his Name is unknown, but it is ſaid he was by Trade a Baſket-maker; his Mother's Name was *Maja*. A Poet of his extraordinary Character muſt not be born without ſome extraordinary Circumſtances attending upon his Nativity. His Mother therefore dream'd that ſhe was deliver'd of an Olive-branch, which was no ſooner ſet in the Ground, but it took root,

root, and ſprung up into a Tree, abounding with Fruit and Bloſſoms; and going out next Day to a neighbouring Village with her Huſband, ſhe was obliged to ſtop by the way, and was deliver'd of him in a Ditch. The Child is ſaid not to have cried upon his firſt coming into the World like other Infants, but ſhew'd ſuch a ſmiling Countenance, as promiſed ſomething extraordinary. A Branch of Poplar (according to the Cuſtom of the Country) was planted where his Mother was deliver'd of him, which ſprung up and grew ſo faſt, that it ſoon came up to the Size of the other Trees ſet thereabouts long before it. This Tree was called after his Name and conſecrated to him, which gave occaſion to a great deal of Superſtition in the neighbouring Parts, eſpecially among the *Tuſcans*.

AT ſeven Years of Age he was ſent by ſome Friends he found to ſtudy at *Cremona*, a *Roman* Colony; after which he made ſome ſtay at *Milan*, and then went to *Naples*, where he ſtudied with the greateſt Diligence the *Latin* and *Greek* Literature, as he did afterwards the Mathematicks and Natural Philoſophy. He learned *Greek* under *Parthenius* of *Nicæa*, and his Maſter for Philoſophy was *Syro*, one of the greateſt Men of the *Epicurean* Sect, tho' *Virgil*, upon maturer Judgment, became a Follower of the *Platonic* Syſtem.

AFTER ſome Time ſpent in his Studies, his Curioſity and Deſire of Knowledge led him to travel through *Italy*, when it is ſuppoſed he went to *Rome*. Then we are told he publiſhed his ſixth Eclogue, which *Roſcius* rehearſing upon

on the *Roman* Theatre, *Cicero* in admiration called him,

———*Magnæ ſpes altera Romæ.*

His Paſtorals, ſays *Donatus*, were ſo well received by the Publick, that they were frequently ſung on the Stage. Now when *Cicero* had heard ſome of the Verſes, preſently diſcovering by his acute Penetration that the Author was no ordinary Genius, he ordered the whole Eclogue to be rehearſed from the beginning, which having ſtrictly attended to, he ſaid at the Concluſion *The other Hope of mighty* Rome; as if he himſelf were the *firſt Hope* of the *Latin* Tongue, and *Virgil* would be the ſecond. Theſe Words were afterwards inſerted in the *Æneis*. The Truth of this Account is juſtly diſputed. Mr. *Bayle* obſerves, that here is an Error in Chronology; for it is certain, that *Virgil* did not write his Eclogues till after the Triumvirate of *Octavius*, *Mark Anthony*, and *Lepidus*, during which, it is well known, *Cicero* was barbarouſly murdered.

THE ſmall Patrimony that *Virgil* had in *Italy*, he loſt by a Decree of *Auguſtus*, who divided that Part of the Country among his Soldiers: and our young Poet was here involved in the common Calamity. He applied himſelf upon this Occaſion to *Varus*, with whom he had ſtudied and contracted a cloſe Friendſhip. He recommended him to *Pollio*, then Governour of the Province, whoſe Favour introduced him into the Court of *Auguſtus*. From this Prince and Protector of Learning, he obtained a Grant, by which his Lands were exempt from the general Diviſion, as he declares in the firſt Eclogue.

Hic

Hic illum vidi, &c.

There firſt the Youth of heavenly Birth I view'd,
To whom our Monthly Victims are renew'd.
He heard my Vows, had graciouſly decreed
My Grounds to be reſtored, my Flocks to feed.

When he came to take poſſeſſion of his little Eſtate, one *Arius* a Centurion, to whoſe Lot his Lands were fallen, not only refuſed to comply with the Emperor's Mandate, but likewiſe uſed him ſo roughly, that he was forc'd to ſave his Life by ſwimming over the *Mincius*, and haſten back to Court, where he ſoon obtain'd full Redreſs and Satisfaction.

SOME Authors lay an Imputation upon this Poet, and ſay he was far from being chaſte in his Youth; when others aſſure us that he was ſo modeſt, ſo reſerved and regular in his Words and Deportment, that the Inhabitants of *Naples* gave him a Surname derived from *Virginity*, by reaſon of the Purity of his Words and Manners. We are told he was ſo modeſt, that he preferred living retired in the Country to reſiding at *Rome* where he was admired. He ſeldom went thither, and ſo little affected appearing there, that when he obſerved he was followed and ſhewed, he ran into the firſt Houſe he found open. It is certain that in his Youth he wrote ſome laſcivious Verſes; for *Pliny*, who had done ſo likewiſe, juſtifies himſelf by many great Examples, particularly by that of *Virgil*. The Writer of his Life makes him the Author of the *Priapeia*, and ſome learned Men will have the Piece, which is ſtill extant under this Name, to be really *Virgil's*; but it ſeems rather to be a Collection of Poems, the Works of various Authors. The Gravity and

Modeſty which reign throughout the *Æneid*, are indeed admirable. His *Bucolics* are not ſo modeſt, he there relates very criminal Paſſions, but that is no Proof he was infected with them. The Paſſion for Boys was not leſs common in the Pagan Times, than that for Girls, ſo that a Writer of Eclogues may make his Shepherds talk according to this impious Faſhion, without relating his own Adventures, or approving the Paſſions he mentioned. It is certain there are many Stories that reflect upon the Reputation of this Poet; he is charged with the unnatural Sin, with loving *Alexis*, a Favourite of *Mecænas*, but they are repreſented only as Reports, founded upon Envy and Ill-nature. It is ſaid particularly, that *Varus* the Tragic Poet married a very learned Woman who lay with *Virgil*, and to whom he gave a Tragedy of his Compoſure, which ſhe made her Huſband believe was her own, and that *Varus* recited it as her own Performance. It it farther added, that the Poet obſcurely alludes to this Adventure in three Verſes of his third Eclogue;

An mihi cantando, &c.

An honeſt Man may freely take his own,
The Goat was mine, by ſinging fairly won;
A ſolemn Match was made, he loſt the Prize;
Aſk Damon, *aſk, if he the Debt denies.*

But *Servius* rejects this as an Allegory which no Author had mentioned, and which was directly oppoſite to the Nature of Paſtoral Poetry.

VIRGIL was received into the ſtricteſt Intimacy by the chief Wits of the Court of *Auguſtus*; for by means of *Pollio* he was admitted into the Favour and Friendſhip of *Mecænas* and *Auguſtus*,

guſtus, who not only placed him above Want, but qualified him to enjoy his Studies, and to retire to *Naples* for the ſake of his Health, for the Air of *Rome* was diſagreeable to his Conſtitution. Here he wrote his *Georgicks*, the Subject of which was very pleaſing to *Auguſtus*, who encouraged the People to cultivate and improve their Lands, which had ſuffered ſo much during the Civil Wars in *Italy* that laſted for many Years. He ſpent three Years on his *Eclogues*, but his *Georgicks* took him up ſeven; in compiling of this Work, he dictated ſeveral of the Verſes of it in a Morning, and ſpent the reſt of the Day in correcting, and reducing them to a ſmaller Number; for upon this Account he uſually compared himſelf to a She-Bear, who is at firſt deliver'd of a ſhapeleſs Lump, which ſhe afterwards licks into Form. He finiſh'd this Piece when *Auguſtus* was upon his Return from the Conqueſt of *Egypt*, which he reduced into a Province, and made *Gallus*, another of *Virgil*'s Patrons, Governour of it. This *Gallus* was perhaps the fineſt Elegiack Writer among the *Romans*, but his Works are now loſt; thoſe that are extant under his Name being rejected by the beſt Criticks for a modern Compoſition. *Donatus* in the Life of *Virgil* ſays, that *Virgil* was four Days imploy'd in reading the *Georgicks* to *Auguſtus*, after his Return from the Battle of *Actium*, while he remained at *Atella* for the Recovery of his Strength. *Mecænas* relieved him in the Taſk of Reading, as often as his Voice failed him. There was a wonderful Charm, and a very great Sweetneſs in his Pronunciation. *Seneca* relates that *Julius Montanus* the Poet was uſed to ſay, that if he could violently ſeize upon any thing belonging

to *Virgil*, it ſhould be his Voice, his Countenance, and his Action; for the ſame Verſes which ſounded well by his Pronunciation, did without that ſeem dry and inſipid.

VIRGIL began the *Æneid* in the forty-ſecond Year of his Age; this Poem was compoſed to convince the *Romans* of the Prerogative of *Auguſtus*. The Hero of the Work is taken from the *Iliad*, where we have the Character of *Æneas* in the ſame Light of Actions and moral Behaviour as we find him in the *Æneid*, free from all Violence, Pious and Good; and in this was exactly drawn the Character of *Auguſtus*. The *Æneid* is a Copy, as *Macrobius* obſerves, of the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*; the Voyage is taken from the *Odyſſey*, the Battles from the *Iliad*. The firſt ſix Books of this Poem took him up ſeven Years. We are told that when *Auguſtus* was abroad in the Expedition againſt the *Cantabri*, he frequently ſollicited *Virgil* by Letters, to ſend him, as his Expreſſion was, the firſt Lineament of his Poem, which he refuſed at firſt, but at length complied to recite three whole Books to him, the ſecond, the fourth, and ſixth. The Elogy upon *Marcus Claudius Marcellus*, the Son of *Octavia*, the Emperor's Siſter, who died in the Flower of his Age, is inſerted in the ſixth Book with ſo much Skill, and ſo admirably well turned, that *Octavia* when ſhe heard it fell into a Swoon at the Words *Tu Marcellus eris*, and was brought to herſelf with great Difficulty. When ſhe recovered ſhe ordered the Poet ten thouſand Seſterces for every Line, which, for leſs than thirty Verſes, amounted to Two thouſand one Hundred Pounds and upwards of our Money.

HE employed the reſt of his Life in perfecting his

his Poem of the *Æneid*, which he finiſh'd in about four Years; but it never receiv'd his laſt Hand, being prevented by Death. He propoſed to beſtow a Retirement of three Years in poliſhing it; after which he intended to apply the Remainder of his Life in the Studies of Philoſophy. He ſet out for *Greece*, and in his Journey he met *Auguſtus* at *Athens*, who was then returning from the Eaſt. This determin'd him to return into *Italy* with the Emperor; but his Curioſity carrying him to *Megara*, he was there ſeized with a languiſhing Diſtemper, which increaſing upon him in his Paſſage, he arrived at *Brundiſium* in ſuch an ill ſtate of Health, that he died on the twenty-ſecond of *September*, about the fifty-fourth Year of his Age.

WHEN he found his Diſtemper increaſed, he earneſtly aſked for his Manuſcripts in order to commit his *Æneis* to the Flames, and becauſe no body was ſo complaiſant as to bring them, he ordered by his laſt Will that they ſhould be burnt as an imperfect Work. *Tucca* and *Varius* repreſented to him that *Auguſtus* would never ſuffer it. Upon this he bequeathed his Writings to them, on Condition they ſhould add nothing to them, and ſhould if they found any unfiniſhed Verſes, leave them in the ſame Condition: So that *Auguſtus* was no farther the Cauſe of the Preſervation of this Poem, than that the Author deſiſted from his Reſolution, being told that this Prince would not ſuffer the Execution of it. It redounded greatly, ſays *Bayle*, to the Glory of this Monarch, that he diſcovered himſelf ſeriouſly intereſted in it, and that he oblig'd *Varius* to that punctual Performance of the Condition under which the Manuſcript was left to him. There is an Epigram extant, compoſed by *Apollinaris*, a Gram-

marian, upon the Order given by *Virgil* to burn his *Æneid*. It is but a ſingle Diſtich.

Infelix alio cecidit prope Pergamon igne;
Et pæne eſt alio Troja cremata rogo.

Troy *almoſt periſh'd in a ſecond Flame.*

His Corps, as he requeſted, was tranſported to *Naples*, and there buried.

VIRGIL was tall and of a ſwarthy Complexion, of a clowniſh ungraceful Air, aukward and ungenteel in his Deportment; this was partly owing to the Obſcurity of his Birth, and in ſome meaſure to his ill ſtate of Health, which allowing him the Uſe of little or no Exerciſe, robbed him of thoſe Graces of Body that are owing to it. His Conſtitution was weak, which oblig'd him to eat little, and to drink no Wine. He was peeviſh in his Humour, ſubject to violent Head-aches, and ſo aſthmatick, that he was forced to fly the Smoke of *Rome*, and retire to the ſoft Air of *Naples*, where he ſpent moſt of the latter Part of his Life. However, he was a Man of much Humanity, Gratitude, and Good-nature. He was bountiful to his Parents, and generous to his Relations; and yet died very rich, leaving behind him near Seventy-five thouſand Pounds, which by his Will was one half to be diſtributed among his Relations, and the other to *Mecænas*, *Tucca*, and *Varius*, beſides a conſiderable Legacy to *Auguſtus*, that politick Prince having introduced a Cuſtom of being in every body's Will. He was not inſenſible to the Paſſion of Love, as appears by the Epiſode of *Dido* and

and *Æneas*, where he treats that Paſſion with more Delicacy than *Anacreon*, and with as much Softneſs as *Ovid*. He was ſo fond of Retirement, that he became not only the greateſt Poet, but the greateſt Philoſopher, Hiſtorian, Antiquary, and Scholar of his Age. He had naturally a great Heſitation in his Speech, which was the Reaſon he left the Bar, where he never pleaded but once. He is ſaid to have written his own Epitaph:

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuêre, tenet nunc
Parthenope; cecini Paſcua, Rura, Duces.

THE genuine and undiſputed Works of this Poet are ten *Eclogues*, or *Bucolicks*, four Books of *Georgicks*, and the *Æneid*, conſiſting of twelve Books; this Poem is unfiniſh'd, for *Scaliger* aſſerts, that he intended to have added twelve more Books in Imitation of *Homer*.

NEVER any Man poſſeſſed all the Graces of Poeſy in ſo eminent a Degree as *Virgil*; he had an admirable Taſte for what is natural, an exquiſite Judgment for the Contrivance, an incomparable Delicacy for the Numbers and Harmony of Verſification. He not only, ſays *Scaliger*, excelled all human Wit, but raiſed himſelf to a kind of Equality with Nature it ſelf. He conſtantly follows Nature, and *Homer* her faithful Interpreter; ſo that he is admirable upon every Subject, and Maſter of all Styles. He keeps to the Characters and Humours of the Shepherds of thoſe Ages in his Paſtorals, with ſuch Plainneſs and Propriety, ſuch Pleaſantneſs and ſuitable Eaſineſs of Expreſſion, that one would think he had lived among thoſe happy People, and been long acquainted with the Care

of their Flocks, their Amours and harmleſs Differences. In his *Georgicks* he raiſes his Style, and deſcribes the Art of Tillage, the Government of the Bees, and all the Affairs of the Huſbandman, with ſuch ſound Judgment, ſuitable Language, and proper Heightenings of Fancy, that every ſkilful Profeſſor of Agriculture muſt admire him for the firſt of his Excellencies, and every learned Critick for the two next. In his Heroic Poem he has come ſo near *Homer*, that he has raiſed himſelf far above all other Poets. Not to mention the Propriety and Sublimity of his Thought, the manly Elegance and majeſtick Conciſeneſs of his Expreſſion, he is very admirable in the judicious and moſt agreeable Variety of his Numbers. In that Excellency he does not in the leaſt yield to the glorious *Grecian*, tho' he had the Diſadvantage in his Language; *Latin* being a Tongue more cloſe and ſevere than *Greek*; neither having different Dialects as that has, nor allowing that Latitude and Liberty of Variation which that does. The Plan of his Epic Poem is ſo noble and regular, his Conduct ſo prudent, his Characters ſo juſt and accurate, and his Ornaments ſo becoming, that both *Mecænas* and *Auguſtus*, two of the compleateſt Stateſmen and Scholars in the World, muſt allow the *Æneid* to be a Maſterpiece. All the World acknowledgeth the *Æneid* to be moſt perfect in its kind, and conſidering the Diſadvantage of the Language, and the Severity of the *Roman* Muſe, the Poem is ſtill more wonderful, ſince without the Liberty of the *Greeian* Poets the Diction is ſo great and noble, ſo clear, ſo forcible and expreſſive, ſo chaſte and pure, that even all the Strength and

Compaſs

Compaſs of the *Greek* Tongue joined to *Homer*'s Fire, cannot give us ſtronger and clearer Ideas, than the great *Virgil* has ſet before our Eyes, ſome few Inſtances excepted, in which *Homer* thro' the Force of Genius hath excelled.

VIRGIL has been often compared with *Homer*, and the Merits of thoſe Poets frequently canvaſſed. No Author, or Man, ever excelled all the World in more than one Faculty, and as *Homer* has done this in Invention, *Virgil* has in Judgment. Not that we are to think *Homer* wanted Judgment, becauſe *Virgil* had it in a more eminent Degree; or that *Virgil* wanted Invention, becauſe *Homer* poſſeſſed a larger Share of it. Each of theſe great Authors had more of both perhaps than any Man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in Compariſon with one another. *Homer* was a greater Genius, *Virgil* the better Artiſt. In one we muſt admire the Man, in the other the Work. *Homer* hurries and tranſports us with a commanding Impetuoſity, *Virgil* leads us with an attractive Majeſty. *Homer* ſcatters with a generous Profuſion, *Virgil* beſtows with a careful Magnificence. *Homer*, like the *Nile*, pours out his Riches with a ſudden Overflow, *Virgil* like a River in its Banks, with a gentle and conſtant Stream. When we behold their Battles, methinks the two Poets reſemble the Heroes they celebrate. *Homer*, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as *Achilles*, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the Tumult increaſes; *Virgil* calmly daring, like *Æneas*, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the Action, diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with Tranquillity. And when we look upon their Machines, *Homer* ſeems like his own

Jupiter in his Terrors, ſhaking *Olympus*, ſcattering the Lightnings, and firing the Heavens; *Virgil*, like the ſame Power in his Benevolence, counſelling with the Gods, laying Plans for Empires, and regularly ordering his whole Creation.

DRYDEN ſpeaks of *Virgil* as a grave, ſuccinct and majeſtick Writer, one who weigh'd not only every Thought, but every Word and Syllable; who was ſtill aiming to croud his Senſe into as narrow a Compaſs as poſſible he could; for which Reaſon he is ſo very figurative, that he requires (as it were) a Grammar apart to conſtrue him. His Verſe is every where ſounding the very thing in your Ears, whoſe Senſe it bears; yet the Numbers are perpetually varied to encreaſe the Delight of the Reader, ſo that the ſame Sounds are never repeated twice together. But though he is ſmooth where Smoothneſs is required, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it; for he frequently makes uſe of *Synalæpha's*, and concludes his Senſe in the middle of his Verſe. He is every where above the Conceits of Epigrammatick Wit, and groſs Hyperboles. He maintains Majeſty in the midſt of Plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not, and is ſtately without Ambition, which is the Vice of *Lucan*. *Martial* ſays of him, that he could have excelled *Varius* in Tragedy, and *Horace* in *Lyrick* Poetry; but out of Deference to his Friends he attempted neither.

SIR *William Temple* ſays, he does not wonder that the famous Dr. *Harvey*, when he was reading *Virgil*, ſhould ſometimes throw him down upon the Table, and ſay, *He had a Devil*. Among the Follies of *Caligula*, we may undoubtedly

edly reckon his Contempt and Hatred of this Poet, whoſe Writings and Effigies he endeavoured to remove out of all Libraries; he had the Confidence to ſay, that *Virgil* had neither Wit nor Learning. The Emperor *Alexander Severus* judged quite otherwiſe, he called him the *Plato* of the Poets, and placed his Picture with that of *Cicero*, in the Temple, in which he had placed *Achilles*, and other great Men. He was ſo much reſpected by the Senate and People of *Rome*, that when they heard any of his Verſes in the Theatre, every body immediately ſtood up; and if by chance *Virgil* was preſent, *Tacitus* ſays, they gave him the ſame Reſpect as they did to *Cæſar* himſelf.

EDITIONS of *VIRGIL.*

Typis elegantiſſimis impreſſus eſt.
è Typograph. regia Pariſiis, *vulgo* Louvre. 1641. Folio.

Charactere eleg. & grand. edidit Joh. Ogilvius. *Centum æneis figuris a* Wenceſlao Holla *inciſis ornata eſt hæc editio.* Lond. 1658.

Commentario illuſtratus a Lud. de la Cerda, 3 *vol.* Col. Agrip. 1642. Folio.

Servii & Pierii *Commentariis & variis Lect. editus eſt a* Rob. Stephano. Pariſ. 1532. Folio.

Commentis Val. Guellii, *accedit Appendix* Virgiliana, *notis* Joſ. Scaligeri.
apud Plantin. Ant. 1575. Folio.

Commentario Frid. Taubmanni. 1618. 4to.

Typis elegantiſſ. & maximis impreſſus eſt.
Cantab. 1701. 4to.

In uſum ſereniſſ. Delphini *Interpretatione & Notis illuſtravit* Car. Ruæus. Pariſ. 1675. 4to.

Notis integris veterum & ſelectis recentiorum ac æneis figuris illuſtratus, *curâ* Pancratii Maſvicii, 2 *vol.* Leovard. 1717. 4to.

Notis Varior. & Indice Erythræi, a Jac. Emeneſſio, 3 *vol.* L. Bat. 1680. 8vo.

Typis nitidiſſimis prodiit, ex Officina Elzeviriana. L. Bat. 1636. 12mo.

HORACE.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, was born at *Venuſium*, a City of *Italy*, in the beginning of *December*, about the Year of *Rome* Six hundred eighty-eight, three Years after the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*. His Father is ſaid to be a Salter, and the Son of a Freedman, and a Tax-gatherer: The Circumſtances of his Fortune were not ſtraitned, and obſerving an early Forwardneſs in his Son, he reſolved to furniſh him with a ſuitable Education, and for that Purpoſe removed him to *Rome*, when he was about ten Years old. He bred him in the beſt School, and in the Company of Noblemen of the firſt Quality. The Father had a good Share of natural Senſe, and, fond of the Proſpect of his Son's future Character, he took a pleaſure in forming the Morals of the Youth himſelf; and all the Virtue, Generoſity, and good Conduct that were ſo remarkable in the Life of this excellent Poet, were principally owing to the Care and Cultivation of the beſt of Fathers, as the Son

in

in many Places of his Works very gratefully confeſſes.

Si neque Avaritiam, &c. Sat. vi. Lib. 1.

If none on me can truly fix Diſgrace,
If I am neither covetous nor baſe;
If innocent my Life; if, to commend
Myſelf, I live belov'd by every Friend,
I thank my Father for't.

WHEN he was about eighteen he was ſent to *Athens*, where he compleated what his Father had ſo well begun, and acquired all thoſe Accompliſhments that polite Learning, added to an ingenuous Education, could afford him. *Brutus* about this time going into *Macedonia*, and being under great Difficulties to furniſh his Army with Officers, took *Horace* into his Service, and made him a Tribune; but he ſhamefully fled at the Battle of *Philippi*, and, which was the moſt inglorious Action in a Soldier, he threw away his Shield. This he confeſſes himſelf in an Ode to his Friend *Pompeius Varus*, who was with him in that Battle, and was his Companion in Flight.

Tecum Philippos, &c.

The bloody Wars, Philippi's *Field,*
Ignobly having loſt my Shield,
With thee I ſaw ſecure from Wound,
I ſaw the Fight, when Pompey *proud,*
To Cæſar's *ſtronger Virtue bow'd,*
And baſely bit the bloody Ground.

It

It is ſuppoſed that *Horace* would ſcarce have been ſo ingenuous as to confeſs this infamous Adventure, if he had not had the Examples of two great Poets, *Archilochus* and *Alcæus*, before him, who both owned themſelves guilty of the ſame Cowardice.

THE general Rout at *Philippi* reduced this run-away Tribune to the greateſt Diſtreſs, for his Eſtate was forfeited, and became a Prey to the Conquerors. He was naturally indolent, and loved Retirement, but Neceſſity obliged him to write, and his Muſe ſo ſucceſsfully aſſiſted him, that ſhe ſoon introduced him into the moſt polite Company. He ſoon became acquainted with *Virgil*, who recommended him to *Mecænas*, the general Patron of Learning in that Age. This great Courtier ſpoke favourably of him to *Auguſtus*, who was ſo taken with his Merit and Addreſs, that he made him his chief Confident in his private Pleaſures and Diverſions, offered him Honours and Advantages, which he in a great meaſure refuſed, and reſtored him to the Poſſeſſion of his Eſtate. Growing ſtill more intimate with *Mecænas*, he had the Opportunity to diſcover all the amiable Parts of his Character, which wonderfully endeared his Patron to him, and made him conceive a very tender Friendſhip for him. The continued Favour of the Emperor furniſhed our Poet with ſuch a Competency, as left him at full liberty to retire, and enjoy the Fruits of the Imperial Bounty. He ſenſibly, in many places, deſcribes the Pleaſures of a Country Life, and the Delights of his little Villa, or Seat at *Tibur*, and that in the Country of the *Tarentines*. His Love of Retirement increaſing with his

Age,

Age, he took up the Reſolution at length of leaving the City, and ſpent the Remainder of his Days in the Eaſe and Privacy of a rural Life. He died about fifty-ſeven, on the twenty-ſeventh of *November*; his Friend *Mecænas* died the Beginning of the ſame Month. *Horace* did not ſurvive long enough to write his Elegy; he was ſo nearly affected with his Loſs, that it helped to ſhorten his Life. He was buried near *Mecænas*'s Tomb, and by his laſt Words declared *Auguſtus* his Heir, the Violence of his Diſtemper being ſuch, that he was not capable to ſign his Will. He was wholly indifferent to any magnificent Funeral Rites, or fruitleſs Sorrows for his Death; he was confident of Immortality from his Works.

---*Abſint inani funere næniæ*, &c. Lib. ii. Od. 20.

Say not I died, or ſhed a Tear,
Nor round my Aſhes mourn;
Nor of my needleſs Obſequies take care;
All Pomp and State is loſt upon an empty Urn.

HORACE was of a chearful Temper, fond of Eaſe and Liberty, but ready to ſerve his Friend, and grateful to his Benefactors; of a tender and amorous Diſpoſition; warm and paſſionate, but ſoon pacified. He was gay, and gave far into the Gallantries of the Age, till Time ſtole in upon his Amours; but even Fifty could not ſave him. Love returned to the Charge, and after he had for ſome time bid farewel to it, made him feel his Power. After this Attack he ſeems to have maſter'd his Paſſions, and from this Time lived in an undiſturbed

diſturbed and philoſophical Tranquillity. He loved good Company and a chearful Glaſs, but being a Perſon of an elegant Taſte in Converſation, he affected an intire Freedom, and that the Glaſs ſhould circulate, or ſtand ſtill at the Diſcretion of his Gueſts. He was very ſhort and corpulent, as *Auguſtus* in a Letter to him informs us, comparing him to the Book he ſent him, which was but a little thick Volume. He was grey-headed about forty, of a weak Complexion, and ſubject to have ſore Eyes, which made him uſe little Exerciſe, and he was better able to bear Heat than Cold. This made him ſpend the Winter Seaſon at *Tarentum*, that lies in the warmeſt Climate of all *Italy*.

Corporis exigui, præcanum, ſolibus aptum.

Grown Grey before the time, I hate the Cold,
And ſeek the Warmth.

The Works of *Horace* conſiſt of five Books of *Odes*, his *Carmen Seculare*, two Books of *Satires*, two of *Epiſtles*, and his Letter to the two *Piſo*'s upon the *Art of Poetry*. The *Ode*, ſays *Rapin*, ought to have as much Nobleneſs, Elevation and Tranſport, as the *Eclogue* has of Simplicity and Modeſty. 'Tis not only the Wit that heightens it, but likewiſe the Matter, for its Uſe is to ſing the Praiſes of the Gods, and to celebrate the illuſtrious Actions of Great Men, ſo it requires to ſuſtain all the Majeſty of its Character, an exalted Nature, a great Wit, a daring Fancy, an Expreſſion noble and ſparkling, yet pure and correct. All the Briſkneſs and Life which Art has by its Figures, is not ſufficient

ſufficient to heighten the *Ode* ſo far as its Character requires. But the reading alone of *Pindar* is more capable to inſpire this Genius, than all the Reflections in the World. *Horace* found the Art to join all the Force and high Flights of *Pindar* with all the Sweetneſs and Delicacy of *Anacréon*, to make himſelf a new Character by uniting the Perfections of the other two. For beſides that he had a Wit naturally pleaſant, he had Nobleneſs in his Conceits, and Delicacy in his Thoughts and Sentiments. The Parts of his Odes that he was willing to finiſh are always Maſter-pieces, but it requires a very clear Apprehenſion to diſcern all his Wit; there are many ſecret Graces and hidden Beauties in his Verſe, that few can diſcover. He is the only *Latin* Author that writ well in that Verſe among the Antients.

HORACE, ſays *Scaliger*, is the moſt exact and elaborate of all the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets; his *Lyricks* have an harmonious and majeſtick Sound; his *Odes* are ſo full of Fancy and Beauty, ſo much Purity in the Style, ſo great a Variety, and ſuch new Turns in the Figures, that they are not only Proof againſt the Cenſure of Criticks, but alſo above the higheſt Encomiums. Theſe Compoſitions of his are of ſeveral ſorts, they are either Moral, Panegyrical, or Bacchanalian; in his Lyrick Poems upon divine Matters he is grave and majeſtick; in thoſe which contain the Praiſe of his Heroes, pompous and ſublime; in thoſe that relate to Pleaſure and free Enjoyment, gay and lively. In his *Iambics* he is ſevere and cutting. That which will diſtinguiſh his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and Numerouſneſs

merouſneſs of his Verſe; there is nothing ſo delicately turned in all the *Roman* Language. There appears in every Part of his Diction, or (to ſpeak *Engliſh*) in all his Expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are choſen with as much Exactneſs as *Virgil*'s, but there ſeems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a ſecret Happineſs attends his Choice, which in *Petronius* is called *Curioſa Felicitas*, which I ſuppoſe he had from the *feliciter Audere* of *Horace* himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing Part of all his Character ſeems to be his Briſkneſs, his Jollity, and his Good-humour. His *Carmen Seculare* he compoſed at the expreſs Command of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

HORACE, by his natural Temper, was inclinable to Satire, but rather to genteel Raillery than ſharp Reproaches; he ſeems capable by his Genius of any thing, but chiefly applied himſelf to Satire, by the Tendency of his natural Gaiety, which made him rally ſo pleaſantly upon all Occaſions. He had found in his Nature the Seeds of this Character, which he afterwards cultivated with ſo much Succeſs: And being a Courtier himſelf, and a little looſe in his Morals, I mean the Practice, it was Prudence in him to indulge his Vein rather in expoſing the Fopperies and Abſurdities of the Age, than ſcourging its Vices, which were certainly great and numerous enough, tho' Men had not yet triumph'd in ſuch open and monſtrous Enormities, as muſt diſhonour any other Reign but that of *Nero* and *Domitian*. He was not a proper Man to arraign the ſcandalous Vices, at leaſt if the Stories which we hear of him are true, that he practiſed ſome of them, which out

of

of honour to him, I forbear to mention. It was not for a *Clodius* to accuſe Adulterers, eſpecially when *Auguſtus* was of that Number; ſo that, tho' his Age was not exempt from the worſt of Villanies, yet our Poet was not fit to repreſent them in an odious Character, becauſe himſelf was dipt in ſome of the ſame Actions.

THIS Poet has peculiarly adapted the Style of his Verſe to the Deſign of his Work, it is nearly allied to Proſe in his Satires and Epiſtles. By this means he purſues his Subject more cloſely, and reaſons without declaiming. He ranſacked the Schools of the Philoſphers, and extracted from them a Sett of admirable Principles for the Direction of Human Life. There is not, ſays *Blondel*, any thing among the Antients, which is more proper to imprint upon the Mind true Sentiments of moral Honeſty, than the Works of *Horace*. His Advice is applicable to all Occaſions, he includes in his Diſcourſes not only all the Rules of Morality, but alſo of civil Converſation. He is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil* to hide his Sentences, to give you the Virtue of them without ſhewing them in their full Extent. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice; and as there are but few notoriouſly wicked Men, in compariſon with a Shoal of Fools and Fops, ſo 'tis a harder thing to make a Man wiſe than to make him honeſt. His Divine Wit left nothing untouch'd, he entered into the inmoſt Receſſes of Nature, found out the Imperfections even of the moſt Wiſe and Grave, as well as of the Common People. He laughs to ſhame all Follies, and inſinuates Virtue rather by familiar Examples

than

than by Severity of Precepts. His Satires and Epiſtles, beſides their Salt and Spirit, have the Air of a genteel Negligence, and unforced Eaſineſs, which no Study or Diligence of Imitation can reach. There is that Purity of Style and Pleaſantry of Humour, that are no leſs admirable and entertaining in their kind, than the Grandeur of *Virgil*. He every where ſhews himſelf to be a Scholar and a Critick, a Gentleman and a Courtier. His Sprightlineſs of Imagination is temper'd with Judgment, and he is both a pleaſant Wit, and a Man of Prudence. If he had undertaken an *Epic* Poem, no doubt but he had ſucceeded. That Paſſage is wonderfully commended, wherein he gallantly pleads his Incapacity for *Heroic* Poetry in lofty and Heroick Lines;

——*Cupidum, Pater optime, Vires*
Deficium, nec enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo deſcribit vulnera Parthi.

I have the Will, but when I ſtrive to fly,
My Wing's too weak, nor can I fly ſo high,
For 'tis not every one can paint a War,
How Iron Armies dreadful gay appear,
The Galli *falling by a braver Force,*
Or wounded Parthians *tumbling from their Horſe.*

HIS Tract de *Arte Poeticâ*, which is really no more than an Epiſtle to the two *Piſo*'s, is an excellent Piece of Criticiſm, as well as his other Epiſtles and Satires, yet it is ſuppoſed to be a Work not ſo well finiſhed as might reaſonably have been expected from the Hand of

ſo

ſo great a Maſter. The Oeconomy, ſays *Voſſius*, which *Horace* has obſerved in his *Art of Poetry*, is not very regular nor exact, all that he conſider'd was, to heap together a great many Rules and Precepts, without regarding Method or Order. This Piece is no more than an Interpretation of *Ariſtotle*'s Treatiſe of Poeſy, and this Poet was the firſt who propoſed this great Model to the *Romans*; he obſerved as little Method as *Ariſtotle* did, becauſe, perhaps, it was writ in an Epiſtolary Form, whoſe Character ought to be free, and without Conſtraint.

But after all, ſays *Dryden*, the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languiſhing; he may raviſh other Men, but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickled. When he barely grins himſelf, and, as *Scaliger* ſays, only ſhews his white Teeth, he cannot provoke to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be commended, but his Wit is faint; and his Subject, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. His low Style is according to his Subject, that is, generally groveling. He was a Rival to *Lucilius* his Predeceſſor, and was reſolved to ſurpaſs him in his own manner. *Lucilius*, as we ſee by his remaining Fragments, minded neither his Style nor his Numbers, nor his Purity of Words, nor his Run of Verſe. *Horace* therefore copes with him in that humble way of Satire, writes under his own Force, and carries a dead Weight that he may match his Competitor in the Race. This I imagine was the chief Reaſon why he minded only the Clearneſs of his Satire, and the Cleanneſs of Expreſſion. Without aſcending to thoſe Heights, to which his own Vigour might have carried him; but limiting his Deſires only to

the

the Conqueſt of *Lucilius*, he had his Ends of his Rival who lived before him, but made way for a new Conqueſt over himſelf by *Juvenal* his Succeſſor.

HORACE, for aught I know, might have tickled the People of his Age; but among the Moderns, if we believe *Dryden*, he is not ſo ſucceſsful. They who ſay he entertains ſo pleaſantly, may perhaps value themſelves on the Quickneſs of their own Underſtandings, that they can ſee Jeſts farther off than other Men. They may find occaſion of Laughter in the *Wit-Battle* of the two *Buffoons*, *Sormentus* and *Cicerrus*, and hold their Sides for fear of burſting, when *Rupilius* and *Perſius* are ſcolding. For my own part, I can only like the Character of all four, which are judiciouſly given; but for my heart I cannot ſo much as ſmile at their inſipid Raillery. I ſee not why *Perſius* ſhould call upon *Brutus* to revenge him on his Adverſary, and that becauſe he had killed *Julius Cæſar* for endeavouring to be a King, therefore he ſhould be deſired to murder *Rupilius*, only becauſe his Name was Mr. *King*. A miſerable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to record. Were all his Satires of this Strain, the Poet would certainly have forfeited, by writing them, all the Reputation he had gained by his Odes. But this ſeems to have been a Juvenile Work, and therefore the more excuſable.

EDITIONS of *HORACE*.

Typis elegantiſs. prodiit è Typographiâ regiâ Pariſiis, *vulgo* Louvre. 1642. Folio.

Cum Commentariis & Emendat. Dion. Lambini & A.

A. Turnebi. *accedunt* Theod. Marcilii *Lectiones.*
Pariſ. 1604. Folio.

Commentario Lævini Torrenti. Antv. 1608. 4to.

Paraphraſi explicatus a Lubino.
Francof. 1612. 4to.

Typis grandioribus & elegantiſs. prodiit editio accuratiſſima. Cantab. 1699. 4to.

† *Ex Emendatione celeberr.* Ric. Bentleii.
Cantab. 1711. 4to.

Interpretatione ac Notis illuſtravit Ludov. Deſprez, *in uſum ſereniſs.* Delph. Pariſ. 1691. 4to.

Lat. & Gallicè, Notis Dacierii. 10 *Tom.*
Pariſ. 1709.

† *Notis integris* Joh. Bond *& ſelectis Variorum a* Schrevelio. L. Bat. 1670.

† *Animadverſ.* Dan. Heinſii. Typis Elzever.
L. Bat. 1629.

Lat. & Eng. with Notes by Dr. Sam. Dunſter, *the 5th Edition.* 1739. 8vo.

A. TIBULLUS.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS, the Prince of the Elegiack Writers, was born at *Rome* about Six hundred and ninety Years after the Foundation of the City. That he was born upon the ſame Day with *Ovid* is an Error of a long ſtanding, but is now fully diſcovered and given up. He had the Name of *Albius*, ſome ſuppoſe, from the Beauty of his Complexion. *Horace* ſeems to give another Turn to it, when, whether deſign'd or accidental, he plays upon his Name.

Albi,

Albi, *noſtrorum ſermonum* Candide *Judex.*'

His Family was of principal Note, his Parents being of the Equeſtrian Order, illuſtrious both in Peace and War; to the Advantages of a Noble Birth, he receiv'd the additional Privilege of a plentiful Eſtate, and the peculiar Graces of a beautiful and comely Perſonage.

HE ſcarce began to be known to the World, before he found the Favour and Friendſhip of *Meſſala Corvinus*, one of the braveſt and politeſt Men among the *Romans*, a Patron worthy our Poet, famous as to martial Affairs, an admirable Judge of Learning, and a curious Orator; for which he was ſo remarkable, that *Cicero* had an extraordinary Value for him, even when but young. To this Great Man *Virgil* dedicated his *Ciris*; *Horace* mentions him with great reſpect, and *Quintilian* ranks him among his Maſters of Oratory.

THESE Advantages of Wealth and Beauty, added to a gay Temper, led our Poet very early into a Perſuit of all thoſe Pleaſures and Extravagancies, whereto Youth are uſually inclined; among which the Eſteem of Women, and the Perſuits of Love were the chief. The firſt Miſtreſs that engaged his Mind, was that Lady whom he addreſſes under the Name of *Delia*; but *Apuleius* has obliged us with her right Name, which was *Plania*: Whether ſhe was married during the time of his Amours with her or before is doubtful; he in ſome Places writing to her and inviting her into the Country, as if diſengaged from any Confinement; and in others railing at the ſtrict Watch kept over her, and adviſing her to deceive them: Arts which ſhe preſently learn'd, and to that Perfection,

Perfection, as to deceive even her Inſtructor; and notwithſtanding his Fondneſs for her, ſhe had more Favourites than were conſiſtent with the Quiet of *Tibullus*.

THE ſecond Miſtreſs was ſhe who is called by the Name of *Neæra*, tho' placed the third in his Works; but ſince *Ovid* has told us *Nemeſis* is the laſt, it is to be ſuppoſed this Lady was between *Delia* and her. The Name is by *Fabricius* ſaid to be generally applied to a common Woman of the Town, but I think without the leaſt Reaſon, ſince we find it frequently applied to Perſons not bearing that Character. Thus *Homer* uſes it, and *Flaccus* reckons it among the Names of the chief Women of *Lemnos*; to which we may add the faithful Attendant upon *Cleopatra* at her Death. Nor can it be imagin'd that ſhe was a Woman of a looſe Character, ſince he addreſſes her at a greater Diſtance than the reſt, ſeems to expoſtulate with her upon her Unkindneſs in diſliking him, rather than her Baſeneſs in deceiving him, and by calling her Chaſte, has removed all Cauſe for ſuch Suſpicion; he ſeems to have a Deſire of marrying her, but upon being diſappointed we hear no more mention of her. And *Ovid* is ſilent upon this account when he reckons up his other Miſtreſſes, I ſuppoſe having a Regard to her as Woman of Quality and Character. It is not unlikely that this is the ſame with that *Glycera* whom *Horace* mentions to *Tibullus*, when he bids him not to be overtroubled at her eſteeming another more than him, tho' ſome think it is ſpoken of *Nemeſis*.

HIS third and laſt Miſtreſs was *Nemeſis*, a Perſon for whom he ſeems to expreſs the greateſt Paſſion, a Woman of a covetous and mercenary

Temper, which he frequently complains of. *Ovid* makes mention of this Lady as much celebrated by him, as does *Martial* likewiſe, and gives her a Character not very commendable. As for *Sulpicia*, whom he has likewiſe complimented, ſhe ſeems to be no otherwiſe a Favourite of his, than as ſhe was eſteemed by *Meſſala* and *Cerinthus*, tho' ſome deny that Piece in Praiſe of *Sulpicia* to be writ by him, but take it to be compoſed by ſome Perſon in the time of *Domitian*; and that ſhe was the ſame whom *Martial* likewiſe celebrates, Wife of *Calenus*. But tho' there is ſuch a Perſon mentioned by *Martial*, it is by no means to be inferred from thence, that there was no other fine Woman of that Name but ſhe; nor was it worth the while of any other Poet to invent all thoſe little Pieces in the fourth Book, and fix the Names of *Meſſala* and *Cerinthus* to them; they rather ſeem to be the gay Effect of ſome little Incidents in their Acquaintance. She is here in one place called the Daughter of *Servius Sulpicius*, who was Conſul, and killed at *Mutina*, being ſent thither by the Senate againſt *Anthony*. Whoever ſhe was, ſhe is ſuppoſed to be a ſingular Favourite of *Meſſala*, and celebrated by him in his Poems; which *Virgil* hints at in writing to *Meſſala*.

THUS *Tibullus* gaily trifled away the early Part of his Life, and made Uſe of the Advice he he gives others to employ their time, and ſeize every Pleaſure as it comes. But however he might value the Ladies, there lies a heavy Charge againſt him of a deteſtable Crime, too common at that time, as it is at this. And indeed ſome Part of his Writings give too much Cauſe of Suſpicion; but this perhaps may rather proceed from

from the raſh Conjectures of his Readers, than from any Deſign or real Inclination of his. The Notions of Platonic Love were too common at that time, and it was no ſtrange thing to write in a Style expreſſive of Terms too amorous for our Ears.

THE Perſons he is ſaid to eſteem, were *Maratus* and *Tytius*; the firſt was a *Phœnician*, and ſo called from a City in that Country called *Marathon*, mentioned by *Mela*, his true Name being *Cyrus*, as it was common to call Captives or Slaves by the Name of Kings and Perſons of former Note.

Lib. I. Eleg. 4.

Alas! how Marathus *a thouſand ways*
Diſtracts my Soul, and kills me with Delays!
No Rules or Precepts ſerve to gain his Love,
Nor Arts avail, nor any Means can move;
Indulge my Love, leſt I in time ſhall grow
A common Town-Talk, and a pointed Show,
Scorn'd and derided by the youthful Train,
For teaching Rules myſelf muſt own are vain.

This is that *Cyrus* whom *Horace* ſpeaks of as a Suitor of *Pholoë*,

Albi, ne doleas, &c. Od. l. 1. Od. 33.

Albius *deſiſt, deſiſt to mourn,*
Too mindful of fair Glycera's *Scorn:*
Nor farther urge the mournful Strain,
Nor ſing ſoft Elegies in vain:
Since ſhe for one more young than you,
Forgets her Faith, and breaks her Vow.

Conſider, fair Lycoris' *Pain*
For Cyrus, *meets a cold Diſdain;*
While Cyrus *with a diff'rent View,*
Does proud Pholoë's *Love purſue.*
But Wolves with Goats ſhall join ere ſhe
Conſent to one ſo vile as he.

He was a Rival to *Horace*, and that a dangerous one too; for *Horace* repreſents him as a proud haughty Perſon, and a raſh Puniſher of a jilting Miſtreſs.

—*Nec metues protervam*, &c. Od. l. 1. Od. 17.

Nor ſaucy Cyrus *fear, he's far away,*
He ſhall not ſee, nor ſeize, nor tear
Thy Chaplet from thy Hair, &c.

I ſuppoſe he was no great Favourite of *Horace* upon this ſcore, and therefore to this Character he in another Place adds that of a baſe, inconſtant Man.

TITIUS is ſuppoſed to be that *Septimius*, or *Septimius Titius*, a Lyrick Poet, who was familiar with *Horace*; he wrote likewiſe Tragedies and Comedies, but his Works are loſt. He has, ſays the old Scholiaſt upon *Horace*, a famous Monument by the *Via Appia* at *Aricia*, a Town in *Latium*.

Quid Titius, *Romana brevi*, &c.
Epiſt. Lib. 2. Ep. 3.

And what doth Titius, *he of growing Fame,*
Who doth not fear to drink of Pindar's *Stream,*
Who ſcorns known Springs and Lakes, that glorious he,
And is he well, and doth he think of me?

BUT

BUT the Life of *Tibullus* was not intirely taken up with Eaſe and Indolence; for about the twenty-eighth Year of his Age the *Pannonians* began to rebel, againſt whom *Meſſala* went, and with him our Poet, in which Expedition, he ſays, he ſaw a Man at *Arupinum* above a hundred Years of Age, and even then a vigorous active Soldier. His ſecond Expedition was with *Meſſala* into *Syria*, of which he grievouſly complains in his laſt Elegy of the firſt Book. *Meſſala* was ſent with an extraordinary Power into *Syria*, in which Expedition *Tibullus* attended him; but touching at *Corfu*, he fell dangerouſly ill, and was forc'd to ſtay behind upon that Iſland; but afterwards recovering, he followed him into *Cilicia*, *Syria*, and *Egypt*. If he had died of that Illneſs, he deſired this Epitaph might be inſcribed over him:

Hic jacet immiti conſumptus morte Tibullus,
Meſſalam *terrâ dum ſequiturque mari.*

Here lies Tibullus *ſlain by Death's ſore Hand,*
Who follow'd Meſſala *by Sea and Land,*

His laſt Appearance in publick Affairs was his Attendance upon *Meſſala*, in the Expedition to *Aquitain*, whither *Meſſala* went Proconſul. In this War he behaved with Dignity, and was rewarded with military Honours. After which, returning to *Rome*, and being weary of a Courſe of Life ſpent partly in Folly, and partly in publick Diſtractions, he began to think of devoting the reſt of his Days to Eaſe and Quiet; and tho' his Eſtate was much impair'd, yet having enough left to live, retired with Dignity; he withdrew

to his ancient and pleaſant Seat in *Pedana*, not far from *Rome*, where he apply'd himſelf chiefly to Philoſophy, intermingling thoſe Studies with the ſofter Amuſements of Poetry.

Albi, noſtrorum ſermonum, &c. Ep. l. 1. Ep. 4.

Albius! *the fineſt Judge of all I write,*
In what Amuſement do you take delight?
Do you at Pedan *the ſoft Minutes uſe,*
In writing what exceeds Parmenſis' *Muſe?*
Or do you walk the ſilent healthy Wood,
Studying what's worthy of the Wiſe and Good?
For thou'rt not all a Body void of Mind,
The Gods to thee a beauteous Form aſſign'd.
They gave thee Riches with a Hand profuſe,
And gave thee gen'rous Power and Art to uſe.
What fonder Wiſhes could a Nurſe employ,
For Heav'n's Indulgence on her fav'rite Boy?
Than for a bounteous Share of Wit and Senſe,
And Pow'r of Words and ready Eloquence,
Favour and Fame, and a continu'd Health,
And cleanly Diet, and ſufficient Wealth?

By the Muſe of *Parmenſis* he means *Caſſius* of *Parma*, a celebrated Elegiac Poet, who, ſiding with *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, was put to death, after their Defeat, by Order of *Auguſtus*.

THIS Courſe of Life had the additional Advantage of contracting an intimate Friendſhip with the greateſt Men of that Age, as *Virgil*, whom he copies exactly in his Prodigies, and therefore without doubt had been familiar with his Works. He contracted an extraordinary Intimacy with *Horace*, the fitteſt Perſon to engage as a Friend; being, as Sir *William Temple* has obſerv'd,

obſerv'd, the greateſt Maſter of Life, and of true Senſe in the Conduct of it. From him *Tibullus* has received a Compliment, greater perhaps than he has paid to any other Perſon, when he calls him a polite and curious Judge of his Works, and attributes to him a fine and true Reliſh of his Writings. We find in his Works the Name of *Macer*, with whom he was doubtleſs familiar, whom ſome will have to be *Pompeius Macer*, Library-Keeper to *Auguſtus*; but the Perſon here meant was the famous *Æmilius Macer*, who was likewiſe intimate with *Virgil*, and by him mentioned under the Name of *Mopſus*, as *Servius* has obſerv'd.

IT has cauſed an Enquiry, what could be the Reaſon that *Tibullus* and *Propertius* make no mention of each other, they being the two famous Men at that time for the ſame Studies. Some have imagined it was Emulation in them: add to this, that *Propertius* is not a little full of himſelf, vainly oſtentatious of his Learning, and boaſts that he was the firſt ſucceſsful in Elegy among the *Romans*. The Vanity of which, *Tibullus*, who was ſuperiour (as ſome conceive) both in Quality and Learning, ſaw with a ſilent Scorn, as doubtleſs did *Horace*, who never mentions him, though he was a Retainer to *Mecænas* his Patron.

HAPPY in ſuch a Circle of Acquaintance he lived reſpected, without troubling himſelf with Buſineſs of State. He did not approve of the Conduct of Affairs at that time; he was a profeſſed Enemy to Pomp and Grandeur, and ſo frequently dwells upon the Praiſe of the old Commonwealth and primitive *Roman* Simplicity, that we may reaſonably ſuppoſe he was no great Friend to a Court conſiſting of Pride and

Luxury. We do not in all his Works find him either praiſe the Government of *Auguſtus*, or the generous Miniſtration of *Mecænas*, tho' all his Cotemporaries have, and he could ſometimes ſcarce avoid it; but as he had the rigid Pride not to flatter them, ſo he had the diſcreet Caution not to ſhew his Diſlike, but rather is ſilent. When he has recited all the Prodigies forerunning the Death of *Cæſar*, he never mentions the Occaſion of their appearing, and rather puts a Conſtraint upon his own Opinion, by paſſing over in Silence, what no other but himſelf would. As a competent Fortune ſecured him from Flattery in order for a Support, ſo his avoiding publick Affairs protected him from the Strokes of Envy.

BUT eight Years were ſcarce ſpent in his happy Retirement, and he had but juſt time to fix his Schemes of Life, and taſte the Pleaſures of Eaſe, when Death, eager for ſo valuable a Prize, ſeiz'd him, and put an End to all his Deſigns. This happened in the forty-fourth Year of his Age, the ſame Year in which *Virgil* died. Whilſt he lay dangerouſly ill, his great Concern was, that he could not embrace his *Delia* in his laſt Moments; but Fortune gratified him in this, for *Delia* and *Nemeſis* paid him the laſt Rites, and attended his Obſequies with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Affection. *Domitius Marſus*, a Poet of that Time, has written this Epitaph upon the Occaſion:

Te quoque Virgilio *comitem non æqua* Tibulle,
Mors Juvenem campos miſit ad Elyſios.
Ne foret aut Elegis molles qui fleret amores,
Aut caneret forti regia bella Pede.

And

And you, Tibullus, *Death conſtrain'd to go*
Too ſoon with Virgil *to the Fields below;*
Leſt any Poet ſhould with us remain,
To weep ſoft Loves in Elegiack Vein,
Or ſing of Battles in a lofty Strain.

THE Elegy of *Ovid* upon the Death of *Tibullus* is a fine Poem, it begins thus;

Amo. l. 3. El. 9.
If fair Aurora *wept for* Memnon *dead,*
And Thetis *Tears for her* Achilles *ſhed,*
If mighty Goddeſſes to Grief muſt bow,
And be affected by inferiour Woe;
Then weeping Elegy thy Locks unbind,
And throw thy Treſſes careleſs to the Wind.
See the ſoft Maſter of thy moving Strain,
The eaſy, tender, Elegiack Vein,
See thy Tibullus' *breathleſs Body laid,*
With Flames ſurrounded on the funeral Bed.
See Venus' *Son expreſs the utmoſt Moan,*
Revers'd his Quiver and his Arrows gone;
Venus *herſelf cannot her Sorrows hide,*
But grieves as much as when Adonis *died.*

ELEGY, ſays *Rapin*, by the Quality of its Name, is deſtin'd to Tears and Complaints, and therefore ought to be of a doleful Character; but it has been frequently uſed in Subjects of Tenderneſs and Matters of Love. The *Latins* have been more ſucceſsful therein (by what appears to us) than the *Greeks*; for little remains to us of *Philetas* and *Tyrtæus*, who were famous in *Greece* for this kind of Verſe. They who have writ Elegy beſt among the *Latins*, are *Tibullus*, *Propertius* and *Ovid*. *Tibullus* is elegant and

polite; *Propertius* noble and high; but *Ovid* is to be preferred to both, becauſe he is more natural, more moving and more paſſionate, and thereby he has better expreſſed the Character of Elegy than the others: But with all his Exactneſs, *Tibullus* falls ſhort in his Panegyrick of *Meſſala*; ſo hard it is to praiſe well. *Scaliger* likewiſe cenſures this Poem; he ſays it is ſo looſe and careleſs, and ſo deſtitute either of Vigour or Harmony, that it is natural to believe it was publiſhed before it was finiſhed, and that the Author had not leiſure to put his laſt Hand to it.

QUINTILIAN, an excellent Judge of the *Roman* Language, and of thoſe who wrote in it, gives to *Tibullus* the Preference of all the Elegiac Writers. In Elegy, ſays he, we challenge the *Greek* Writers, of which the neateſt and the moſt elegant, in my Opinion, is *Tibullus*; ſome indeed prefer *Propertius* to him; *Ovid* is more laſcivious than either of them, and *Gallus* more rough and unpoliſhed.

IT is certain that the Thoughts of this Poet throughout are inimitably ſoft and tender, humble and ſubmiſſive, yet never groveling, baſe or mean; in his Writings, ſays *Lipſius*, the *Latin* Tongue appears according to its true and native Elegance. This Writer, ſays *Scaliger*, is almoſt every where uniform and of a piece, he is conſiſtent with himſelf, and ſuſtains his Character; he generally gives one and the ſame Turn to things; he is the moſt polite of all the Elegiac Writers; but his ſo often uſing the infinitive Moods of the præterperfect Tenſe of five Syllables, ſuch as *continuiſſe*, *diſcubuiſſe*, *iucrepuiſſe*, *pertinuiſſe*, and many others, is a thing very unpleaſant and diſagreeable.

He has left us four Books of *Elegies*; his Panegyrick upon *Meſſala* is ſuſpected; the ſmall Pieces at the End of the fourth Book (except the thirteenth) which *Scaliger* calls hard, languid, and rough, are ſo poor and trifling, that it is impoſſible to make any thing of them. They either do not belong to *Tibullus*, or never received his laſt Hand, and remain unfiniſhed.

Tibullus. *Vide* Catullum.

EDITIONS of *A. TIBULLUS.*

Tibullus *ad opt.* MSS. *caſtigatus, Notis Var. Indicibus* necnon Figuris *illuſtratus a* Jano Brouckhuſio. *Amſt.* 1708. 4to.

PROPERTIUS.

SEXTUS AURELIUS PROPERTIUS, an Elegiac Poet, deſcended from an Equeſtrian Family, was born at *Mevania*, a Town in *Umbria*: His Father was a Man of ſome Intereſt in his Country, and taking the part of *Lucius Antonius*, was put to Death by the Command of *Auguſtus*, who ſeized upon his Eſtate, and reduced his Children to great Diſtreſs. He came to *Rome* very young, and giving up his Time and Studies to Poetry, to which his Genius naturally inclined him, he was ſoon diſtinguiſh'd, and introduced into the Favour of the chief of the *Roman* Wits, of *Mecænas*, of *Gallus*, *Ovid*

and *Tibullus*. *Mecænas* attending upon *Auguſtus* into *Greece*, entertained *Propertius* in his Company. He had a Houſe upon the Eſquiline Mount. He expreſſed the greateſt Tenderneſs for *Hoſtia* his Miſtreſs, whom he celebrated under the Name of *Delia*. *Martial* obſerves, that the Poet and the Miſtreſs were equally obliged to each other; he for being inſpired to write by her Charms and Beauties, and ſhe for being immortal by his Elegies.

Cynthia *facundi Carmen juvenile* Properti
Accepit famam, nec minus ipſa dedit.

He is ſuppoſed to have been eight Years older than *Ovid*, and to have died about the fortieth of his Age, which is all to be met with concerning him.

HE has left us four Books of Elegies; and propoſed chiefly to imitate *Callimachus* in that kind of Writing. A particular Account of him is to be found among the *Greek* Poets. He had two other Favourites, whom he admired and aimed to follow, *Mimnermus* and *Philetas*; a ſhort Character of theſe Poets will ſerve to illuſtrate and explain the Abilities of *Propertius*. *Mimnermus* was much older than *Callimachus*, was born at *Colophon*, and lived in the Time of *Solon*. There are but few Fragments of him remaining, yet ſufficient to ſhew him an accompliſhed Maſter of Elegy, in which, though *Quintilian* has given *Callimachus* the Crown, yet *Horace* makes *Mimnermus* the Superior.

Diſcedo Alcæus, *&c.*

Then

Then ſtraight in his Opinion I'm Divine,
Alcæus; *well, and what is he in mine?*
Callimachus, *or would he more?* Mimnermus' *Fame*
He gets, and glories in a borrow'd Name.

Propertius in Love-Matters, and in the Deſcription of the ſofter Pleaſures, ventures to prefer him to *Homer*, as the more eaſy, and the more moving of the two:

Plus in amore valet Mimnermi *verſus* Homero,
Carmina manſuetus lænia quærit amor.

Greater in Love *Mimnerm* than *Homer* reigns,
For gentle Love demands as gentle Strains.

His Temper ſeems to have been as truly Poetical as his Writings, entirely bent on Pleaſures and on Love, and an Enemy to the lighteſt Cares of common Buſineſs. *Horace* has quoted his Opinion about the Inſignificancy of all human Enjoyments, if not temper'd with pleaſant Humours and eaſy Paſſions.

Si Mimnermus *uti cenſet ſine amore joci ſque,*
Nil eſt jucundum, vivas in amore joci ſque.

If nothing, as *Mimnermus* ſtrives to prove,
Can ne'er be pleaſant without wanton Love.

This Poet was a Piper as well as a Writer of Elegies; and *Nanno*, the Lady that paſſes for his Miſtreſs, is recorded to have got her Livelihood by the ſame Profeſſion. *Hermeſianax* in *Athenæus* makes him the Father of Elegy, and the Inventor of the Pentameter Verſe.

Μίμνερμος δὲ τὸν ἡδὺν, &c.

Mimnermus *firſt to charm his racking Care,*
Fram'd the ſoft Spirit of Pentameter.

Philetas was of the Iſland of *Coos*, and flouriſhed in the Time of *Alexander* the Great; *Propertius* pays him a high Compliment; he ſays, that the Muſe *Calliope*, in order to qualify him to write upon the Delicacies of Love, inſpired him with the Spirit of *Philetas*, which he calls dipping him in the *Philetean* Stream.

——— *Lymphiſque a fonte petitis,*
Ora Phileteâ *noſtra rigavit aquâ.*

THE three Maſters of Elegy were *Propertius*, *Tibullus* and *Ovid*; *Tibullus* has a flowing Sweetneſs in his Hexameters, which exceeds that of all the Elegiac Writers; *Ovid* was too negligent in his Verſification, and *Propertius* too ſtiff and harſh in his, eſpecially in making his Pentameters generally end with a Word of many Syllables; 'tis ſo in his very firſt Diſtich:

Cynthia *prima ſuis miſerum me cepit ocellis,*
Contactum nullis ante Cupidinibus.

Ah me! 'Twas *Cynthia* firſt engag'd my Eyes,
Smitten before with no *Cupidities.*

In the Pentameters likewiſe *Tibullus* had the greater Excellence; *Propertius* has too much affected the Cadence of the *Greek* Pentameters, which does not ſo well agree with the Genius of the *Latin* Tongue; and *Ovid* is not alike eaſy and ſoft in his. Tho' *Tibullus* in his Verſe flows more

more ſmoothly, yet *Propertius* in Art and Labour exceeded them all; he firſt ſhewed the Way, thoſe who followed had the Uſe of his Example, and he may be juſtly ranked among the *Greek* Poets he propoſed for his Imitation.

THE Criticks pronounce with Candour upon the Writings of *Propertius*; *Maneſius* prefers him to all who have written Elegy among the *Latins*; for, ſays he, though *Tibullus* be wonderfully pleaſant and elegant, and much more correct in the *Latin* Tongue than he, (who often imitates the *Greek* Poets) and is alſo more curious and exact in his Verſe, yet *Propertius* ſeems to ſurpaſs him in Learning, and alſo in Sweetneſs of Temper, ſo very obliging and good-natured is he; but though *Propertius* was of ſuch a ſweet calm Temper, yet he ſometimes expreſſes his Paſſion with as much Heat and Vehemency as the hotteſt Lover of them all. *Barthius* calls him a moſt ingenious, a moſt accurate, and a moſt learned Writer, and incomparably well ſkilled in the *Greek* Elegancies. He who loves not *Propertius*, can never be a Favourite of the Muſes; ſo great a Sweetneſs is there in his Verſes, that as the Comical Poet obſerves, *Nil niſi mulſa loquitur*; Every Word in them ſeems mixt with Honey. So full of Learning are they, that we are apt to think they were dictated by *Apollo* himſelf. Only, ſays *Turnebus*, I could wiſh he had employed his moſt curious fine Fancy upon ſome other Subject than that of Love, that ſo he might be read by Youth with greater Safety, than now he can. *Lipſius* allows that there is a deal of abſtruſe Learning in *Propertius*, and that beſides the Elegancy and Acuteneſs of his Sentences, there are many Things, even

even in his very Words, which deſerve both our Notice and our Praiſe. One thing indeed is very new, and I cannot tell, ſays he, whether the like can be found in any other Author; and that is, his peculiar Way of uſing the Simple Verbs inſtead of the Compounds, and out of a ſtrange Opinion of the Elegancy giving the Simple Verbs the very ſame Signification that the Compounds ought to have, which he often does. To make the thing plainer, I will give you an Example or two: Thus you ſhall find n this Poet the Verb *ſectari* uſed for *inſectari*, *teſtari* for *deteſtari*, contrary to all other Authors. Many other Inſtances of the like Nature may be found in this Writer, which, whoever is ignorant of, may be involved in great Difficulties in the reading of this *Latin* Poet.

Propertius. *Vide* Catullum.

EDITIONS of *PROPERTIUS*.

Sex. Aur. Propertii *Elegiæ*, *ex* MSS. *recenſitæ* *Notis* Jani Brouckhuſii. Amſt. 1702. 4to.
curis ſecundis ejuſdem 1714.

PHÆDRUS.

A *Latin* Poet, by Birth a *Thracian*; *Linus* and *Orpheus* were of the ſame Country, for which Reaſon he reſolved to celebrate the Honour of it.

Cum ſomno inerti, &c. Præf. l. 3.

He ſays, his Mother was deliver'd of him on the *Pierian* Hill, made immortal by the Poets, for being the Birth-place of the Muſes.

Ego quem Pierio, *&c.* Præf. l. 3.

His Parentage is uncertain, and ſo is the time of his Birth. He is ſuppoſed to have been taken captive by *Octavius* the Father of *Auguſtus* in the *Thracian* Wars, who made a Preſent of him to his Son. The Emperor finding in his young Slave a Diſpoſition for Learning attended with great Induſtry, gave him all the Advantages of a liberal Education, and at length made him free. He retained a grateful Remembrance of his Patron's Favour, made honourable Mention of him upon all Occaſions, and after his Death paid a venerable Reſpect to his Memory. *Tiberius* ſucceeding in the Empire, *Phædrus* unhappily fell under the unjuſt Diſpleaſure of *Sejanus* the Prime Miniſter, and after the Exile of *Æſop*, com-

compoſed ſome Fables, which had a particular Regard to his own Misfortunes:

Ego porro illius, &c. Præf. l. 3.

AUGUSTUS was very liberal in his Bounty to *Phædrus*, but he neglected the Opportunity he had of growing rich, obſerving the Danger that in thoſe diſtracted Times attended upon Perſons of large Fortunes. He was tinctured with the common Vanity of Authors; he was certain he ſhould acquire Immortality by his Writings, and eternize his Patron *Particulo* to all Poſterity:

Particulo, *chartis*, &c. Fab. 5. l. 5.

He thinks it an Honour to him, that a Perſon of *Particulo*'s nice Judgment ſhould approve his Fables.

Mihi parta laus eſt, &c.

HE had another Patron, whom he calls *Eutychus*; to him he has inſcrib'd his third Book. He lived to a great Age, and is ſuppoſed to have been about ſeventy at the time of his Death.

So ſhort is the Account that remains of this Writer, of whom ſo little Notice is taken by the Ancients. He turned the Fables of *Æſop* into *Iambic* Verſe, as he ſays himſelf in the Preface of his Work, which contains five Books:

Æſopus *auctor*, &c.

Francis Pithœus was the firſt that recover'd the Fables of *Phædrus*, and *Peter* his Brother gave them the firſt Edition; afterwards, in the Year ſixteen

ſixteen hundred, they were publiſhed by *Nicholas Rigaltius*, and dedicated to the great *Thuanus*. His Fables are generally a Work valued by the Learned for the Purity of the Language, which is very like that of *Terence*, and they who imagine they diſcover ſomething barbarous in his Style, rather ſuppoſe there muſt be ſomething of this in it becauſe he was a *Thracian*, than that they could ever really find it ſo.

EDITIONS of *PHÆDRUS*.

Notis & elegantiſſimis figuris *illuſtratus in Uſum Principis Naſſavii, a* Dav. Hoogſtratano. *Typis grandioribus.* Amſt. 1701.

Notis Variorum & Petri Burmanni. L. Bat. 1718. 8vo.

Cura Mich. Maittaire. Lond. 1716. 12mo.

MARCUS

MARCUS MANILIUS.

THIS old *Latin* Poet is little known, tho' as worthy of our Acquaintance as many of thoſe who are in great Credit: He lay buried in the *German* Libraries, not heard of in the World till *Poggius* publiſhed him near two Centuries ago. There is a dead Silence concerning him among the Learned of Antiquity, as if he had never been, nor can his greateſt Admirers find any Character of him in old Writers.

YET it muſt be owned, that he is an Author of ſome conſiderable Age; the ſevereſt Criticks allow him to be as old as *Theodoſius* the Great, and pretend to find ſome particular Phraſes in him, which are certain Characters of him of that time.

OTHERS, who believe they have very good Reaſons to place him higher, find it very difficult to account for this univerſal Silence: He is not, they ſay, mentioned by *Ovid* in his Catalogue of Poets, and no wonder, ſince he did not begin to write before the Baniſhment of *Ovid*, and publiſhed nothing before his Death: His Fame did not reach ſo far as *Pontus*, otherwiſe they are confident there are too many Graces in his Poem to be neglected; at leaſt the Singularity of his Subject would have deſerved

ſerved to be taken notice of. But why *Quintilian* doth not propoſe him to his Orator, tho' he encourages him to read *Macer* and *Lucretius*, and affirms that a competent Skill in Aſtronomy is neceſſary to make him perfect in his Profeſſion? Why the following Philologers never uſe his Authority, tho' it might very often have been pertinently cited by *Agellius* and *Macrobius?* Why the Grammarians and Mythologiſts ſeem to be unacquainted with his Writings? They confeſs theſe are Queſtions not eaſy to be anſwer'd.

OF this Poet, who is univerſally acknowledged to have lain very long unknown, and about whom, ſince he firſt appeared in the World, ſo many Controverſies have riſen, I am to give ſome Account. His Name is commonly ſaid to be *Marcus Manilius*, which in ſome Copies of his Poem is ſhortned into *Manlius*; in others ſoftned into *Mallius*. This Variation is conſiderable, and the common Fault of unaccurate Tranſcribers. He is ſometimes called *Caius*, but it is a Matter of no great Conſequence whether his Name was *Caius* or *Marcus*, it is no fit Subject for Diſpute, becauſe impoſſible to be determined.

THIS *M.* or *C. Manilius* was born a *Roman*, lived in *Rome* when *Rome* was in her Glory, commanding the largeſt part of the known World, and full of the greateſt Men that ever any time produced. This may be eaſily collected from various Inſtances through the Courſe of the Poem. The ſame Age that ſaw *Manilius* enjoyed *Varro*, *Lucretius*, *Cicero*, *Cæſar*, *Virgil*, *Varius*, *Horace*, and (to cloſe the Catalogue) *Auguſtus*. In the beginning of this Aſtronomical Poem

that

that Emperor is invoked; that very Emperor, who was the adopted Son of *Julius Cæſar*, who beat *Brutus* and *Caſſius* at *Philippi*; overthrew *Pompey* the Great's Son; who ſent *Tiberius* to *Rhodes*; who loſt three Legions in *Germany*, under the Command of *Varus*; who routed *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* at *Actium*; and ſaved the *Roman* Empire, by turning that overgrown diſſolute Republick into a well-regulated Monarchy. Here are ſo many Characters, that the Perſon cannot be miſtaken, not one of them agreeing to any but the firſt Great *Auguſtus*. So that this Author lived in that Age to which he pretends by ſo many very particular Circumſtances, or elſe he is a moſt notorious Cheat, and one of the greateſt Impoſtors in the World. It is almoſt needleſs to mention the Exceptions of thoſe Criticks who think his Style impure, or, as they pleaſe to ſpeak, too barbarous for the Age he pretends to: Indeed *Gyraldus* endeavours by this very Argument to prove he was no *Roman* born; but *Scaliger* laughs at him for his Attempt, and tells him, that he does not diſtinguiſh between Idiotiſms and Barbariſms: And the learned *Voſſius*, after he had ſtudied this Poet, and conſider'd him well, found nothing inconſiſtent in him with the Age of *Auguſtus*, and the Politeneſs of his Court; and truly moſt of the Inſtances that are produced upon this Head, do not faſten upon the Author himſelf, but on the Tranſcribers and Publiſhers of his Writings.

THIS Writer not only lived in the *Auguſtan* Age, but was born under the Reign of that Emperor, not only a *Roman*, but of illuſtrious Extraction, being a Branch of that Noble Family the *Manilii*, who ſo often filled the Conſul's Chair,

and

and ſupplied the beſt and greateſt Offices in the *Roman* Commonwealth. Indeed ſome have affirmed, that he was of ſervile Condition, and being made free, according to Cuſtom, took the Name of his Patron; but how ſhould he be a Slave, when he expreſsly declares himſelf to be a *Roman* born? for in his fourth Book he ſhews a Concern for the Intereſt of the *Roman* Commonwealth down as low as the Age of *Hannibal*,

Speratum Annibalem *noſtris cecidiſſe catenis*,

Hannibal *then deſtined to our Chains*;

Which he could not with any Propriety have done, had his relation to that State commenced ſo lately, or had his Anceſtors had no Intereſt in the then Loſſes and Victories of *Rome*. And ſeeing he was born a *Roman*, and of the Family of the *Manilii*, we may further from ſome other Evidences conclude, that he ſprung from a very conſiderable, if not one of the nobleſt Branches of it; for if we reflect that tho' he died young, yet he had been well inſtructed in the ſeveral Hyphotheſes of the ancient Philoſophers, accurately taught the Doctrine of the Stoicks, led through all the intricate Mazes and Subtilties of Aſtrology; that he was acquainted with Mathematicks, knew all the Mythology of the Ancients, and had run through the *Greek* Poets; we ſhall find in him all the Signs of a very liberal and coſtly Education, and conſequently of a conſiderable Quality, or at leaſt a great Fortune. But if we reflect farther, that he was converſant at Court, and acquainted with the *modiſh and niceſt* Flattery of the Palace, that he

he made his Compliments in the ſame Phraſe that the moſt intimate and finiſh'd Courtier ever uſed, we may raiſe another probable Argument, that his Quality was great. Now the Reflection may be ſupported by one Obſervation made on the Compliment he pays *Tiberius* when at *Rhodes*. He ſtyles him *Magni Mundi Lumen*, uſing the very ſame Word which we find in *Velleius Paterculus*, who wrote all Court Language upon the very ſame occaſion. *Alterum Reipublicæ Lumen* Tiberius, and retired to *Rhodes*, *ne Fulgar ſuus orientium Juvenum* C. & L. Cæſ. *obſtaret initiis*, ſays that Hiſtorian.

As to his Place of Birth, ſince we find him at *Rome* when he wrote this Poem, and no Author ſettles him any where elſe, it may with ſome Shew of Probability be concluded that he was born in that City, in which we are certain he both ſtudied and led his Life. But if we conſider farther, that he takes all Occaſions to ſhew his Reſpect for *Rome*, that with Zeal he mentions thoſe extravagant Honours which the Flattery of *Aſia*, and the Vanity of her own Citizens had put upon her, we ſhall find ſo much Veneration in his Writings, that it could not well riſe from any other Spring than that Piety which Men of generous Senſe and Spirit always retain for the Places of their Birth.

THE Poem of *Manilius*, which is at length come to light, contains a Syſtem of the Ancient Aſtronomy and Aſtrology, together with the Philoſophy of the Stoicks. This Piece conſiſts of five Books, he began it when he was young, and did not live to finiſh his Deſign, or accurately reviſe what he had written. He wrote a ſixth Book, but that has not been recover'd.

That

That he was young when he compoſed this Work may be demonſtrated almoſt from every Page of it; he is too fierce and fiery for an advanced Age, and bounds every Step he takes. When he is obliged to gives Rules, and is tied almoſt to a certain Form of Words, he ſtruggles againſt thoſe neceſſary Fetters, he reaches after the ſtrongeſt Metaphors, uſes the boldeſt Catachreſes, and againſt all the Rules of Decency labours after an *Obſcure Sublime*, when he ſhould endeavour to be plain, intelligible and eaſy; but as ſoon as he hath room to get looſe, how wildly doth he rove? He is not free but licentious, and ſtrives to err greatly. 'Tis needleſs to produce Particulars, ſince they are ſo viſible in the Prefaces, Fables and Deſcriptions through his Books; and upon the whole, it may be affirmed, there are ſo many Boldneſſes ſcattered through his Poem, that a Man may read his Youth in his Writings, as well as his Contemporaries could do it in his Face. On the contrary, when we find a Warmth in a Man of Years, we feel it to be regular, he never ſtarts, his Pace is equal, and ſeldom varies, but when his Subject forces him to a more than ordinary Quickneſs.

By obſerving that *Manilius* began this Poem when he was young, by his dying young, and leaving his Work uncorrect without his laſt hand, we may be able to give a tolerable Account of ſome ſeeming Difficulties that relate to this Author; for if it ſhould be aſked why the firſt Book is more correct than the reſt? Why the Impurities of Style the Criticks charge upon him are for the moſt part pickt out of the four laſt Books? I would anſwer, we have only the firſt

and rude Draughts of them, and that as Poets and Painters are ſaid to be very near ally'd, ſo they agree in nothing more than they do in this, that tho' in their *Sketches* we ſee the Maſter, yet we may find ſomething that the *Finiſher* would correct. To him, who aſks why there is no Mention of this Poet in any of the Ancients, I would reply, that *Manilius* having left an unfiniſh'd Piece, his Family was ſtudious both of his Credit and their own; they carefully preſerv'd the Orphan, but would not expoſe it. In that Age, when Poetry was raiſed to its greateſt Height, it had argued the utmoſt Fondneſs, or the extremeſt Folly, in a noble Family, to have publiſh'd a crude unfiniſh'd Poem, and thereby engaged their Honours to defend it.

THIS *Manilius*, without doubt, had a liberal Education ſuitable to his Quality, and the time in which he lived; but his Poem particularly ſhews him to be well acquainted with the Principles of the ſeveral Sects of Philoſophers, but addicted to the Stoicks, whoſe Hypotheſis, in all its Out-Lines, bears a very near Reſemblance to ſome of the Theories that are now in faſhion. The modern Philoſophers build Worlds according to the Models of the ancient Heathens, and *Zeno* is the chief Architect.

THE Stoicks Principles were in ſhort theſe: They ſay, there is One Infinite Eternal Almighty Mind, which being diffus'd thro' the whole Univerſe of well order'd and regularly diſpoſed Matter, actuates every Part of it, and is as it were the Soul of this vaſt Body. The Parts of this Body, they ſay, are of two ſorts, the Celeſtial, *viz.* the Planets and the fixt Stars, and the Terreſtrial, viz. the Earth, and all the

other

other Elements about it. The Celeſtial continue ſtill the ſame without any Change or Variation, but the whole ſublunary World is not only liable to Diſſolution, but often hath been, and ſhall be again, diſſolv'd by Fire. From this Chaos, which becauſe it is made by Fire, they call Fire, they ſay another Syſtem would ariſe, the ſeveral Particulars of it ſettling according to their reſpective Weights. Thus the Earth would ſink loweſt, the Water would be above that, the Air next, and the Fire encompaſs the other three. But becauſe all the earthy Parts are not equally rigid, nor equally diſperſed thro' the Chaos, therefore there would be Cavities and Hollows in ſome Places, fit to receive the Water, and to be Channels for Rivers. In other Places, Hills and Mountains would riſe, and the whole Syſtem appear in that very Form and Figure which it now bears. They farther add, that this infinite Mind hath made one general Decree concerning the Government of the lower World, and executes it by giving ſuch and ſuch Powers to the Celeſtial Bodies, as are ſufficient and proper to produce the deſign'd Effects. This Decree thus executed they call Fate, and upon this Principle their whole Syſtem of Aſtrology depends. That ſome Things happen'd in the World which were very unaccountable, every Day's Experience taught them; they learn'd alſo, or pretended to have learn'd, from very many accurate and often repeated Obſervations, that there was a conſtant Agreement between thoſe odd unaccountable Accidents, and ſuch and ſuch Poſitions of the heavenly Bodies, and therefore concluded that thoſe Bodies *were concern'd* in thoſe Effects. Hence they

began to ſettle Rules, and to draw their ſcatter'd Obſervations into an Art. And this was the State of the Hypotheſis and Aſtrology of the Stoicks; (I muſt call it ſo for Diſtinction ſake, tho' neither the Hypotheſis nor the Aſtrology built upon it was invented by *Zeno*, but deliver'd down to him and his Scholars, by the *Chaldeans*, and other Philoſophers of the Eaſt;) till the *Greeks*, ambitious of making it appear their own, endeavour'd to eſtabliſh, ſupport, and adorn it with their Fables, and by that means made that which before ſeem'd only precarious (as all Arts which are drawn from bare Obſervation, and not from any ſettled Principles in Nature muſt appear to be) ridiculous Fancies and wild Imaginations. But I do not deſign an Account, nor a Defence of the Aſtrology of the Ancients; it has been ſpoken againſt, and derided on the one hand, and ſupported and applauded on the other by Men of great Wit, Judgment, Piety and Worth; and he, who ſhall take a view of it, will always find enough in it to divert his Leiſure, if not to ſatisfy his Curioſity, and to raiſe his Admiration.

THIS is the Hythotheſis which *Manilius* endeavour'd to explain in *Latin* Verſe. Had he lived to reviſe it, we had now had a more beautiful and correct Piece; he had a Genius equal to his Undertaking, his Fancy was bold and daring, his Skill in the Mathematicks great enough for his Deſign, his Knowledge of the Hiſtory and Acquaintance with the Mythology of the Ancients general. As he is now, ſome of the Criticks place him amongſt the Judicious and Elegant, and all allow him to be one of the uſeful, inſtructive, profitable Poets; he hints at ſome Opinions, which *later Ages* have thought fit to glory in, as their

own.

own Diſcoveries. Thus he defends the Fluidity of the Heavens, againſt the Hypotheſis of *Ariſtotle*.

He aſſerts that the fixed Stars are not all in the ſame concave Superficies of the Heavens, and equally diſtant from the Center of the World. He maintains that they are all of the ſame Nature and Subſtance with the Sun, and that each of them hath a particular *Vortex* of its own; and laſtly, he affirms that the *Milky Way* is only the undiſtinguiſh'd Luſtre of a great many ſmall Stars, which the Moderns now ſee to be ſuch thro' the Glaſs of *Galilæo*. In ſhort, we do not give him too great a Character, when we ſay, he is one of the moſt diſcerning Philoſophers that Antiquity can ſhew.

Editions of *MANILIUS.*

Interpretatione & Notis illuſtravit Mich. Fayus *ad uſum Sereniſs.* Delphini. *accedit Comment.* Petri Dan. Huetii. Pariſ. 1679.

Notis Joſ. Scaligeri *explicatus.* L. Bat. 1600. 4to.

Notis Ric. Bentleii. Lond. 1738. 4to.

Notis Joſ. Scaligeri. — *apud* Mam. Patiſſonium, Lutet. Pariſ. 1579. 8vo.

O V I D.

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO, a *Roman* Knight, and one of the celebrated Poets of the *Auguſtan* Age, was born at *Sulmo*, a Town in the Country of the *Peligni*, about ninety Miles from *Rome*: His Birth fell out about the middle of *March*, in the remarkable Year, when the Conſuls *Hirtius* and *Panſa* were ſlain in the Battle of *Mutina* againſt *Antony*. This Battle was fought about forty three Years before the *Chriſtian* Æra, in the Year of *Rome* ſeven hundred and ten. He was deſcended from an ancient Family of great Honour, and of the Equeſtrian Order; and being born to a handſome Fortune, he had the Advantage of a good Education, by which he was accompliſhed, and became one of the beſt-bred Gentlemen of the Age.

NATURE inſpired him with ſo ſtrong a Diſpoſition to Poetry, that out of love to the Muſes he renounced all that Application which is neceſſary to thoſe who would arrive at Dignities. His Father deſigned him for the Bar, and prevailed with him to quit his poetical Studies, as a hungry and ſtarving Profeſſion: He applied himſelf for ſome time to the Study of Eloquence; his Maſters in Oratory were *Arellius Fuſcus* and *Porcius Latro*, under whoſe Inſtructions he became a good Advocate; he ſays of himſelf, that *he* pleaded in Cauſes at the Tribunal of the Centumviri,

tumviri, and that being choſen Arbitrator in ſome Law-Suits, he decided them like a Man of Honour.

Nec male commiſſa eſt, &c. *Triſt. lib.* 2. *v.* 93.

Before the Decemvirs I have appear'd,
And for the Guilty with Succeſs been heard:
In private Matters I've explain'd the Laws,
Nor could he blame his Judge, who loſt his Cauſe.

BUT his Inclination to verſifying ſoon return'd, and coming into an ample Fortune upon the Death of his elder Brother, he gave up all publick Affairs, and devoted himſelf wholly to the Delights of Poetry. His fine Parts were ſoon diſtinguiſh'd by the *Roman* Wits, and introduced him into the Company of *Tibullus*, *Severus*, *Sabinus*, *Græcinus Flaccus*, all Men of Quality, and of the firſt Note in Learning. He ſoon diſcover'd a Genius to all kinds of Poetry, in each of which he might have excelled, had he uſed more Application in his Youth, and the latter part of his Life been leſs unfortunate. The natural Indolence of his Temper, joined to the Affluence of his Fortune, and his Wit and Good-humour in Converſation, engaged him too much in Company with thoſe of his own and the Fair Sex, to leave him time enough to be ſo correct and exact in his Compoſitions, as it is to be wiſhed he had been.

SOON after he had put on the *Toga Virilis*, which was done at ſeventeen Years of Age, *Auguſtus* honoured him with the *Latus Clavus*, an Ornament only worn by Perſons of Quality. He had three Wives, two of whom he divorced *ſoon after Marriage*. His laſt Wife Perilla, he

tenderly loved; ſhe had a Taſte for Poetry, and not only proved the beſt of Wives while they continued together, but after his Baniſhment, notwithſtanding ſome ungenerous Sollicitations to the contrary, ſhe remained inviolably faithful to him.

HE was very amorous in his Youth, and indulging the faſhionable Vice of the Age, had ſeveral Miſtreſſes, one of whom he much celebrated under the Name of *Corinna*. He was exceſſively addicted to venereal Pleaſure, and that was almoſt his only Vice. He informs us himſelf of the Qualifications with which Nature had endowed him for that Exerciſe, and the Uſe he had made of them:

Exigere a nobis anguſtâ nocte Corinnam
Me memini numeros ſuſtinuiſſe novem.

HE found himſelf freſh and gay in the Morning, after paſſing a whole Night in amorous Embraces, and wiſhed to die in the actual Fruition of that Pleaſure. Nothing ſeemed to him more ſuitable to the Life he had led, than to make his Exit in the like Exerciſe. I do not believe *Lais* the Courtezan, who died in the manner *Ovid* calls ſo happy, deſired to expire in that Way. This Poet's Writings upon Love are the obſceneſt Pieces we have remaining of Antiquity; not that we find in them the groſs Expreſſions of *Catullus*, *Horace* and *Martial*, or the Scandals of the Sin againſt Nature, of which theſe three Poets ſpeak ſo freely; but the Delicacy, the Choice of Terms which *Ovid* has excelled in, render his Works the more dangerous, in regard they by this means repre-

ſent

ſent in a very intelligible and elegant Manner, all the moſt laſcivious Tricks and Impurities of Love. He does not ſpeak upon the Credit of others, but from his own Practice. In his Apology indeed, which he compoſed in the Place of his Exile, he proteſts he had not committed the Actions he deſcribed, and that his Head had a greater Share in thoſe Deſcriptions than his Heart. It is certain, that many Poets relate as fortunate Adventures what are only Fictions of their Brain, but we are at a loſs to determine whether this was *Ovid*'s Caſe; we are at too great a Diſtance from the Age in which he lived, and we cannot queſtion but many Writers, when they find their own Poems brought in as Evidence againſt them, will boaſt of their Innocence, though they are guilty.

NOTWITHSTANDING his Gallantry, he found time to finiſh his *Heroic* Epiſtles, and his *Faſti*. Several little Poems are extant under his Name, which by the beſt Criticks are pronounced ſpurious. He compoſed a Tragedy called *Medea*, much commended by *Quintilian* for the Beauty of the Expreſſion, and the Dignity of its Sentiments, and generally admired by the Ancients for an excellent Piece. His Muſe always brought forth without Pain, and never troubled herſelf any farther about nurſing the Child, for ſhe took very little care in correcting her Productions. He confeſſes his Negligence and Idleneſs upon this Head. He agreed that he was juſtly cenſured at *Rome* for eternally repeating the ſame Things in the Poems he wrote during his Exile. This was a Fault he was very ſenſible of, and endeavoured to mend, but the *Vivacity which* animated him in his firſt Compoſition,

ſition, failing him when he came to reviſe what he had written, he found the Correction tedious and troubleſome, and gave it quite over.

THE laſt Poem he writ before his Baniſhment, was the *Metamorphoſes*; but the Misfortunes he fell into prevented his putting his laſt Hand to it; for the three firſt Books are ſcarce correctly finiſhed. By this Piece he foretold Immortality to himſelf, and that the Work would be Proof againſt the Injuries of Sword, Fire, Thunder and and Time. It concludes thus;

Jamque Opus exegi, &c.
The Work is finiſh'd, which nor dreads the Rage
Of Tempeſts, Fire or War, or waſting Age:
Come ſoon or late Death's undetermin'd Day,
This mortal Being only can decay;
My nobler Part, my Fame ſhall reach the Skies,
And to late Times with blooming Honours riſe;
Whate'er the unbounded Roman *Power obeys,*
All Times and Nations ſhall record my Praiſe;
If 'tis allowed to Poets to divine,
One half of round Eternity is mine.

WHEN he found himſelf condemned to Baniſhment, he threw his *Metamorphoſes* into the Fire, either out of ſpite, or becauſe he had not put his finiſhing Hand to them. He himſelf informs us of this Particular. Some Copies which had before been taken of this beautiful Work, were the Cauſe of its not being loſt.

BY ſome Indiſcretion in his Conduct, or by an accidental Diſcovery of ſome Paſſages at Court, which were not fit to be known, he fell *into* a fatal Diſgrace, and incurred the Diſpleaſure of *Auguſtus*, when he was about fifty Years

of

of Age, who baniſhed him to *Tomi*, an *European* City, upon the *Euxine* Sea, near the Mouths of the *Danube*, in the Neighbourhood too of a ſavage and barbarous People, who were continually making Irruptions, where he was expoſed to the extreme Rigors of Froſt and Cold, which was inſufferable to an *Italian* of a delicate and ſoft Conſtitution, who had led his whole Life in the Pleaſures of Effeminacy and Repoſe. Indeed *Cæſar* was pleaſed to leave this diſtreſſed Poet the Enjoyment of his Fortune, and did not procure his Condemnation by a Decree of the Senate, and made uſe of the Term *Relegation* inſtead of Baniſhment; yet it is certain, he inflicted upon him a very ſevere Puniſhment, he ſent him among a ſort of Savages, and there left him amidſt Complaints and Groans, under the deepeſt Deſpair of ever being delivered from them.

It has been a Matter of Enquiry for many Ages, what could be the Cauſe of the Emperor's Reſentment to puniſh a Poet who had ſo often contributed to his Pleaſures, in ſo exemplary a manner. *Ovid* confeſſes in many places of his Works, that the two Cauſes of his Miſery were, that he had compoſed ſome Books on *the Art of Love*, and that he had *ſeen* ſomething. He does not tell us what it was that he ſaw, but gives us to underſtand, that his Books contributed leſs to his Diſgrace than that did; for he ſuppoſes that, complaining to the God of Love, that after labouring to enlarge his Empire, he had obtained no other Reward than that of being baniſhed among Barbarians, *Love* made anſwer to him, you know very well that was not the Thing *that did you moſt harm.*

Utque hæc, ſic utinam defendere cætera poſſes,
Scis aliud quod te læſerit eſſe magis.

HE repeats in ſeveral Places the ſame Complaint of having ſeen without deſign the Crime of another, and declares that it is not lawful for him to reveal this Myſtery. Attempts have been made to conjecture what it was, and the more ſilent he is, the greater has been the Curioſity, to penetrate into this Secret.

SOME would believe, that the Poet ſurprized *Auguſtus* in a flagrant Crime with *Julia* his Daughter, and confirm this by a Paſſage of *Suetonius*, from which they pretend to gather, that *Caligula* deſpiſed his Mother, becauſe he believed her to be the Offspring of the inceſtuous Commerce of *Auguſtus* with *Julia*. The Abbot *de Marolles*, in his Life of *Ovid*, tells us, that he was baniſhed for having read to *Julia* the laſt Verſes of his Book *de Arte Amandi*, and for having ſurprized *Auguſtus* uſing that young Princeſs with too much Familiarity. The latter could not be the Reaſon, for *Ovid* was diſgraced ſeveral Years after *Julia* was gone from *Rome*, and become the Object of her Father's Indignation. I take it to be a truer Cauſe, ſays *Ciofanius*, in his Life of this Poet, of baniſhing him, or rather of relegating him, that he had accidentally diſcover'd *Auguſtus* in ſome indecent and obſcene Action; for *Ariſtotle* obſerves in his ſecond Book of Rhetorick, that no Hatred is ſo great as that which ariſes from being ſurprized in an indecent Fact; but that the Action was that of Inceſt, is neceſſarily falſe.

OBSERVE

OBSERVE farther, that *Julia* was already baniſhed, when *Ovid* compoſed *his Art of Love*, and that it was eight or nine Years after his writing that Book, before he himſelf was baniſhed; ſo that one Cauſe of his Diſgrace could not be his Art of Love, which had given Offence to the Emperor by ſome Paſſages of it, which were meant of his Daughter under the Name of *Corinna*. He compoſed that Work at the Age of Forty-one, and he was in the fifty-firſt Year of his Age, when he left *Rome* to go to *Tomi*, the Place of his Relegation. This Affair muſt ever remain a Secret, and needs no farther Inquiry in this Place.

THOUGH *Ovid* was ſo unfortunate as not to procure himſelf to be recalled, or ſo much as removed to another Place of Confinement, yet he never was wanting in Reſpect to the Emperor; but, on the contrary, continued inviolably to praiſe him with ſuch Extravagance as border'd upon Idolatry, and he made an Idol literally of him as ſoon as he heard of his Death. He not only wrote his Elegy in a Poem in the *Getic* Tongue, but alſo invocated him, and conſecrated a Chapel to him, where he went every Morning to offer him Incenſe and Adoration. The Succeſſor and Family of this Prince had their Share in all this Worſhip, and were in all Probability the real Motive of it. However, the unhappy Poet could find no Remedy for his Misfortune, the Court continued as inexorable under *Tiberius* as before, and he died in his Exile, in the fourth Year of this Emperor, in the Year of *Rome* ſeven hundred ſeventy-one, about ſixty Years of Age.

HE deſired that if he died in the Country of the *Getæ*, his Aſhes might be carried to *Rome*, and that the Epitaph he compoſed for himſelf, might be inſcribed upon his Tomb.

Hic ego qui jaceo tenerorum luſor Amorum :
Ingenio perii Naſo Poeta meo.
At tibi qui tranſis, ne ſit grave, quiſquis amaſti
Dicere, Naſonis molliter oſſa cubant.

Here lies Love's faithful Slave beneath this Stone,
Ovid *the Poet, by his Wit undone.*
Let every Lover as he paſſes by,
Wiſh that his Bones may unmoleſted lie.

He not only met with Humanity among thoſe *Barbarians*, but alſo a great deal of Civility. They loved and honour'd him in a ſingular Manner, and teſtify'd their Eſteem for him by publick Decrees; they made a general Mourning for him, and buried him in a ſtately Monument before the Gates of the City. He boaſts of one thing which will prove that he renounced Gallantry in his Exile; for he pretends, that no Perſon, of whatever Age or Sex, could complain of him; it is a Sign he no longer amuſed himſelf in making Love, and that even after he had learn'd the *Getic* Tongue, he did not entertain the Wives and Daughters of the *Tomians* upon that Subject, for if he had, their Huſbands and Fathers would have clamour'd againſt him. This Part of his Conduct was ſo much the more commendable, as it was difficult to be obſerved by a Perſon of his amorous Diſpoſition, and who had contracted a long Habit in a quite different Courſe of Life.

HE

He wrote an infinite Number of Verſes during his Exile, nor is this to be wonder'd at, for the Muſes are naturally Tatlers, but moſt of all ſo in Adverſity; and beſides this, he wanted Converſation, and took no Delight either in Drinking or Gaming, ſo that they muſt needs be his whole Entertainment. If he had met with any Perſons to whom he could have repeated his Verſes, he would have verſified with much more Satisfaction; for he confeſſes, that walking in the dark, and writing Verſes which we can read to no body, is the very ſame thing. Mr. *Cowley* very juſtly remarks, that one may ſee through the Style of *Ovid de Triſtibus* the humble and dejected Condition of Spirit with which he wrote. There ſcarce remain any Footſteps of that Genius, *quem nec Jovis ira nec Ignes, &c.* The Cold of the Country had ſtrucken through all his Faculties, and benumb'd the very *Feet* of his Verſes; he is himſelf, methinks, like one of the Stories of his own *Metamorphoſis*, and though there remain ſome weak Reſemblances of *Ovid* at *Rome*, it is but, as he ſays of *Niobe*, *In vultu Color eſt ſine ſanguine*, &c.

He had, among other good Qualities, that of not being Satirical, and yet he was very capable of compoſing ſatirical Verſes, as he has ſhewn in his Poem againſt *Ibis*; for no Piece ever diſcover'd more Gall than this, nor more ſevere Maledictions. He wrote it a little after his Baniſhment. *Ovid* was of a pale Complexion, his Perſon of a middle Stature, and ſlender, but graceful, and his Body ſtrong and nervous, tho' not large limb'd. According to *Apuleius*, he died upon the ſame Day with *Livy* the Hiſtorian.

The

THE Works of *Ovid* are well known; his Poetical Abilities advanc'd him with great Juſtice in the higheſt Rank among the *Roman* Poets. It is obſerved, that he was the beſt bred Gentleman of all the celebrated Genius's of the Age in which he lived, and perhaps the Copiouſneſs of his Expreſſions was owing in ſome meaſure to the Civility of his Breeding, as well as to the Luxuriance of his Fancy; and though *Virgil* and *Horace* were Courtiers too, yet they fell ſhort of him in Courtlineſs of Expreſſion, however they exceeded him in Majeſty of Thought, in Cloſeneſs and Exactneſs of Style. The Reaſon was, *Ovid* was a Gentleman, and the others not; his good Breeding was natural to him from his Infancy, theirs was acquired in their riper Years, and would never ſit ſo handſomely upon them.

No Man, ſays *Scaliger*, ever did or can imitate that Eaſineſs of Style which was in *Ovid*; he tranſcends all Authors, ſays *Heinſius*, either in making things that are falſe ſeem probable, or things that are obſcure, perſpicuous, and in curiouſly adorning both the one and the other; or elſe in relating things plainly and nakedly as they are: He abounds every where with moral Inſtructions, even when he is frolickſome and wanton. No one knew better how to expreſs himſelf, nor to level his Thoughts to the meaneſt Capacity with more Advantage. He was, ſays *Ciofanius*, ſo exquiſitely ſkilled in the *Latin* Tongue, that, according to the Opinion of all learned Men, if the *Roman* Language were utterly loſt, and nothing left but the Works of *Ovid*, they alone would be ſufficient to retrieve it. Yet this Poet, with all his Sweetneſs, has

but

but little Variety of Numbers and Sound; he is always, as it were, upon the Hand-gallop, and his Verſe runs upon Carpet Ground. He avoids all *Synalæphas*, ſo that minding only Smoothneſs, he wants both Majeſty and Variety. *Ovid* is certainly more palatable to the Reader than any of the *Roman* Wits, though ſome of them are more lofty, ſome more inſtructive, and others more correct. He had Learning enough to make him equal to the beſt. But as his Verſe came eaſily, he wanted the Toil of Application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his Fancy and Expreſſions, and not always natural. If Wit be Pleaſantry, he has it to Exceſs; but if it be Propriety, *Lucretius*, *Horace*, and, above all *Virgil*, are his Superiours.

THE moſt celebrated of the Elegiack Writers were *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Ovid*. *Tibullus* is elegant and polite; *Propertius* noble and high; but *Ovid* is to be preferr'd to both, becauſe he is more natural, more moving, and more paſſionate. I know not, ſays *Faber*, whether *Ovid* did any where ſhew more Wit and Learning, than in his ſecond Book *de Triſtibus*; nor is this to be wonder'd at, ſince he was to plead his own Cauſe before *Auguſtus*, a Prince of great Learning, and a Poet himſelf. Never was any thing in the *Latin* Tongue writ more Wit and Elegancy than his eighth Elegy of the ſecond Book *Ponticorum*, every thing in it is ſo neat, ſo fine, ſo pathetick, and ſo full of variety. He was vain and extravagantly fond of his own Compoſitions; what an Opinion he had of his Elegies appears plainly by thoſe two arrogant Verſes of his in the *Remedia Amoris*:

Tantum

Tantum ſe nobis Elegi *debere fatentur,*
Quantum Virgilio *nobile debet* Epos.

The World was as much obliged to him for the *Elegy*, as ever it was to *Virgil* for the *Epic*. This Remark had carried a greater Modeſty, if it had come from any other Hand. There are good Judges who obſerve, that many of thoſe Compariſons and Examples which he uſes in his *de Triſtibus*, and his other Elegies, are merely ſuperfluous, and plainly ſhew that he was not arrived to a full Maturity of Judgment; and *Scaliger* remarks, that his *de Triſtibus*, and *de Ponto*, (both which Titles he finds fault with) are leſs elaborate than his other Pieces, and eſpecially than his *Epiſtles*.

THE ſix Books of his *Faſti*, which he ſent to *Germanicus* the Son of *Druſus*, contain Variety of choice Learning; the other ſix which he propoſed were never finiſhed, his ſudden Death, or his unfortunate Exile, prevented his Deſign. The Style of this Poem is eaſy, ſoft, and natural, though the Subject is not always equally tractable, nor capable of being adorned, nor has he often Scope enough for his Wit; yet, ſays *Scaliger*, in many Places he goes beyond himſelf in Purity and Politeneſs. *Selden* calls this Poet a Great Canon Lawyer, upon the account of his *Faſti*, which give us the beſt Account of the Religion and Feſtivals of the old *Romans*.

THE *Epiſtles* are ſaid to be the moſt polite Part of all *Ovid*'s Works; the Thoughts, ſays *Scaliger*, are admirable, his Elegancy natural and eaſy, they have a true Poetical Air; *Rapin* calls them

the

the Flower of the Roman *Wit*, yet he owns they fall much ſhort of that Maturity of Judgment, which is the chief Perfection of *Virgil*.

His *Art of Love*, and his Amorous Compoſitions are criminal and of pernicious Example; yet they have had their unchaſte Votaries in all Ages. The Writers of the *Auguſt* Hiſtory relate, that the Emperor *Ælius Verus* was ſo delighted with that little Piece of *Ovid de Arte Amandi*, that he would often read him in his Bed, and when he went to ſleep, he uſed to put him under his Pillow. There have been many, ſays *Cornelius Agrippa*, both *Greek* and *Latin* Poets who have diſcover'd their wanton Amours more like Panders than Poets, though all of them were outdone by *Ovid* in his Heroical Epiſtles, dedicated to *Corinna*, which were exceeded by himſelf in his *Art of Love*, and might better have been called the *Art of Whoring and Pimping*. The Learning and the unchaſte Documents of this Poem was the Pretence of the baniſhing of the Author by *Auguſtus* to the remoteſt Parts of the North.

The *Metamorphoſis* of *Ovid* is ſaid to be copied after one *Parthenius* of *Chios*, who had written an excellent Poem upon the ſame Subject; this Work of *Ovid*'s was ſo highly eſteemed by the *Grecian* Wits, that they tranſlated it into their own Language. He has ſhewed Wit and Art in this Piece, but his Youthfulneſs would ſcarce be pardon'd but for the Vivacity of his Wit, and a peculiar Happineſs of Fancy. His Style, ſays *Borrichius*, in this Poem is not ſo lofty as in ſome of his other Compoſitions, but yet there is Beauty and Exactneſs in it. This Work is in this reſpect highly to be admired, in

in that it does, in that wonderful Order, and as it were with a certain Chain and Concatenation, preſent to us almoſt all the Fables of the Ancients, from the Beginning of the World to that very Time.

SOME Criticks have deſpiſed the *Latin* of this Poet, as if he was as corrupt in his Style and Poetry, as he was in Life and Morals. They would have met but with a ſorry Reception from *Alphonſo* King of *Naples:* That Prince being with his Army in the Neighbourhood of *Sulmo*, aſked if it was certain that *Ovid* was born there? and the People aſſuring him that he was, he ſaluted the Town, and paid his Acknowledgment to the Genius of the Country, that had produced ſo great a Poet. It is ſaid that the Pen of *Ovid* was found about two Centuries ago at *Taurunum*, a Town of the Lower *Hungary*, with this Inſcription, *Ovidii Naſonis Calamus.* It was diſcover'd under ſome ancient Ruins, and preſented to *Iſabella* Queen of *Hungary*, who ſet a great Value upon it, and preſerved it as a moſt venerable Relique.

EDITIONS of *OVID.*

Interpretatione & Notis illuſtravit, ad uſum Sereniſſ. Delphini, Daniel Criſpinus. 4 vol.
Lugduni, 1688. 4to.

Notis integris Variorum & Petri Burmanni, 4 vol.
L. Bat. 1714. 4to.

Notis ſelectis Variorum & integris Nic. Heinſii, *curâ* Bern. Cnippingii, 3 vol. *figuris æneis illuſtr.*
L. Bat. 1702.

Ex recenſione Dan. Heinſii. 3 vol. Typis Elzevirianis.
1629. 12mo.

SENECA.

SENECA.

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA was born at *Corduba* in *Spain*, about the Beginning of the Vulgar Æra, a Philoſopher and Poet, and Uncle to *Lucan*. Monſieur *Bailet* tells us, that of all the ten *Latin* Tragedies which are collected and publiſhed in a Body under the Name of *Seneca*, it is generally agreed that the beſt of them were writ by this famous Philoſopher, *Nero*'s Tutor, and that he was really the Author of the *Medea*, the *Hippolitus* and the *Troades*; the reſt, ſays he, have their Excellencies, tho' the Authors of them are not well known. The meaneſt, and that which ſeems the moſt unworthy of the Name of *Seneca*, is the *Octavia*, to which others join the *Thebais*, which is the Work of a Declaimer, who knew nothing of what belong'd to Tragedy. *Lipſius* could by no means believe that *Seneca* ever wrote the *Troades*; he had ſo mean an Opinion of this Tragedy, that he took it for granted it was either writ by ſome little paltry Poet, or by ſome ignorant Pedant. *Scaliger* was much offended at this ſevere Cenſure of *Lipſius*, from whom he intirely differ'd, calling this Tragedy a *Divine Work*, and to be preferred before any of the other Nine, all which he believes were writ by *Seneca*. However this be, we may conclude with *Voſſius*, that tho' *Seneca* may not be the Author of thoſe ſeveral Tragedies, which we commonly ſee aſcribed to him,

him, yet there is no doubt to be made, but ſome of them were really his; and therefore a ſuitable Account of his Life and Poetical Writings may be juſtly expected in this Place.

SENECA, a *Spaniard* of *Corduba*, (a *Roman* Colony of great Fame and Antiquity) was of the Family of *Annæus*, of the Order of Knights. His Father *Marcus* was famous for his Eloquence at *Rome*, a Man of Letters, ſome of whoſe Works are now extant, and who was diſtinguiſh'd from the Son by the Name of the *Orator*. His Mother's Name was *Helvia*, a Woman of excellent Qualities. His Father came to *Rome* in the time of *Auguſtus*, and his Wife and Children ſoon followed him, our *Seneca* yet being in his Infancy. There were three Brothers of them, and never a Siſter; *Marcus Annæus Novatus*, *Lucius Annæus Seneca*, and *Lucius Annæus Mela*. The firſt of theſe changed his Name for *Junius Gallio*, who adopted him; to him it was that he dedicated his Treatiſe of *Anger*, whom he calls *Novatus* too; and he alſo dedicated his Diſcourſe of a happy Life to *Gallio*. The youngeſt Brother, *Annæus Mela*, was *Lucan*'s Father. *Seneca* was about twenty Years of Age in the fifth of *Tiberius*. His Father train'd him up to Rhetorick, but his Genius led him rather to Philoſophy, and he applied his Wit to Morality and Virtue. He was a great Hearer of the celebrated Men of thoſe Times, as *Attalus*, *Papirius*, *Fabianus*, (of whom he makes often mention) and he was a great Admirer of *Demetrius* the Cynick, whoſe Converſation he had afterwards in the Court, and both at home alſo and abroad, for they often travelled together. His Father

was

was not at all pleaſed with his Humour of Philoſophy, and forced him upon the Law, and for a while he practiſed Pleading. After which he would needs put him upon publick Employments. And ſo, notwithſtanding his Philoſophick Studies, he came firſt to be Queſtor, then Prætor, and ſome will have it that he was choſen Conſul; but whether he bore thoſe Honours before or after his Baniſhment, is uncertain.

In the firſt Year of the Emperor *Claudius* he was baniſhed into *Corſica*, when *Julia* the Daughter of *Germanicus* was accuſed by *Meſſalina* of Adultery and baniſh'd too, *Seneca* being charged as one of the Adulterers. But *Meſſalina* dying, and *Agrippina* being married to *Claudius*, ſhe prevail'd upon the Emperor to recall *Seneca*, after he had ſuffer'd an Exile of above eight Years. In this Retirement, it is ſaid, that he chiefly diverted himſelf in writing Tragedies, and other Poetical Amuſements. She afterwards recommended him as Tutor to her young Son *Nero*: Had that young Prince attended to the Wiſdom of his Præceptor through the Courſe of his Reign, with the ſame Attention he did for the firſt five Years of his Government, he would have been the Delight, as he afterwards proved the Deteſtation, of Mankind. As *Nero* grew weary of the Advice of his Maſter, *Seneca*'s Intereſt ſoon declined at Court, and finding he had ill Offices done him, went directly to the Emperor with an Officer to refund all he had gotten, which *Nero* would not receive; however, from that time the Philoſopher changed his Courſe of Life, received few Viſits, ſhunned Company, went little abroad, ſtill pretending to

to be kept at home either by Indiſpoſition or by his Studies.

SENECA had two Wives, the Name of the firſt is not mentioned, his ſecond was *Paulina*, whom he often ſpeaks of with great Paſſion; by the former he had his Son *Marcus*. His Eſtate was partly Patrimonial, but the greateſt part of it was owing to the Bounty of his Prince: His Gardens, Villas, Lands, Poſſeſſions, and incredible Sums of Money, are agreed on all hands. *Dio* reports him to have had Two hundred and fifty thouſand Pounds Sterling at Intereſt in *Britain* alone, which he called in all at a Sum.

THE Manner of his Death is particularly given by *Tacitus:* Now follows, ſays he, the Death of *Seneca*, to *Nero*'s great Satisfaction; not ſo much for any pregnant Proof againſt him, that he was of *Piſo*'s Conſpiracy, but *Nero* was reſolved to do that by the Sword, which he could not effect by Poiſon; for it is reported that *Nero* had corrupted *Cleonicus* (a Freedman of *Seneca*'s) to give his Maſter Poiſon, which did not ſucceed; for he lived only upon a ſimple Diet, as the Fruits of the Earth, and his Drink was moſt commonly River-Water.

NATALIS, it ſeems, was ſent upon a Viſit to him (being indiſpoſed) with a Complaint, that he would not permit *Piſo* to viſit him; to whom *Seneca* made anſwer, That frequent Meetings and Conferences between them, could do neither of them any good, but that he had a great Intereſt in *Piſo*'s Welfare. Upon this, *Granius Silvanus* (a Captain of the Guard) was ſent to examine *Seneca* upon the Diſcourſe that had paſſed between him and Natalis, and to return

turn his Anſwer. *Seneca*, either by Chance or upon Purpoſe, came that Day from *Campania* to a Villa of his own, within four Miles of the City; and thither the Officer went the next Evening and beſet the Place. He found *Seneca* at Supper with his Wife *Paulina*, and two of his Friends, and gave him immediately an Account of his Commiſſion. *Seneca* told him, that it was true that *Natalis* had been with him in *Piſo*'s Name, with a Complaint that *Piſo* could not be admitted to ſee him, and that he excuſed himſelf by reaſon of his Want of Health, and his Deſires to be quiet and private, and that he had no reaſon to prefer another Man's Welfare before his own; *Cæſar* himſelf, he ſaid, knew very well that he was not a Man of Compliment, having received more Proofs of his Freedom than of his Flattery.

THIS Anſwer of *Seneca*'s was deliver'd to *Cæſar* in the Preſence of *Poppæa* and *Tigellinus*, the intimate Confidants of this barbarous Prince; and *Nero* aſked him, whether he could gather any thing from *Seneca*, as if he intended to make himſelf away? The Tribune's Anſwer was, That he did not find him at all affected with the Meſſage, nor ſo much as change Countenance upon it. Go back to him then, ſays *Nero*, and tell him that he is condemn'd to die. *Seneca* receiv'd the Meſſage without Surprize or Diſorder; he calls for his Will, which being refuſed him by the Officer, he turned to his Friends, and told them, That ſince he was not permitted to requite them as they deſerved, he was yet at Liberty to bequeath them the Thing of all others that he eſteemed the moſt, that is, the Image *of his Life*, which ſhould give them the Reputation

putation both of Conſtancy and Friendſhip, if they would but imitate it; exhorting them to a Firmneſs of Mind, ſometimes by good Counſel, otherwhile by Reprehenſion, as the Occaſion required. Where, ſays he, is all your Philoſophy now? All your premeditated Reſolutions againſt the Violences of Fortune? Is there any Man ſo ignorant of *Nero*'s Cruelty, as to expect, after the Murder of his Mother and his Brother, that he ſhould even ſpare the Life of his Governour and Tutor? After ſome general Expreſſions to this Purpoſe, he took his Wife in his Arms, and having ſomewhat fortified her againſt the preſent Calamity, he beſought and conjured her to moderate her Sorrows, and betake herſelf to the Contemplations and Comforts of a virtuous Life, which would be a fair and an ample Conſolation to her for the Loſs of her Huſband. *Paulina* on the other ſide tells him her Determination to bear him company, and orders the Executioner to do his Office. Well, ſays *Seneca*, if after the Sweetneſs of Life, as I have repreſented it to thee, thou hadſt rather entertain an honourable Death I ſhall not envy thy Example, conſulting at the ſame time the Fame of the Perſon he loved, and his own Tenderneſs, for fear of the Injuries that might attend her when he was gone. Our Reſolution, ſays he, in this generous Act may be equal, but thine will be the greater Reputation. After this, the Veins of both their Arms were opened at the ſame time. *Seneca* did not bleed ſo freely, his Spirits being waſted with Age and a thin Diet; ſo that he was forced to *cut* the Veins of his Thighs, and elſewhere to *haſten* his Diſpatch. When he was far ſpent, and

and almoſt ſinking under his Torments, he deſired his Wife to remove into another Chamber, leſt the Agonies of the one might work upon the Courage of the other. His Eloquence continued to the laſt, as appears by the excellent Things he deliver'd at his Death, which being taken in Writing from his own Mouth, and publiſh'd in his own Words, I ſhall not preſume to deliver them in any other. *Nero* in the mean time, who had no particular Spite to *Paulina*, gave Orders to prevent her Death, for fear his Cruelty ſhould grow more and more inſupportable and odious. Whereupon the Soldiers gave all Freedom and Encouragement to her Servants, to bind up her Wounds and ſtop the Blood, which they did accordingly; but whether ſhe was ſenſible of it or not, is a Queſtion. For among the common People, who are apt to judge the worſt, there were ſome of opinion, that as long as ſhe deſpair'd of *Nero*'s Mercy, ſhe ſeem'd to court the Glory of dying with her Huſband for Company; but that upon the likelihood of better Uſage, ſhe was prevail'd upon to outlive him. And ſo for ſome Years ſhe did ſurvive him, with all Piety and Reſpect to his Memory; but ſo miſerably pale and wan, that every Body might read the Loſs of her Blood and Spirits in her very Countenance.

SENECA finding his Death ſlow and lingring, deſires *Statius Annæus*, his old Friend and Phyſician, to give him a Doſe of Poiſon, which he had provided before-hand, being the ſame Preparation which was appointed for Capital Offenders in *Athens*; this was brought him, and he drank it up, but to little purpoſe, for his Body was already chilled, and bound up againſt the

the Force of it. He went at laſt into a hot Bath, and ſprinkling ſome of his Servants that were next him, This, ſays he, is an Oblation to *Jupiter the Deliverer*. The Fume of the Bath ſoon diſpatched him, and his Body was burnt without any Funeral Solemnity, as he had directed in his Teſtament; though this Will of his was made in the height of his Proſperity and Power. There was a Rumour that *Subrius Flavius*, in a private Conſultation with the Centurions, had taken up this following Reſolution; (and that *Seneca* himſelf was no Stranger to it) that is to ſay, that after *Nero* ſhould have been ſlain by the Help of *Piſo*, *Piſo* himſelf ſhould have been killed too, and the Empire deliver'd up to *Seneca*, as one that well deſerved it for his Integrity and Virtue. Thus far *Tacitus*. He was about threeſcore at the time of his Death.

THE bright ſide of *Seneca*'s Character appears as an excellent Moraliſt, and a ſound Philoſopher; he does not make ſo conſiderable a Figure as a Poet, and a Writer of Tragedies; tho' in this reſpect, he writ, ſays *Borrichius*, in a pure Tragic Strain, he ſhew'd a decent Gravity, he was no ways inferiour to any of the *Greeks*, either for a Majeſtic Style, or for an exquiſite Way of expreſſing himſelf! his Sentiments are ſublime, and his Images lively and poetical, but the Fable and Execution of his Plays is irregular, he wants that noble Simplicity and pathetic Manner which recommends *Euripides*, and he ſeems to have written more for the Uſe of the Cloſet, than of the Stage.

FOR a lofty and majeſtic ſort of Verſe, ſays *Scaliger*, *Seneca* came not behind the beſt of the *Greek* Poets,

Poets, nay he excelled *Euripides* in Politeneſs and Beauty. Invention, it muſt be owned, is the peculiar Property of the *Greeks*, but *Seneca* is not beholden to them for that lofty Air, that harmonious Sound, that Briſkneſs of Fancy, which every where abounds in him. But, ſays *Rapin*, he knows nothing of Manners. He is a fine Speaker, who is eternally uttering pretty Sayings, and whatever Perſons he introduces, they always have the Mien of Actors. His Verſe is pompous, his Thoughts ſublime, becauſe he would dazzle, but the Contrivance of his Fables is of no great Character; he pleaſes himſelf too much in giving his own Ideas, inſtead of real Objects, and repreſents not very regularly what is to be repreſented.

ST. EVREMONT entertained a deſpicable Opinion of *Seneca* in every Capacity of his Writings. I have a great Reſpect, ſays he, for the Tutor of *Nero*, the Gallant of *Agrippina*, and for that ambitious Man, who pretended to the Empire. Of the Philoſopher and Writer, I make but little Account; and am affected neither with his Style, nor with his Thoughts. His *Latin* has nothing of Reſemblance to that of *Auguſtus*'s Time; it is neither eaſy nor natural, all made up of *Points*, all fanciful and conceited, more of the Heat of *Africa* or *Spain* in them, than the Beauty of *Greece* or *Italy*. You ſee there abrupt things that have indeed the Air and Shape of Sentences, but which have neither their Solidity nor good Senſe, which whet and ſpur on the Fancy, without gaining the Judgment. His forced Diſcourſe communicates to me a ſort of Conſtraint, and the Soul, inſtead of finding there its Satisfaction and Repoſe, meets with Trouble and Affliction.

NERO, he goes on, one of the moſt wicked Princes in the World, was yet very ingenious, and had near him a ſort of Under-Maſters, extremely curious, who uſed *Seneca* as a Pedant, and turned him into Ridicule. I never read his Writings, without being of quite contrary Sentiments to thoſe which he would inſpire his Readers with: If he attempts to recommend Poverty, I long for his Riches; his Virtue frightens me, and the leaſt diſpoſed to Vice, would abandon himſelf to Pleaſures, by the Deſcription he gives of them. He ſpeaks ſo much of Death, and leaves me ſuch melancholy Ideas, that I do my utmoſt Endeavours not to improve by his Lectures. His Style has nothing that affects me; his Opinions are too ſevere; and 'tis ridiculous, that one who lived in abundance, and was ſo careful of himſelf, ſhould encourage nothing but Poverty and Death.

EDITIONS of *SENECA, TRAGICUS.*

Notis integris Joh. Frid. Gronovii *& ſelectis Variorum, curâ* Joh. Caſp. Schroderi. Delph. 1728. 4to.

Notis Variorum & Joh. Frid. Gronovii. Amſt. 1682. 8vo.

Notis Tho. Farnabii. Amſt. 1678. 12mo.

LUCAN.

LUCAN.

MARCUS ANNÆUS LUCANUS was born at *Corduba* in *Spain*, in the Reign of *Caligula*, about the thirty-ninth Year of the common Æra. He was of an Equeſtrian Family, that had removed from *Italy*, and had for ſome Time ſettled in *Spain*, in which Province it had enjoyed many honourable Employments. His Father was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, or *Mella*, a *Roman* Knight, a Man of excellent Qualities, and of great Intereſt in his Country, and had the additional Advantage of being Brother to the great Philoſopher *Seneca*. His Mother was *Acilia*, Daughter of *Acilius Lucanus*, the moſt celebrated Orator of the Age in which he lived; from this Grandfather our Poet was called by the Name of *Lucan*.

HE could not, it ſeems, eſcape the Attendance of a Miracle in his Infancy, the ſame told of *Homer* and *Heſiod*, that a Swarm of *Bees* hover'd about his Cradle, and ſettled upon his Lips. His Father remov'd him to *Rome* when he was about eight Months old, that he might learn the *Latin* Language in its Purity, which effectually defeats the Malice of ſome Criticks, who cenſure his Style as if it received a Tincture from the Place of his Birth, and charge him with writing like a *Spaniard*. His Education was conducted with the greateſt Care, ſuitable

to the Forwardneſs of his Genius, and the Quality of his Family. He ſtudied the Languages under *Palæmon* the Grammarian; *Flavius Virginius*, the moſt eloquent Orator of his Time, was his Maſter in Rhetorick; and for Philoſophy, he was placed under *Cornutus* the Stoic, to which Sect he ever after addicted himſelf.

His Proficiency under his Tutors exceeded Expectation; he frequently declaimed in *Greek* and *Latin* at fourteen Years of Age. *Seneca* ſent him to *Athens*, where he completed his Studies. Upon his Return to *Rome*, the Recommendation of his Uncle, and his own Merits, which could not be concealed, introduc'd him into *Nero*'s Favour, who made him a Quæſtor before he was qualified by Age to bear that Office; he exhibited a Shew of Gladiators at a great Expence, and was afterwards admitted into the College of Augurs. His Fortune and his Fame increaſing, he married *Polla Argentaria*, the Daughter of *Pollius Argentarius*, a *Roman* Senator, a Lady of Noble Birth, great Fortune, and famed Beauty, who, to add to her other Excellencies, was accompliſh'd in all Parts of Learning, inſomuch that the three firſt Books of the *Pharſalia* are ſaid to have been reviſed and corrected by her in his Life-time. *Statius*, at the Requeſt of this Lady, wrote a Poem in honour of the Anniverſary of *Lucan*'s Birth-Day, wherein he praiſes her Accompliſhments.

Formâ, Simplicitate, Comitate,
Cenſu, Sanguine, Gratiâ, Decore.

This Lady ſurvived him many Years.

How

How *Lucan* came to decline in *Nero*'s Favour, we have no poſitive Account that I know of in Hiſtory; it is agreed that he loſt it gradually, till he became his utter Averſion. No doubt the Poet's Virtue, and his Principles of Liberty muſt make him hated by a Man of *Nero*'s Temper; but there ſeems to have been a great deal of Envy in the Caſe, blended with his other Principles againſt him upon the account of his Poetry. Tho' the Spirit and Height of the *Roman* Poetry was ſomewhat declined, from what it had been in the Time of *Auguſtus*, yet it was ſtill an Art beloved and cultivated. *Nero* himſelf was not only fond of it to the higheſt degree, but, as moſt bad Poets are, was vain and conceited of his Performances in that kind. He valued himſelf more upon his Skill in that Art and in Muſick, than on the Purple he wore, and bore it better to be thought a bad Emperor, than a bad Poet or Muſician. *Lucan*, tho' then in favour, was too honeſt to applaud the bombaſt Stuff that *Nero* was every Day repeating in Publick. *Perſius* in his firſt Satire gives a Specimen of it;

Torva Mimalloneis, &c.

Their crooked Horns the Mimallonian *Crew*
With Blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris *who ſlew*
The ſcornful Calf with Sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly;
And Mænas, *when with Ivy Bridles bound,*
She led the ſpotted Lynx, *then* Evion *rung around,*
Evion *from Woods and Floods repairing Echoes ſound.*

AT the Celebration of the *Quinquennalia*, it was proclaimed that *Nero* intended to recite the Story of *Niobe*, in a Poem of his own compoſing. He came off with Applauſe, and thought himſelf ſure of the Prize; *Lucan*, fired with Indignation, ſtood up, and repeating a Poem on the Fable of *Orpheus*, carried off the Prize againſt him. This ruin'd his Intereſt for ever in that Prince, who ſent him an Order next Day never more to plead at the Bar, or repeat any of his Compoſitions in Publick, as the moſt celebrated Poets and Orators were uſed to do. It is no wonder that a young Man, an admirable Poet, and one conſcious enough of a ſuperiour Genius, ſhould ſeverely reſent this barbarous Treatment; in revenge he omitted no Occaſion to treat *Nero*'s Verſes with the utmoſt Contempt, and expoſe them and their Author to Ridicule. In this Behaviour towards the Emperor he was ſeconded by his Friend *Perſius*, and no doubt they often diverted themſelves alone at *Cæſar*'s Expence. *Nero* reſented this Uſage to the utmoſt, and took all Occaſions of cenſuring and depreciating *Lucan* and all his Compoſitions.

ROME had now long groaned under the Cruelty of this Imperial Tyrant; *Nero* had rendered himſelf odious and inſupportable by his monſtrous Vices, which urged ſeveral of the firſt Rank, headed by *Piſo*, into a Conſpiracy, to rid the World of this Prodigy of Wickedneſs. *Lucan* hated him upon a double Account, as his Country's Enemy and his own, and went heartily into the Deſign. When it was ripe for Execution, it was diſcovered by ſome of the Accomplices, and *Lucan* was found among the

firſt

firſt of the Conſpirators. They were condemn'd to die, and *Lucan* had the Choice of the manner of his Death. *Tacitus* aſſerts, that our Poet being put to the Torture, accuſed his Mother of being in the Plot. This Story ſeems to be a meer Calumny, and invented by the Tyrant or his Friends, to depreciate his Character, and to leave a laſting Blot upon his Memory. It is certain, there are many Fragments of his Life where this Particular is not to be found.

He choſe to have the Arteries of his Legs and Arms opened in a hot Bath; he ſupped chearfully with his Friends, and then taking leave of them with the greateſt Tranquillity, and the higheſt Contempt of Death, went into the Bath, and ſubmitted to the Operation. When he found the Extremities of his Body growing cold, and Death's laſt Alarm in every Part, he thought of a Paſſage of his own in the Ninth Book of the *Pharſalia*, which he repeated to the Standers-by with the ſame Grace and Accent with which he uſed to declaim in Publick, and immediately expired. He died in the Flower of his Life, and in the full Purſuit of Glory, in the twenty-ſeventh Year of his Age. The Paſſage was that where he deſcribes a Soldier of *Cato*'s dying much after the ſame manner, being bit by a Serpent.

Sanguis erant Lachrymæ, &c.

Now the warm Blood at once from every Part
Ran Poiſon down, and drain'd the fainting Heart;
Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face,
The ruddy Drops their tainted Paſſage trace.

Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a Way,
There Streams of Blood, there crimſon Rivers ſtray.
His Mouth and guſhing Noſtrils pour a Flood,
And ev'n the Pores ouze out the trickling Blood.
In the red Deluge all the Parts lie drown'd,
And the whole Body ſeems one bleeding Wound.

He was buried in his own Garden at *Rome*.

LUCAN wrote ſeveral Poems, the Combat of *Hector* and *Achilles*, the Fable of *Orpheus* upon the dreadful Fire at *Rome*, where it is ſaid he ſeverely glanced at *Nero*; ſome Books of *Saturnalia*; a Poem on the burning of *Troy*; an imperfect Tragedy of *Medea*. Theſe, ſays *Statius*, were compoſed by *Lucan*, at an Age when *Virgil* had not yet written his *Culex*; nothing but the Titles of theſe Poems remain; we have his *Pharſalia* complete; on this Poem he ſtaked his Reputation, and promiſed himſelf Immortality from it.

Invidia ſacræ, &c.

Nor Cæſar *thou diſdain that I rehearſe,*
Thee, and thy Wars in no ignoble Verſe,
Since if in aught the Latian *Muſe excel,*
Thy Name and mine, immortal I foretel;
Eternity our Labours ſhall reward,
And Lucan *flouriſh like the* Grecian *Bard;*
My Numbers ſhall to lateſt Time convey
The Tyrant Cæſar *and* Pharſalia's *Day.*

FEW Writers have been more expoſed to the Cenſure of Criticks than *Lucan*; ſome call him an excellent Poet, others an indifferent Hiſtorian; ſome a furious Orator, others a Mathematician,

thematician, a Philoſopher and a Divine. *Quintilian* obſerves, that *Lucan* has a great deal of Heat and Fire, and is remarkable for his Sentences, but he chuſes rather to number him among the Orators than Poets. *Scaliger* contends that *Lucan* was a Poet, and that the Grammarians do but trifle when they object that he wrote not a Poem, but a Hiſtory. *Barthius* calls him a Poet of a great Genius, of extraordinary Learning, and of a true Heroick Character, who, from the very Time he lived, has always been eſteemed a moſt conſiderable Author, eſpecially among Philoſophers, by reaſon of his Gravity, his Force, his Acuteneſs, and his weighty Sentences, which ſhine and are tranſparent through the whole Work, ſo that he ſcarce ever had his Equal in that kind. *Scaliger* confeſſes in another Place, that *Lucan* was one of a vaſt Genius, but would often exceed the Bounds of Poetry, that he had an ungovernable Temper, and would ſally out moſt extravagantly; that he had too much Fire in him, wanting that admirable and divine Temper which none ever had but *Virgil* only; he ſeems rather to *bark* than *ſing*.

So uncertain are the Merits of this Poet in the Opinion of great Judges; the moſt temperate in their Cenſures, allow his Expreſſion to be bold and lively, his Sentences ſtrong and clear, his Fictions probable, and his Digreſſions, though not proper, are always inſtructive and entertaining; yet his Epiſodes and long ſcholaſtick Diſſertations and Diſputes, merely ſpeculative on things that fall in his Way, ſhew much of Conſtraint and Affectation. He has ſo maſterly a Manner in his Deſcriptions, that you ſeem rather a

Spectator

Spectator than a Reader of the ſeveral Tranſactions he relates, and he intereſts you ſo much by the Warmth of his Temper, which he communicates to his Writings, that you inſenſibly become a Perſon concern'd, and find yourſelf engaged on the ſame Side with them, though you had reſolved to be indifferent. He is judicious in diſcovering the ſecret Springs of Action, and looks very narrowly into the true Motives of human Undertakings, diſcovering their riſe in our irregular Paſſions, and how thoſe Paſſions influence all our Actions. He is often happy in applying the ſeveral Parts of Learning to his Subject, which he ſeldom treats with any great Delicacy or Diſcretion. But though in *Strada*'s Opinion, *Calliope* cannot be ſaid to be *Lucan*'s inſeparable Companion as ſhe is *Virgil*'s, yet, according to that Critick, he is conſpicuouſly mounted on the Top of *Parnaſſus*, and manages his *Pegaſus* with much Dexterity, ſtill keeping tight in the Saddle, though he frequently ſeems in danger of loſing it from the many Bounds he makes, the natural Spirit and Mettle of that Creature increaſing, being animated by the Boldneſs of the Rider. *Gyraldus* obſerves, that one very ingeniouſly compared *Lucan* to a Horſe that was not broke, which would ever and anon be running in the midſt of ſome Meadow or Field, leaping and kicking up his Heels, but without any manner of Art or Order.

I ſhall conclude his Character with a Remark of Mr. *Dryden*'s; he ſays, that *Lucan* followed too much the Truth of Hiſtory, crouded Sentences together, was too full of Points, and too often offered at ſomewhat which had more of the Sting of an Epigram, than of the Dignity and

State

State of an Heroick Poem; he made no great uſe of his Heathen Deities. There was neither the Miniſtry of the Gods, nor the Precipitation of the Soul, nor the Fury of a Prophet in his *Pharſalia*. He treats you more like a Philoſopher than a Poet, and inſtructs you in Verſe, with what he had been taught by his Uncle *Seneca* in Proſe. In one Word, he walks ſoberly on foot, when he might fly. Yet *Lucan* is not always this religious Hiſtorian. The Oracle of *Appius*, and the Witchcraft of *Erictho*, will ſomewhat atone for him, who was indeed bound up by an ill-choſen and known Argument, to follow Truth with great Exactneſs.

EDITIONS of *LUCAN.*

Notis integris Variorum, curante Fr. Oudendorpio. 2 vol. L. Bat. 1728, 4to.

Notis integris Hug. Grotii, *& ſelectis Variorum.* L. Bat. 1669. 8vo.

Notis Tho. Farnabii. Amſt. 1671. 12mo.

PERSIUS.

PERSIUS.

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS, a Satirical Poet, who flouriſhed under *Nero*, but was born of an Equeſtrian Family, about the twenty ſecond Year of *Tiberius*, at *Volterra* in *Tuſcany*, though ſome place his Birth in *Liguria*, which they found upon ſome Lines of the ſixth Satire:

———*Mihi nunc* Ligus, *&c.*

For me, my warmer Conſtitution wants.
More Cold than our Ligurian *Winter grants;*
And therefore to my Native Shores retir'd,
I view the Coaſt old Ennius *once admir'd:*
Where Cliffs on either ſide their Points diſplay,
And after opening in an ample way.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, *to regard*
The Port of Luna, *ſays our learned Bard.*

He was about ſix Years of Age when his Father *Flaccus* died, his Mother *Fulvia Siſenna* was married afterwards to *Fuſius*, a *Roman* Knight, and buried him in a few Years. He ſtudied at *Volterra* till he was twelve Years of Age. He was then remov'd to *Rome*, where he continued his Studies with great Application under the Inſtructions

ſtructions of *Palæmon* the Grammarian, the Rhetor *Virginius Flaccus*, and *Cornutus* a *Stoick* Philoſopher, the moſt learned Man of his Time, of a moſt virtuous Life, and a Poet himſelf. The Philoſophy in which *Perſius* was educated he profeſſed his whole Life, and in this he excelled both *Juvenal* and *Horace*; he ſhifts not Sides like *Horace*, who is ſometimes an *Epicurean*, ſometimes a *Stoick*, ſometimes an *Eclectick*, as his preſent Humour leads him, nor declaims like *Juvenal* againſt Vices more like an Orator than a Philoſopher. He is every where the ſame, true to the Dogma's of his Maſter, and ſtuck cloſe to his own Philoſophy. He contracted a ſtrict Intimacy with this *Cornutus*, and by his Works immortalized the Friendſhip that was between them; he left him, by a Codicil to his Will, his Library of ſeven hundred Books, and a great Sum of Money, but *Cornutus* accepted of the Books only, and gave the Money to his Siſters, who were his Heirs.

He began to write when he was very young, and applied himſelf to Satire upon reading the Writings of *Lucilius*; but the Verſes he compoſed in his Youth were ſuppreſſed by the Advice of *Cornutus*, who thought they would not anſwer the great Reputation of thoſe that had been publiſhed, and were received with ſo great Admiration by the Publick, that all the Copies were preſently ſold off. Among other of his Works, they ſuppreſſed ſome Verſes he had made upon *Arria*, Wife of the unfortunate *Pætus*, an illuſtrious *Roman* Lady, who killed herſelf to give an Example to her dear Huſband.

He ſtudied with *Lucan* the Poet under *Cornutus*, and was ſo much admired by his School-Fellow,

Fellow, that when *Perſius* recited his Verſes, *Lucan* could ſcarce forbear breaking out into Acclamations; which is a rare thing among Poets of the ſame Rank, but ſometimes too common out of Cunning and Vanity. *Perſius* became acquainted wieh *Seneca* very late, and could never endure his Temper. He was a good Friend, a better Son ſtill, a better Brother, and a better Kinſman. He was very chaſte, though a Perſon of exceeding Beauty; he was ſober, as meek as a Lamb, and as modeſt as a young Virgin: So true it is, that we muſt not judge of a Man's Morals by his Writings, for ſome of the Verſes of *Perſius* are obſcene and licentious, they are ſharp and full of Bitterneſs. It is believed that he ſpared not the cruel *Nero*, and that he did ſo plainly hint at him, that *Cornutus* thought fit to alter ſome of his Words; he had written thus in his firſt Satire;

Auriculas Aſini Midas *Rex habet.*

An Aſs's Ears King Midas *has.*

Cornutus adviſed him to change them into theſe;

Auriculas Aſini quis non habet?

An Aſs's Ear who has not?

He died of a Pain of his Stomach, when he was about twenty-eight Years of Age.

THE Works of *Perſius* conſiſt of ſix Satires; he begins them with a Prologue in Imitation of the Dramatic Poem. The Procem to the firſt

Satire

Satire is very beautiful, and contains the Sum of all the reſt:

O Curas hominum! O quantum eſt in rebus inane!

He acquired great Glory, ſays *Quintilian*, by theſe Compoſitions, and obtained more Credit. ſays *Martial*, by this one Book, than others did by many large Volumes.

Sæpius in libro memoratur Perſius *uno*
Quam levis in toto Marſus *Amazonide.*

THIS Poet had certainly the Advantage of great natural Parts, improved by a large Stock of acquired Knowledge. He was a profeſſed Imitator of *Horace*. His Style is noble, figurative and poetical, and in general anſwerable to the Dignity of his Sentiments, which have all the Grandeur the *Stoic* Philoſophy when judiciouſly applied could give them. The Wit and fine Ridicule that ſhine in every Line of *Horace's* Satires he ſeems an utter Stranger to, his Wit does not ſhew it ſelf in genteel Raillery, but in an inſulting Sneer; it was not his Province to be witty. He ſhines moſt in recommending Virtue and Integrity; here it is that his Satire becomes him, and that Air of Sincerity that diſcovers it ſelf in his Writings adds a new Grace to them. He has been equally ill treated by the Partizans of *Juvenal* and *Horace*. As a Poet, he is certainly inferiour to both, though in Virtue and Learning he was their Superiour. He was grave, and particularly oppoſed his Gravity to Lewdneſs, which was the predominant Vice of *Nero's* Court when he publiſhed his Satires, which

which was before that Emperor fell into the Exceſs of Cruelty.

FOR his Verſe, the learned *Caſaubon* himſelf (who underſtood him particularly well, and better than any of his former Commentators) can neither defend his Numbers, nor the Purity of his *Latin*; he gives this Point for loſt, and pretends not to juſtify either the Meaſures or the Words of *Perſius*. He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal* in both. And as his Verſe is ſcabrous and hobbling, and his Words not every where well choſen, the Purity of *Latin* being more corrupted than in the time of *Juvenal*, and conſequently of *Horace*, who writ when the Language was in the Height of its Perfection; ſo his Diction is hard, his Figures are generally too bold and daring, and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, inſufferably ſtrained.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the Diligence and Penetration of his Expoſitors, *Perſius* is ſtill obſcure; whether he affected not to be underſtood but with Difficulty, or whether the Fear of his Safety under *Nero* compelled him to this Darkneſs in ſome Places, or that it was occaſioned by his cloſe way of thinking, and the Brevity of his Style, and crouding of his Figures; or laſtly, whether after ſo long a time many of his Words have been corrupted, and many Cuſtoms and Stories relating to them loſt to us, whether ſome of theſe Reaſons, or all, concurred to render him ſo cloudy, it muſt be ſaid, that the beſt of his Commentators can but gueſs at his Meaning in many Paſſages, and none can be certain that he has divined rightly. *Caſaubon* excuſes the general Obſcurity of *Perſius*, by alledging that it was deſigned ſe defendendo

for

for fear of *Nero*, and that he was commanded to write ſo cloudily by his Maſter *Cornutus*. The Poet ſeems not to have wanted many Lectures to be read to him upon that Subject; he was an apt Scholar, and when he was adviſed to be obſcure in ſome Places where his Life and Safety were in queſtion, he took the ſame Counſel for all his Books, and never afterwards wrote ten Lines together clearly. He is obſcure, ſays *Bayle*, not out of Policy, but becauſe he had ſuch a Taſte, and had given ſuch a Turn to his Genius; for if the Fear of bringing himſelf into Trouble at Court, had moved him to cover his Conceptions with a thick Cloud, he would have done it only in ſuch Matters, as had ſome relation to the Life of the Tyrant; but we ſee that he twiſts his Words, and has recourſe to Alluſions and Enigmatical Figures, even when he is about to inſinuate only a Moral Maxim, the cleareſt Explication whereof could not have afforded *Nero* the leaſt Pretence of being angry with him. I ſhall give no Examples of it, but refer to his Satires, which ſufficiently prove it.

SCALIGER has a mean Opinion of the Writings of *Perſius*, particularly of his Style; he calls him a ſilly trifling Author, a perfect Braggadocio, one who valued himſelf much upon the account of his Learning, which was hot and feveriſh. He affected nothing ſo much as to render himſelf obſcure, for which reaſon he was called *the blind* and *the dark Poet*. Not but that he has ſome Touches of a hidden Delicacy, but theſe Strokes (ſays *Rapin*) are always wrapped up in ſo much profound Learning, that there needs a Comment to unfold them. He may properly be called *the Lycophron* of the *Latins*, upon the account

count of his Darkneſs; and St. *Jerome*, who could not underſtand the Riddles and Obſcurities of this Poet *intellecturis ignibus ille dedit*, committed them to the Fire to be unfolded. His Moroſeneſs, ſays the *French* Critick, never leaves him, he ſpeaks not of the leaſt things but in a Heat, and he never ſports but in the moſt ſerious manner in the world. *Veſſius* will have it, that *Perſius* either did not underſtand the Rules of Satire, or at leaſt, that he never obſerved them, becauſe he only attack'd ſome few particular Perſons inſtead of reproving Vice in general; and when he had a mind to touch upon the Faults or Actions of ſuch particular Perſons, he commonly made uſe of ſome general Name, ſuch as *Titius* or *Nævius*, which does not give us Light enough to know either the Fact or the Perſon; and therefore this Poem of his does ſcarce deſerve the Name of a Satire, becauſe he reflects upon no body by Name. I am ready, ſays *Vavaſſor*, to give to *Perſius* the Deference that is due to him; I allow him his Jeſts, his dry Rubs, his Wit and his Sarcaſms, nor will I take from him his *Latin*, which as it is not the very beſt, ſo I muſt own it is none of the worſt. Theſe are the Cenſures that are to be met with in the Wrings of the Learned, who have ſate in Judgment upon the Works of this Poet.

BUT after all it muſt be allowed, that *Perſius* was a young Man like his Friend and Cotemporary *Lucan*. Both of them Men of extraordinary Parts, and great acquired Knowledge conſidering their Youth. But neither of them had arrived at that Maturity of Judgment which is neceſſary to the accompliſhing of a form'd *Poet*; and this Conſideration, as it lays ſome Imperfections

perfections to their Charge, ſo on the other ſide, 'tis a candid Excuſe for thoſe Failings which are incident to Youth and Inexperience; and we have more reaſon to wonder how They, who died before the thirtieth Year of their Age, could write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly, than to accuſe them of thoſe Faults from which human Nature, and more eſpecially in Youth, could never poſſibly be exempted.

Perſius. *Vide* Juvenal.

EDITIONS of *PERSIUS.*

Perſii Satyræ, Is. Caſaubonus *Commentario illuſtravit.* Pariſ. 1605. 8vo.

Notis Cornuti & aliorum. Pariſ. 1613. 4to.

Perſius *enucleatus a* Dav. Wedderburn. Amſt. 1664. 12mo.

Lat. & Engliſh by Dr. Sheridan. 1739. 8vo.

SILIUS ITALICUS.

CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS was born under the Emperor *Tiberius*, but the Year of his Birth cannot be fixed; he derived his Deſcent from the noble and ancient Family of the *Silii*; the Place of his Nativity is likewiſe uncertain; the common Opinion is, that he was born at old *Seville* in *Spain*, called *Italica*, and from thence he obtained his Surname; others ſuppoſe he was born at *Confinium* in *Italy*, which, according to *Strabo*, had the Name of *Italica* given it during the Social War.

WHEN he came to *Rome* he applied himſelf to the Studies and Practice of the Bar, and ſucceeded ſo well, that by a cloſe Imitation of *Cicero*, and his Form of Pleading, he became a celebrated Advocate, and a moſt accompliſhed Orator. His Merit and Character recommended him to the higheſt Offices in the Republick, ſo that he obtained the Conſulſhip, and executed that Office when *Nero* died: He lay under the Infamy of being a falſe and cruel Informer under that bloody Emperor, who made uſe of him in accuſing Perſons of Fortune and Honour, whom he had devoted to Deſtruction. But he behaved with more Honeſty and Virtue under *Vitellius*, in whoſe Favour he held a principal Place,

Places, and at the ſame time preſerved his Credit with the Publick.

VESPASIAN ſent him as Proconſul into *Aſia*, where he behaved with clean Hands and an unblemiſhed Reputation. Old Age now came faſt upon him, and having ſpent the beſt part of his time in publick Offices, he retired to a private Life, reſolved to ſpend what remained of it, in Eaſe and the delightful Exerciſes of Poetry. He had ſeveral Country Villas, one at *Tuſculum*, which had been *Cicero*'s, and a Farm at *Naples*, ſaid to have been *Virgil*'s. It is certain, he paid the higheſt Veneration to the Memory of that Poet, and annually celebrated his Birth-day with great Solemnity. He lived many Years in theſe Retirements, indulging his Muſe in her old Age, when ſhe grew languid and had loſt her Fire. He lived to ſee his eldeſt Son Conſul; his other Son, a Youth of promiſing Hopes, died before him. He was tormented with an incurable Ulcer, which afflicted him with inſupportable Pains, and compelled him, according to the heroic Bravery of the *Romans*, by refraining from Meat to put an end to his own Life. *Martial*, who had been much obliged to him, compliments him in this manner. *L. 2. Ep. 49.*

Silius *hæc magni celebrat Monumenta Maronis,*
Fugera facundi qui Ciceronis *habet.*
Hæredem Dominumque ſui tumulique lariſque
Non alium mallet nec Maro *nec* Cicero.

Silius *here celebrates great* Maro's *Praiſe,*
And Tully's *Acres he at eaſe enjoys,*

Virgil *and* Cicero *would ſurely chooſe,*
My Silius *for their Heir, and all the World refuſe.*

SINCE we know little of *Silius*, but what we collect from *Pliny* the younger, it will be proper to inſert the Character he gives of this Poet in a Letter to his Friend *Caninius*: It is the ſeventh Epiſtle of the third Book.

'I Am juſt informed of the Death of *Silius Italicus* in his *Neapolitan* Farm, occaſioned by a Habit of Illneſs ariſing from too long an Abſtinence. He was afflicted with an incurable Tumour in the Foot, a lingring Evil which he bore with Conſtancy to his Death. A Man entirely happy to the laſt, except in the Loſs of the youngeſt of his two Sons; but he left the eldeſt, and better of them, in a flouriſhing State, and paſt the Conſulſhip. He impair'd his Reputation under *Nero*. He was believed to ſecond his violent Impeachments very willingly; but he behaved himſelf very wiſely and agreeably in his Friendſhip with *Vitellius*. He acquired great Applauſe as Proconſul of *Aſia*, and wiped off the Stain of his former ill-turned Application by a laudable Indolence. Among the principal Men of the City he ſeemed inſenſible of Power; and was therefore without Envy. He was much ſaluted and courted, and while he was very much confined to his Bed, his Chamber was filled with a number that did not addreſs him on the Score of his Fortune. When at leiſure from Writing, he paſt the Day in the moſt learned Converſation. He wrote Verſe with more Labour than Fire; and ſometimes tried the Judgments of Men by rehearſing.

'Lately

'Lately inclined by his Years he retired from 'the City, and made his abode in *Campania*, 'and was not removed even by the Arrival of the 'new Emperor *Trajan* in that Country. It was 'a diſtinguiſhing Praiſe of *Cæſar* to allow that Li-'berty, and of him that he had the Courage to 'make uſe of it. He was fond of new things to 'an Objection of being addicted to buy for the 'ſake of Buying. He was poſſeſſed of many Coun-'try Seats in the ſame Places, and when he took 'a fancy to a new Purchaſe he neglected an old 'one. He had a multitude of Books, of Statues, 'and of Images, which beyond a meer Poſſeſ-'ſion he alſo reverenced. Firſt in Eſteem he 'held *Virgil*, whoſe Birth-day he celebrated with 'greater Solemnity than his own, moſtly at '*Naples*, where he frequented his Monument as 'a Temple. In this peaceful Courſe of Life 'he reach'd beyond his ſeventy fifth Year, with 'a Tenderneſs rather than an Infirmity of Bo-'dy. And as he was the laſt Conſul of *Nero*, 'ſo he expired the laſt of his Conſuls; and it 'is remarkable, that *Nero* died when he was 'Conſul. When I reflect upon this, I am touch-'ed with a Compaſſion of human Frailty.'

SILIUS in the Decline of Life, and far advanced in Years, attempts an *Epic* Poem, which he compoſed in ſeventeen Books, and choſe for his Subject the Hiſtory of *the ſecond Punick War*. He was ſtimulated to this Work beyond his Natural Heat, by his ſuperſtitious Admiration of *Virgil*, whom he ſet before him as an Example, and reſolved to imitate; but he fell infinitely ſhort of the Pattern, for though he *had a tolerable* Genius for Poetry, yet his Subject

ject was moſt improper for an *Epic* Poem: His Story was flat and common, every Circumſtance of the *Punick* War was fully known, ſo that he was tied down to Hiſtorical Facts, and the Scope of his Fancy was cramped and reſtrained; yet *Martial* compliments him as the Honour and Ornament of the Age in which he lived.

Sili Caſtalidum *decus ſororum*, &c.

Silius *the Glory of the* Caſtalian *Siſters,*
Who ſing'ſt in lofty Verſe the perjur'd Rage,
And treacherous Pride of Hannibal, *&c.*

IT muſt be allowed that *Silius* had ſome of thoſe great Qualities required to form a great Poet. He had Learning Hiſtorical, Moral and Natural. His Characters are often noble and juſt, and the Sentiments great and beautiful. His Images are poetical, but the Expreſſion, the Colouring is weak, and often ſpiritleſs. He is Maſter of many Excellencies, but often loſes the Influence of the ætherial Particle, that Enthuſiaſtic Fire which ſtrengthens every Figure, and animates every Line in *Homer* and *Virgil.* Though he does not always creep, and can ſometimes riſe with Dignity and Gracefulneſs, yet he weakned his Fire by attempting to imitate *Virgil*'s Correctneſs. He has many Excellencies, and would be much more eſteemed were he more known. *Silius Italicus*, ſays *Rapin*, is much more regular than *Statius*. He owes more to his Induſtry than to his Nature. There ſeems ſome Judgment and Conduct in his Deſign, but nothing of Greatneſs and Nobleneſs in his Expreſſion;

preſſion; and if one may rely on the younger *Pliny*'s Judgment, there *is more Art than Wit* in his Poem; it is rather the Hiſtory of the *Punick* War than a Poem.

PETRARCH writ a Poem upon the ſame Subject, which, 'tis probable, he would never have done had he ſeen this of *Silius*, which was not found till long after his Death, in the time of the Council of *Baſil.*

EDITIONS of *SILIUS ITALICUS.*

Notis integris Variorum & Arnoldi Drakenborch. Traj. ad Rhen. 1717. 4to.

Notis utiliſſimis illuſtratus a Chriſtoph. Cellario. Lipſiæ, 1696. 8vo.

STATIUS.

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS was a Citizen of *Naples*, and born there, about the beginning of the Reign of the Emperor *Claudius*; his Father was of a good Family at *Sellæ*, a Town of *Epirus*, whoſe Anceſtors had been famous for their Learning and Civil Accompliſhments, and made a conſiderable Figure in that Place for many Generations. He received his Education under his Father, who opened a School of Rhetoric and Oratory in *Naples*, and met with ſuitable Encouragement from Men of the firſt Quality, who employed him in the Care of their Children. He removed afterwards to *Rome*, and engaged in the ſame Profeſſion with equal Succeſs.

HERE our Poet fell in love with a young Widow, named *Claudia*, a Muſician's Daughter, a Perſon of good Wit, and fine Improvements in many Parts of Learning, eſpecially in Poetry: She proved a virtuous and chearful Companion, and was of uſe to him in ſome of his Compoſitions, particularly in his *Thebaid:*

——— *Longi tu ſola laboris*
Conſcia, cumque tuis crevit mea Thebaïs *annis.*

Thee

Thee only conſcious of my Pains I lov'd,
And with thy Years my Thebaïs *improv'd.*

He inſcribed many of his Verſes to his Wife, whom he always mentions with Tenderneſs and Honour, and, as a Mark of his Love and Eſteem, he behaved himſelf to a Daughter whom ſhe had by her firſt Huſband with ſingular Regard and paternal Affection.

STATIUS it ſeems had obtained three Prizes in the *Alban* Games, but loſt the Victory in the *Capitol.* His Character was ſoon eſtabliſhed at *Rome*, and his occaſional Poems introduced him among the great Wits of the Age, whom he frequently took occaſion to praiſe and compliment in his *Silvæ*, or his Miſcellaneous Writings. It is very remarkable, ſays *Voſſius*, that *Martial*, who was a great Admirer of *Stella* the Poet, ſhould never make any mention of *Statius*, who was ſo intimate with *Stella*, that he dedicated to him the firſt Book of his *Silvæ*. This he ſuppoſes might proceed from Envy and Emulation in *Martial*, who could not bear, that *Pampinius* was ſo much in *Domitian*'s favour, becauſe he had ſo quick a Talent in making extempore Verſes, which *Martial* pretended to as his own particular Province. He was recommended to the Emperor's Favour by *Paris*, a favourite Actor, who obtained the Honour for him of being admitted to ſit at Table with the Emperor among his chief Miniſters. He artfully inſinuated himſelf into the Eſteem of this cruel Tyrant by his extravagant Compliments and groſs Flatteries, who diſtinguiſhed him by very honourable Rewards, particularly he made him a Preſent of a Golden Crown, when he won

the Prize in the *Alban* Mount, at the *Quinquatria*, Games celebrated in honour of *Minerva*. It is ſuppoſed his Circumſtances were low before he became acquainted with *Paris*, and that he was obliged to ſell his Poems to the beſt Bidder for Subſiſtance; for *Juvenal* mentions a Tragedy called *Agave*, which was purchaſed by *Paris*, who from a Player was become a Man of Fortune and a chief Favourite.

Curritur ad vocem jucundam, &c. Sat. 7.

All Rome *is pleas'd when* Statius *will rehearſe,*
And longing Crouds expect the promis'd Verſe;
His lofty Numbers with ſo great a Guſt,
They hear and ſwallow with ſuch eager Luſt:
But while the common Suffrage crown'd his Cauſe,
And broke the Benches with their loud Applauſe,
His Muſe had ſtarv'd, had not a Piece unread,
And by a Player bought, ſupply'd her Bread.

THE Miſcellanies of *Statius*, which he called *Silvæ*, were the Foundation of his publick Character among the Wits of *Rome*. *Naugerius*, a noble *Venetian* of great Learning, had a contrary Opinion of theſe little Pieces; for being told that ſome of his Poetical Writings had in them much of the Style of *Statius*, he was ſo enraged at the Compariſon, that he threw them into the Fire, and ſaw them conſumed.

HIS next Attempt was his *Thebaid*, in which he was aſſiſted by *Maximus Junius*, a Man of Quality of ſingular Learning. This Poem coſt him twelve Years Labour, and he was far advanced in Age before he finiſhed it; he put his laſt Hand to it at *Naples*. His laſt Attempt

was

was his *Achilleid*, but he had made little Progreſs in this Work before Death prevented him, which happened at *Naples*, in the Reign of *Trajan*.

STATIUS, ſays *Borrichius*, the Favourite of *Domitian*, wrote ſeveral Things in a learned and lofty Style, but many were loſt, and among others, that famous Tragedy of his the *Agave*, which, by reaſon of his Poverty, he was obliged to ſell to *Paris*, that he might publiſh it as his own. We have extant his *Silvæ* in five Books, his *Thebaid* in twelve Books, and his *Achilleis* in two; in all which Pieces his Style generally appears to be florid, choice and magnificent; yet in his *Silvæ*, the Style is purer and more natural; in his *Thebaid*, fuller of Art; and in his *Achilleis* it is more uneven. Hence, therefore, ſome of the Criticks declare, that it is with *Statius* among the Poets, as it was with *Alexander* the Great among the Heroes; that his great Virtues were mixed with great Vices; his Verſe ſometimes runs in a truly lofty, majeſtick Strain; ſometimes he mounts above the Clouds in a high Bombaſtick Style; and then again, *Icarus* like, he falls from the greateſt Height down to the very Ground. And therefore *Strada* very properly ſuppoſes *Statius* to be ſeated upon the higheſt Part of *Parnaſſus*'s Hill, and in ſo much danger, that he ſeems to be like a Man, who is juſt ready to fall. I may add, his Writings could ſcarce be even and correct, when he congratulated himſelf on having ſpent but two Days about the *Epithalamium of Stella*, which contained two hundred ſeventy-eight Verſes.

SCALIGER is immoderate in his Praiſe, he calls him a moſt polite and a moſt ingenious Poet; he ſays, there are none either of the Ancients or

Moderns, that tread ſo near to the Heels of *Virgil*, and that he had come nearer him if he had not affected to follow him too cloſe. Being in his own Nature high and lofty, whenever he endeavoured to excel and exert himſelf, he preſently fell into Expreſſions that were too haughty and ſwelling. But beyond Diſpute, unleſs it be that Phœnix of the Age, *Virgil*, there are none of the Heroic Poets, whether *Greek* or *Latin*, that can be compared to *Statius*, whoſe Verſes are to preferred before thoſe of *Homer*. He had that Veneration for *Virgil*'s Memory, that he frequently viſited his Tomb, and celebrated his Birthday with great Solemnity.

THIS Poet has met with different Treatment from *Rapin*, and ſome others, who charge him with the Affectation of great Words and ſwelling Expreſſions, that he fills the Ear without ever touching the Heart; that he was of unbounded Imagination without the Poize of Judgment; that he is as fantaſtical in his Ideas as in his Expreſſions; and that his two Poems, the *Thebais* ann *Achilleis*, have nothing in them regular, all is vaſt and diſproportionable.

EDITIONS of *STATIUS*.

Commentariis Emerici Crucei, 2 vol. Pariſ. 1618. 4to.

Interpretatione & Notis illuſtravit ad uſum ſereniſſ. Delphini, Claudius Beraldus, 2 vol. Pariſ. 1685. 4to.

Silvæ.—*Notis & Emendat.* Jer. Marklandi. Lond. 1728. 4to.

Opera, Notis integris Fr. Gronovii *& ſelectis Variorum, curâ* Veenhuſii. L. Bat. 1671. 8vo.

JUVENAL.

JUVENAL.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS was born about the beginning of the Reign of the Emperor *Claudius*, at *Aquinum*, a Town belonging to the Territory of the ancient *Volſci*, and ſince famous for having given Birth to *Thomas Aquinas*, the famous Father of Scholaſtic Philoſophy. Our Poet's Father was a rich Freedman, who gave him a liberal Education, and, agreeable to the Cuſtom of thoſe Times, bred him up to the Bar, and to the Study of Eloquence, in which he made a very great Progreſs. He ſtudied firſt under *Fronto* the Grammarian, and afterwards, as it is generally conjectured, under *Quintilian*, who is thought to have ſeen ſome of his Satires. He never conſider'd himſelf among the Rich and Wealthy, yet in the eleventh Satire, he deſcribes his Country Houſe, his Entertainment and his Attendants, which argue a ſufficient Plenty and Competency for ſo wiſe a Mind.

BESIDES his Acquaintance with *Umbritius*, a famous *Aruſpex* mentioned in his third Satire, he was ſingularly beloved and eſteemed among his chief Friends, by *Martial* the Poet, who addreſſes three ſeveral Epigrams to him (Lib. 7. Ep. 23. and 91. and Lib. 12. Ep. 18.) where he gives him the Title of the Eloquent, and proves that

Juvenal followed the Bar. The laſt was written by *Martial*, after he was retired to *Bilboa*, which was under *Trajan*; he ſpeaks of our Author as a Man yet in full Vigour, and as if he had written but few Satires yet. The greateſt Part of his Works came out very late in Life, and he had long diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his Eloquence at the Bar, and improved his Fortune and Intereſt at *Rome* before he thought of Poetry, the very Style of which, in his Satires, ſpeaks a long Habit of Declaiming.

WE are told he recited the firſt Eſſay which he made, being above forty, to a ſmall Audience of his Friends, but being encouraged by their Applauſe, he hazarded a greater Publication; which reaching the Ear of *Paris*, *Domitian*'s chief Favourite at that time, though but a Pantomime Player, whom he had ſeverely inſulted, that Minion made his Complaint to the Emperor, who baniſhed the offending Poet into *Egypt*, (to *Pentapolis*, a City of *Lybia*, ſays *Suidas*) though he was eighty Years old, as *Giraldus* obſerves in his Account of the *Latin* Poets, under the Pretence of giving him the Præfecture of a Cohort. Upon this Account he is called by *Sidonius Apollinaris*, *Irati* Hiſtrionis *Exul*.

Ille & Militiæ multis largitur honorem,
Semeſtri vatum digitos circumligat auro,
Quod non dant Proceres, dabit Hiſtrio.

He can diſpoſe of Honours and Commands,
The Pow'r of Rome *is in an Actor's Hands.*
The peaceful Gown and military Sword,
The bounteous Player outgives the pinching Lord.

And

And would'ſt thou, Poet, riſe before the Sun,
And to his Honour's lazy Levee run?
Stick to the Stage, and leave thy ſordid Peer,
And yet, Heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with Hardſhip there.

He was not idle during his Stay in *Egypt*, but made ſuch Obſervations upon the Superſtitions and Religious Differences of the People, as he afterwards wrought up into a Satire, which is the fifteenth in the Order they are commonly publiſhed.

After *Domitian*'s Death, *Juvenal* return'd to *Rome*, ſufficiently cautioned not only againſt attacking the Characters of thoſe in Power, but againſt all perſonal Reflections upon the Great Men living; and therefore he thus wiſely concludes the Debate he is ſuppoſed to have maintained with a Friend in the firſt Satire, which ſeems to be the firſt he wrote after he returned from Baniſhment. *Experiar quid concedatur*, &c. He is ſuppoſed to have died about the eleventh of *Adrian*'s Reign. That he lived to be an old Man, we may conclude from the eleventh Satire, where he ſays of himſelf, and of *Perſicus* to whom he writes;

Noſtra bibat vernum contracta cuticula Solem,
Effugiatque Togam.

O r aged Limbs we'll baſk in Phœbus' *Rays,*
And live this Day devoted to our Eaſe.

As to his Perſon, we are told he was of a large Stature, which made ſome think him to have been of *Gallic* Extraction. We meet with nothing

nothing relating to his moral Character, or way of Life; but both from the manner of his Puniſhment by *Domitian*, and the whole Tenor of his Writings, he ſeems to have been a real Friend to Sobriety and Virtue. There is no mention that he ever was married, nor is it at all probable, if we conſider the Opinion he had of the Women of thoſe Times, whom he bitterly and with extravagant Acrimony laſhes in his ſixth Satire.

THE Writings of *Juvenal* conſiſt of ſixteen Satires, which have juſtly had their Admirers among the Learned in all Ages; and indeed the Works of this Poet are ſo complete a Syſtem of Morality, and ſo perfect a Body of uſeful Philoſophy, they expreſs ſo juſt a Rage againſt the ſhocking Vices of the Times in which he lived, that he has ſcarce left any Thing unſaid upon the Subjects he made choice of. The Jealouſy and the high Guilt of the Age obliged him often to draw Characters, and repreſent Crimes under the Names of Perſons who had been long dead; for the Corruption was too great and univerſal, and the Power of the Vicious too formidable, to be attacked without Danger; and this wary Method of his has been followed ſucceſsfully by ſucceeding Satiriſts in many States and Countries, who have laboured under the ſame Misfortunes.

MANY and lofty are the Elogies beſtowed upon the Satires of this Poet; he is ſo full of divine Sentiments, and his Sentences are ſo grave and moral, that he may properly be called *The Prophet of the* Latin *Poets*. Many prefer his Pieces before all the Morals of *Ariſtotle*, and ſome pro-

nounce

nounce him equal to *Seneca* and *Epictetus*. He is ſtiled *Cenſor Morum liberrimus*; and is, ſays *Stapleton*, a moſt excellent Poet, his Verſe flowing like a River when the Wind breathes gently, ſmoothly near the Banks, and ſtrong in the Current. In the ſame Arguments, he never came ſhort of *Horace*, but often outwent him; his eighth Satire upon *True Nobility* far exceeds *Horace*'s ſixth upon the ſame Subject. Compare *Juvenal*'s tenth with *Horace*'s firſt, and then, ſays *Scaliger*, *Sanè ille tibi* Juvenalis *Poeta videbitur*, *hic* Horatius, *jejunæ cujuſpiam Theſeos tenuis Tentator*; you will confeſs *Juvenal* to be the Poet, and *Horace* to be ſome poor Theme-maker. *Horace*, he goes on, is a meer Scoffer, his Speech is vulgar, his Verſe negligent, only his *Latin* is pure; but *Juvenal ardet*, *inſtat*, *apertè jugulat*; his Purity is *Roman*, his Compoſure happy, his Verſe better, his Sentences ſharper, his Phraſe more open, and his Satire more accurate. *Horace* did not more exceed *Lucilius*, than *Juvenal Horace*, whether we reſpect the Variety of Arguments, the Dexterity of Handling, the Plenty of Invention, the Frequency of Sentences, the Sharpneſs of Reprehenſion, as alſo his Raillery and Good Manners. *Juvenal*, ſays *Holyday*, is to be preferred to *Horace* for his Ardour, his Loftineſs, and his Freedom, and tho' I willingly admire the Happineſs of *Horace* in his Lyricks, yet I cannot but think he very much untuned himſelf, in his Fall from the Ode to the Satire. Beſides, *Juvenal*'s Change of the ancient Satire was not only a Change, but a Perfection: for what is the End of Satire, but to reform? Whereas a perpetual

Grin

Grin does rather anger than amend. Wherefore the Old Satire and the New, and ſo *Horace* and *Juvenal*, may ſeem to differ, as the Jeſter and the Orator, the Face of an Ape and of a Man, or as the Fiddle and Thunder. *Horace* was a ſlight ſuperficial Satiriſt, who only laugh'd from the Teeth outward, whereas *Juvenal* bit to the very Bone, and did not often ſuffer his Prey to eſcape ſtrangling and being put to death.

To form an exact Compariſon between *Horace* and *Juvenal* is a difficult Undertaking; a Diſpute has always been between the Favourers of the two Poets. If it be only argued which of them was the better Poet, the Victory is already gained on the Side of *Horace*; *Virgil* himſelf muſt yield to him in the Delicacy of his Turns, his Choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his *Latin*; he who ſays that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himſelf inimitable in his Odes. But the Contention between theſe two great Maſters is for the Prize of Satire, in which Controverſy all the Odes and Epodes of *Horace* are to ſtand excluded. It muſt be granted by the Favourers of *Juvenal*, that *Horace* is more copious and profitable in his Inſtruction of human Life, but *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author; I am profited by both, I am pleaſed by both, but I owe more to *Horace* for my Inſtruction, and more to *Juvenal* for my Pleaſure. *Juvenal* is of a more Vigorous and Maſculine Wit than *Horace*, he gives me as much Pleaſure as I can bear; he fully ſatisfies my Expectation, he treats his Subject home; his Spleen is raiſed, and he raiſes mine; I have the Pleaſure

&

of Concernment in all he ſays; he drives his Reader along with him, and when he is at the End of his Way, I willingly ſtop with him; if he went another Stage, it would be too far, it would make a Journey of a Progreſs, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over 'tis a Sign the Subject is exhauſted, and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther.

If a Fault can be juſtly found in *Juvenal*, it is that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant, ſays more than he needs, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of *Horace*, and much more elevated. His Expreſſions are ſonorous and more noble, his Verſe more numerous, and his Words are ſuitable to his Thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the Pleaſure of the Reader, and the greater the Soul of him who reads, his Tranſports are the greater. *Horace* is always on the *Amble*, *Juvenal* on the *Gallop*, but his Way is perpetually on Carpet Ground; he goes with more Impetuoſity than *Horace*, but as ſecurely, and the Swiftneſs adds more lively Agitation to the Spirits. The Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant to create in us an Appetite of reading him; the Meat of *Horace* is more nouriſhing, but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquiſite; ſo that granting *Horace* to be the more general Philoſopher, we cannot deny that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet, I mean in *Satire*. His Thoughts are ſharper, his Indignation againſt Vices more vehement, his Spirit has more of the Commonwealth Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all Vices attending it, as they deſerve, with the utmoſt Rigour; and conſequently

ſequently a noble Soul is better pleaſed with a zealous Vindicator of *Roman* Liberty, than with a *Temporizing* Poet, a well-manner'd Court-Slave, and a Man who is often afraid of laughing in the right Place, who is ever decent becauſe he is naturally ſervile. After all, *Horace* had the Diſadvantage of the Times in which he lived, they were better for the *Man*, and worſe for the *Satiriſt*; thoſe enormous Vices practiſed under the Reign of *Domitian*, were unknown in the Time of *Auguſtus Cæſar*; *Juvenal* therefore had a larger Field than *Horace*, little Follies were out of Doors when Oppreſſion was to be ſcourged inſtead of Avarice; it was no longer Time to turn into Ridicule the falſe Opinions of Philoſophers, when the *Roman* Liberty was to be aſſerted; there was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian*'s Days to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been living, to laugh at a Fly-catcher.

RAPIN does not diſtinguiſh with that Advantage to the Character of *Juvenal*. That Delicacy, ſays he, which properly gives the Reliſh to Satire, was heretofore the Character of *Horace*, for it was only by way of Jeſt and Merriment that he exerciſed his Cenſure. He knew well, that the Sporting of Wit had more Effect than the ſtrongeſt Reaſons, and the moſt ſententious Diſcourſe, to render Vice ridiculous; in which *Juvenal*, with all his Serioufneſs, has ſo much ado to ſucceed; for indeed that violent way of declaiming which he uſes, has moſt commonly very little Effect, he ſcarce perſuades at all, becauſe he is always in Choler, and never ſpeaks in cold Blood. 'Tis true, ſays the *French* Critick,

Critick, he has ſome *Common Places* of Morality that may ſerve to dazzle the weaker ſort of Apprehenſions, but with all his ſtrong Expreſſions, energetick Terms, and great Flaſhes of Eloquence, he makes little Impreſſion, becauſe he has nothing that is delicate, or that is natural; it is not true Zeal that makes him talk againſt the Miſdemeanors of that Age, it is merely a Spirit of Vanity and Oſtentation.

EDITIONS of *JUVENAL.*

Cum Perſii *Satyris, elegantiſſimis Typis excuſi ſunt è Typographiâ regiâ vulgo* Louvre. Pariſiis, 1644. Fol.

& Perſius, *veterum Scholiis & Notis Variorum, accedunt* Iſ. *&* Merici Caſauboni *Comment. in* Perſium. *curâ* Hen. Heninnii. *æneis figuris illuſt.*
Ludg. Bat. 1695. 4to.

& Perſius, *cum vet. Scholiaſta & Variorum Notis.*
Amſt. 1684. 8vo.

& Perſius, *Notis* Farnabii.
Blaeu. Amſt. 1671. 12mo.

In Latin *& a free Proſe Tranſlation in* Engliſh. *2d Edition.* 1745. 8vo.

MARTIAL.

MARCUS VALERIUS MARTI
a *Latin* Poet, born at *Bilbilis*, now *Bubiera*, a Town of the ancient *Celti* *Spain*, which is the Kingdom of *Arragon*. Town ſtands upon the River *Salo*, or that falls into the *Ebro* above *Saragoſſa* Father was called *Fronto*, and his Moth *cilla*, as he owns himſelf in the thirty-fi pigram of the fifth Book. He was born ſuppoſed, in the Reign of *Claudius* the ror. When he was twenty Years of came to *Rome* under *Nero*, and there co thirty-five Years under the Emperors *Otho*, *Vitellius*, *Veſpaſian*, *Titus*, and *Do* by whom he was advanced to the Tribuna Equeſtrian Dignity: This Emperor likewi him the *Jus trium Liberorum*, the Privileg Citizen that had three Children.

HE was ſent to *Rome* to qualify him the Bar, but finding he had no gre nius nor Inclination that way, he alter Deſign, and applied himſelf to the St Poetry. He ſucceeded in this Purſuit, acquired a happy and elegant way of W which introduced him into Acquaintanc the moſt polite Wits of that Age, Sili

cus, *Stella*, and *Pliny* the Younger, who in one of his Epiſtles gives him a good Character. *Stertinius*, a noble *Roman*, had ſo great an Eſteem for the Compoſitions of this Poet, that he placed his Statue in his Library while he was living, and the Emperor *Verus* uſually called him his *Virgil*, which was a conſiderable Honour to his Character.

AFTER a long ſtay at *Rome* without any Improvements of his Fortune, he turned his Eyes towards his native Country, for his Poverty deprived him of the common Comforts of Life: His fulſom Flattery of *Domitian* was no Advantage to his Circumſtances, *Trajan* at length became tired of him, and his Friends forſook him; ſo that he was reduced to the loweſt Diſtreſs; which he complains of;

Sum fateor ſemperque fui, Calliſtrate, *Pauper*.

IN this melancholy Condition he retired to *Bilbilis*, the Place of his Birth, declining in his Years, as he ſays of himſelf, and gray-headed; and this Journey he could not have undertaken, if his Friend *Pliny* had not contributed to the Expence of it. He met with better Fortune in his own Country, for there he married *Marcella*, (a ſecond Wife, it is ſuppoſed) a Woman of a good Fortune, whom he exceedingly commends and admires, and for very good Reaſons; for ſhe had a Houſe and fine Gardens, which ſhe made him a Preſent of, and ſettled upon him. Here he finiſh'd his twelfth Book of Epigrams, at the Deſire of his Friend *Priſcus*, a Man of Conſular Dignity, who came to him *into Spain*, and to whom it is inſcribed as his Patron.

Patron. He died about the ſeventy-fifth Year of his Age. The other two Books, that is, the thirteenth and fourteenth, are called *Xenia*, and *Apophoreta*, and are conceived by moſt Judges to have been written by ſome other Hand.

HIS Friend *Pliny* hearing of the Death of *Martial*, was much affected with the News, and gives the following Character of him in a Letter to *Priſcus*; it is the twenty-firſt Epiſtle of the third Book.

To PRISCUS.

'I Hear *Valerius Martialis* is dead, and take it much to heart; he was a Man of Wit and Parts, of a ſharp and poignant Turn of Thought; there was a good deal of Salt and Gall in his Writings, and as much Candour and Ingenuity. I made him a Preſent at our Parting, that Compliment I paid to our Friendſhip, as well as to the Honour I owed him for the Verſes he compoſed on me. It was uſual with our Anceſtors generouſly to reward thoſe who had by their Writings advanced the Character of particular Places or Perſons, a Cuſtom that, with ſome others equally good, is quite out of faſhion in our Days: For ſince we have left off doing Actions worthy of Praiſe, we wiſely conclude Praiſe to be highly impertinent. You may perhaps aſk me, What were the Verſes that I thank'd him for? I would refer you to the Book it ſelf, only I happen to remember ſome of them. If you like theſe, it will engage you to look for the reſt in the Collection of his Works. He addreſſes himſelf to the Muſe to make a Viſit to my Houſe on the Eſquiline

'*quiline* Hill, and orders her to do it with a great
'deal of Deference and Good Manners.

'*Sed me tempore non tuo*, &c.

'*But O take heed, my gentle Muſe,*
'*That you a happy Minute chuſe;*
'*And unoppreſs'd by* Bacchus' *Weight,*
'*Affront not* Pliny's *learned Gate.*
'*For he gives all his ſtudious Days*
'*To ſolemn Philoſophick Lays;*
'*And fond of pleaſing liſt'ning* Rome,
'*Both in this Age and all to come,*
'*Compoſes Books in ſuch a Vein,*
'*As dare to vie with* Tully's *Strain.*
'*Better to go* (*by* Martial's *Warning*)
'*At the late Lamp, or early Morning:*
'*Your Hour is when the Bottle paſſes,*
'*When all's Perfume, and Noiſe and Glaſſes,*
'*This Seaſon's yours, when roſy Garlands crown*
'*Each Brow, and* Cato's *ſtern forget to frown.*

'Was I not in the right in parting in the moſt
'indearing manner, with a Man who wrote
'this on me, and whom I now bewail as dear-
'ly? He gave me all in his Power, and would
'have given me more, had he had more to give.
'Tho' between Friends, what greater Gift can
'be beſtowed, than Praiſe, Honour, and Eter-
'nity? But it may be ſaid, his Writings will
'not be Eternal; perhaps not, but he wrote them
'as if they were to be ſo. *Adieu.*'

THE Poet laſhes *Cato*'s Gravity, upon the account of an Accident that happened at the

Floral

Floral Games, where Women appeared naked before all the People. The ſame *Cato*, ſays *Valerius Maximus*, being preſent at the *Floral* Games which *Meſſius* the Ædile exhibited, the People had ſo much Modeſty as not to require that the Courtezans ſhould be ſtripped; which when he underſtood from *Favonius*, his intimate Friend who ſate by him, he left the Theatre, leſt his Preſence might be a Hindrance to the uſual Spectacle. The People followed him with loud Acclamations, and then proceeded according to Cuſtom, declaring they had a greater Regard for the Majeſty of that one Man, than for that of the whole Aſſembly. *Martial* juſtly laughs at this Behaviour of *Cato*; Why did he go to thoſe Games, ſince he knew what was practiſed there? Did he go there only to go out again? This the Poet reproaches him with, Ep. 3. lib. 1.

Noſſes jocoſæ dulce cum ſacrum Floræ,
Feſtoſque cujus & licentiam vulgi,
Cur in Theatrum, Cato ſevere, veniſti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

Why cam'ſt thou Cato *'midſt that gameſome Croud,*
No Stranger to the Revels there allow'd?
Thou knew'ſt 'twas Flora's *Feaſt, why cam'ſt thou then?*
Was it for this, ſay, to go out again?

IT has happened to this Poet, that thoſe who have criticized his Writings have ſhewn him in two oppoſite Characters; his Admirers are extravagant in his Commendations. The Genius of

of *Martial*, ſay they, was extenſive and lively; no Subject came amiſs to him, and he was certainly capable, had the good Taſte of the Age encouraged him to it, to keep up the Spirit of the *Epigrammatick* Poetry, without the poor Helps of falſe Wit and Obſcenity; and his Works were received with univerſal Applauſe in all the polite Parts of the *Roman* Empire. He was a pleaſant, witty Poet, ſays *Turnebus*, he has no Notion how he came to be called a *Buffoon*; that his Epigrams, let Men ſay what they pleaſe, are writ with a great deal of Elegance.

THE peculiar Properties of an *Epigram*, ſays *Scaliger*, are Brevity and Smartneſs; this laſt Quality *Catullus* did not always arrive at, but the moſt acute *Martial* never failed; many of his Epigrams, he goes on, are Divine, his Style is pure and exact, and very proper for that great Variety of Matter he was concerned with; and tho', ſays *Morhofius*, he be charged by ſome ill-natur'd Criticks with ſometimes uſing the *Spaniſh* Dialect, yet this ought not to deprive him of the Honour that is juſtly his Due, for his great Elegancy in the *Latin* Tongue.

BUT notwithſtanding the Authority of ſuch conſiderable Advocates, ſome Writers make bold with his Character, and treat him in a very ſcurrilous manner. He is, ſays *Muretus*, if compared with *Catullus*, an idle ſaucy Fellow, a meer Droll. His Epigrams, ſays *Gyraldus*, never pleaſed any but a Company of Aſſes. His Epigrams, ſays *Raphael Volaterranus*, are not fit to be read, they contain neither Elegancy nor Morality: And *Voſſius*, with a juſt Moderation obſerves, that *Martial* was one of thoſe Au-

thors, who, at the ſame time he reproved Vice, taught it; and though he deſerved great Commendation for many of his Epigrams, yet by thoſe few that are obſcene, he had done infinitely more miſchief than by the others he had done good.

Sunt bona, ſunt quædam mediocria, ſunt mala plura
Quæ legis hic: aliter, non ſit, Avite, Liber.

As moſt Books are, ſo Epigrams, my Friend,
Some good, indifferent ſome, more badly end.

EDITIONS of *MARTIAL.*

Cum Commentariis Variorum & Indice Joſ. Langii. Pariſ. 1617. Fol.
Interpretatione ac Notis illuſtravit, in uſum Sereniſ. Delphini, Vincentius Colleſſo. Pariſ. 1684. 4to.
Notis Variorum editus eſt. L. Bat. 1670. 8vo.
Ex Muſæo & Notis Petri Scriverii. Lug. Bat. 1619. 12mo.

VALERIUS FLACCUS.

CAIUS VALERIUS FLACCUS, was born at *Sezzo*, or *Setia*, a Town of *Campagnia di Roma*, from whence he had the Name of *Setinus*, but lived moſt part of his Time at *Padua*. He was Cotemporary with *Martial*, who held an intimate Friendſhip with him, and adviſed him to leave the beggarly Study of Poetry, and apply himſelf to the Bar, as the more profitable Profeſſion of the two. He died before he had put the finiſhing Hand to his Work, about thirty Years of Age. This ſhort Account is the whole that remains of the Life and Death of this Poet.

FLACCUS choſe for his Subject the Hiſtory of the *Argonautic* Expedition, which he writ in eight Books, in Imitation of *Apollonius Rhodius* upon the ſame Subject. *Quintilian* laments his untimely Death, and that it was a great Loſs to the Learned, that he did not live to correct his Works. He addreſſes his Poem to the Emperor *Veſpaſian*, and enters upon it with a pompous Invocation of *Apollo*, but his Muſe ſoon jaded.

Phœbe, mene ſi Cumeæ, &c.

If conſcious at Cumæan *Rites I bend,*
And at the hallowed Service pure attend,

If undefil'd thy laurel'd Wreath I wear,
Phœbus inſpire my Numbers, hear my Pray'r.

HE ſeems rather to imitate than to tranſlate the *Greek* Poet *Apollonius*, whoſe Work, tho' he had before him, and by comparing it with thoſe of *Homer* and *Virgil*, might have made his Advantages in treating the ſame Subject; yet without uſing the help of a Guide, he gave himſelf up wholly to his own Invention, and ſucceeded accordingly. However, *Apollonius* has been far from ſuffering where *Flaccus* has ſeemed to tranſlate him; none of his Spirit has been loſt in the Transfuſion, and he may be placed in the Numbers of thoſe few Authors, whoſe Copies have rival'd their Originals. He had a true Genius for Poetry, which would have been more diſtinguiſh'd, had he arrived at riper Years, and a more diſcerning Judgment. He profeſſedly imitated *Virgil*, and often does it in a happy Manner, and is in general far from deſerving to be ſo much neglected as he has been, in compariſon of other Poets, no ways ſuperiour to him, either for their Matter, Style, or Verſification. And this Character is conſiſtent with the Obſervation of the beſt Judges who have remark'd upon him.

SCALIGER, to excuſe the harſh Style of this Author, laments that he died before he had time to review his *Argonauticks*; but he allows him to be a Perſon of Wit, of a happy Fancy, of a ſolid Judgment, and of extraordinary Diligence and Application; that his Verſes have a pleaſant and harmonious Sound, tho' his Poem has none of thoſe other Graces and Beauties, which are the Ornaments of Poetry.

He

He is really, ſays *Barthius*, a more conſiderable Poet than he is generally allowed; they are either Pedants, or your half learned Men, who neglect to read him through an Opinion that his Style is harſh and diſagreeable; whereas he is a Poet of no inconſiderable Quality, of a noble and elevated Air. However ſome will not be induced to confeſs his Poetical Genius, his Learning, his Gravity, and his Judgment; yet *Flaccus* appears more conſiderable, when he marches alone, than when he treads in the Footſteps of *Apollonius* the *Rhodian*. *Borrichius*, in his Diſſertation upon the Poets, confeſſes that *Flaccus* had very often high and noble Flights, his Style was florid enough, though it had Unevenneſſes ſometimes, and ſeemed a little rugged, which undoubtedly he would have ſoftned and poliſhed had he lived ſome time longer. But *Rapin* reduces him to the loweſt Order of Poets; he is cold and flat, ſays he, affecting a Loftineſs of Expreſſion, and not having a Genius for it; his Poem is extremely mean, the Fable, the Contrivance, the Conduct, all is of a very low Character.

EDITIONS of *VAL. FLACCUS.*

Notis integris Variorum & Petri Burmanni.
Editio elegans. Leidæ, 1724. 4to.
Ex Emendat. Nic. Heinſii. Traject. 1702. 12mo.

AUSONIUS.

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS, one of the moſt excellent Poets of the fourth Century, was a Native of *Bourdeaux* in *France*, and the Son of *Julius Auſonius*, Phyſician to the Emperor *Valentinian*. He was born at *Bazas*, and ſettled at *Bourdeaux*; his Wife's Name was *Æmilia Æonia*, and was the Daughter of *Cæcilius Argicius Arboreus*, who fled into *Aquitain* after a Proſcription, which had deprived him of all the Eſtate he had in the Country. This *Arboreus* having fixed himſelf in the City called *Aquæ Tarbellorum*, married a virtuous Woman of little or no Fortune, whoſe Name was *Æmilia Corinthia Maura*. From this Marriage proceeded one Son and three Daughters; the Son was *Æmilius Magnus Arboreus*, who taught Rhetoric at *Touloſe*, and who took ſuch a particular Care of the Education of our Poet. One of the Daughters was married to *Julius Auſonius*, and brought him four Children, of which our *Auſonius* was the ſecond. He draws out a particular Character of his Father's Virtues in his *Parentalia*, or *Epicedion in Patrem*; and if he was like the Picture which his Son has left him, he was a Remnant of the Golden Age.

HE was educated with a very particular Care, the whole Family intereſted themſelves in it, either

either becauſe his Parts were very promiſing, or becauſe the Scheme of his Nativity had prognoſticated that he ſhould attain to great Honours. It ſeems *Cæcilius Argitius Arboreus*, his Grandfather by the Mother's Side, underſtood Aſtrology, and had calculated this Nativity, but never diſcover'd it to his Family. Many Years after his Death his Daughter accidentally diſcover'd it. *Auſonius* informs us of theſe Particulars himſelf.

Tu cæli Numeros & conſcia Sidera, &c.

Thy Art from conſcious Stars our Lives can date,
And in Heaven's Aſpects read the Book of Fate;
There all my future Fortunes didſt thou trace,
And in thy Schemes the pleaſing Secret place.
But what the Grandſire with ſuch Care conceal'd,
The curious Mother's prying Eye reveal'd.

He adds, that *Arboreus* meeting from Time to Time with adverſe Fortune, and lamenting his Son, who died at thirty Years of Age, comforted himſelf under his Afflictions, with the Expectation of thoſe Dignities which the Stars had promiſed to his Grandchild.

Dicebas ſed te, &c.

Pleas'd with the Honour Fate for me deſign'd,
No longer thy own Griefs diſtract thy Mind.
Ev'n now thou ſmil'ſt among the Dead, to ſee
This full Accompliſhment of Fate's Decree:
To ſee me thus adore thy pious Shade,
A Queſtor, Prefect, and a Conſul made.

He ſuppoſes his Grandfather's Soul, even in the *Abode of the Bleſſed*, was ſenſible of the Accompliſhment

pliſhment of the *Horoſcope*, and of the particular Dignities which our Poet had obtained at the Emperor's Court. He is leſs orthodox in another Place, for he there queſtions whether any thing of us remains after Death.

Et nunc ſive aliquid, &c.

And now if after Death there aught remains,
In thy bleſt Shade ſweeteſt Remembrance reigns:
Or if thy Grave no farther Proſpect give,
Yet thy paſt Life will make thy Fame ſtill live.

HE made a ſurpriſing Progreſs in Learning, and at the Age of thirty Years was appointed to teach Grammar in *Bourdeaux*. Some time after he was promoted there to the Office of Profeſſor of Rhetoric. He acquired ſo great a Reputation in this Employ, that he was invited to the Imperial Court, to be Præceptor to *Gratian*, Son of the Emperor *Valentinian*. He made himſelf very agreeable both to his Pupil and to his Pupil's Father, and received from them ſuch Rewards and Dignities, as made him a very eminent Example of *Juvenal*'s Maxim,

Si Fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Conſul.

If Fortune pleaſes,
A Rhetorician may become a Conſul.

He was, in effect, raiſed to the Conſulſhip by the Emperor *Gratian*, in the Year Three hundred ſeventy-nine, after having gone through other conſiderable Offices; for beſides the Dignity of Queſtor, with which he was honoured in the

the Life of the Emperor *Valentinian*, he was created Præfect of the *Prætorium* in *Italy* and in *Gaul*, after the Death of that Prince. The Thanks which he gave to the Emperor *Gratian* for his Promotion to the Conſulſhip, is an excellent Performance. The Time of his Death is not certainly known, but without queſtion he lived to a very great Age. He had married a Wife of a good Family, who died young; he had ſome Children by her, and did not marry any more. He was much eſteemed by the Emperor *Theodoſius*, and ſome believe that Monarch conferred on him the Dignity of a *Patrician*. They found this on a Letter which appears in moſt Editions, at the beginning of *Auſonius*'s Works. Nothing can be more obliging than that Letter. Some Criticks judge it to be ſuppoſititious, but they cannot deny that this Emperor very much eſteemed *Auſonius*'s Poems, and exhorted him to publiſh them, for this appears by a Preface which is inconteſtably the Poet's own.

THE Criticks have exerciſed themſelves with inquiring, whether *Auſonius* was a profeſſed Chriſtian; *Voſſius*, and ſome others, pronounce him a Heathen Poet, and appeal to the Teſtimony and the Epiſtles of *Paulinus* to him; and therefore conclude, that thoſe Chriſtian Compoſitions uſually aſcribed to him muſt undoubtedly be the Work of another Hand. Thoſe who conſult *Paulinus*'s Works, find nothing there to perſuade them that *Auſonius* profeſſed Paganiſm; and ſince *Paulinus* no where uſes any preſſing Exhortation to him to be baptized, they conclude he had already profeſſed the Goſpel. They infer

it yet more certainly from thoſe expreſs Words they meet with there.

Non reor hoc ſancto ſic diſplicuiſſe Parenti,
Mentis ut errorem credat, ſic vivere Chriſto.

I hope my Holy Tutor now will find
The Chriſtian Faith no Error of the Mind.

So that the Reading of *Paulinus*'s Works proves the very reverſe of what *Voſſius* and ſome others have aſſerted; it demonſtrates that *Auſonius* was a profeſſed Chriſtian. It is therefore without Foundation, that ſome would take from this Poet what appears in Praiſe of Chriſt, in his Collection of Verſes. Tho' we ſhould deprive him of the *Carmen Paſchale*, and the excellent Piece which begins with

Omnipotens ſolo mentis mihi cognite cultu,

as ſome Criticks would, yet there would be enough left in his Works to confute thoſe who affirm he was a Pagan. *Baronius* obſerves, that *Auſonius* was educated by two Nuns, who were his Aunts: this is a Proof that he was of a Chriſtian Family. Now Chriſtianity being upon the Throne in thoſe Times, and Paganiſm expoſed to Diſgrace and Perſecution, it ſeldom happen'd that a Chriſtian turned Pagan. Since then *Auſonius* was educated from his Infancy in Chriſtianity, we ought to believe he profeſſed it all the Days of his Life; for nothing is more abſurd than the Thought of *Giſelinus*, who ſays, that *Claudian* and *Auſonius* being prevailed upon by the Authority and Eloquence of the Pagan *Symmachus*,

machus, abjured the Chriſtian Faith, and plung'd themſelves again into Idolatry.

THERE is an extreme Inequality in the Works of *Auſonius*, or becauſe his Muſe was a little too inconſtant, or becauſe ſome Pieces have been inſerted in his Poems, which he had but rough drawn, or becauſe ſome particular Reaſons obliged him to permit the Publication of ſome Verſes, which he had not time to poliſh. Generally ſpeaking there is ſomething harſh in his Manner and in his Style, but it was rather the Defect of the Age, than of his Genius. They who are good Judges of Poetry, can eaſily ſee, that if he had lived in the *Auguſtan* Age, ſome of his Verſes would have equalled the beſt of that Time, ſo much Delicacy and Wit appear in moſt of his Writings. He had certainly a fine Genius, and a great Compaſs of Learning and Eloquence, but he neglected to cultivate his Parts, and often employ'd himſelf upon trifling Subjects. Many of his little Compoſitions were the Amuſements of his leiſure Hours, written for the uſe of his own Grandchildren or of ſome particular Friends; but he was ſo vain and careleſs, that ſcarce any Thing finiſh'd came out of his Hands. His Epigrams are many of them Tranſlations of the *Greek*, and have but little Spirit or Elegance; his Love-Verſes made upon *Biſſula*, a fair *German* Slave that he ſet at liberty, are imperfect. He wrote Verſes upon the ſeven wiſe Men; upon the principal Cities of the *Roman* Empire; upon the Contents of *Homer*'s *Iliads*, and *Odyſſee*. He has left Epiſtles and other Miſcellaneous Works: But his moſt celebrated Piece, in the Opinion of *Scaliger*, is his Poem upon the *Moſelle*; this, he ſays, was

ſo elaborate a Work, that had *Auſonius* writ nothing elſe, that would have been ſufficient to have procured him the Character of a great Poet, there being in it a great deal of Art, Method, fine Language, Genius, Candor, and Sharpneſs.

AUSONIUS, notwithſtanding his Profeſſion of Chriſtianity, is juſtly condemned as a laſcivious, filthy Writer. Some Epigrams, ſays *Scaliger* the Father, are ſo deteſtably obſcene, that they deſerve neither Writer nor Reader, and inſtead of the Spunge, they ſeem to merit no other Purification than that of the Flames. I wonder he ſays nothing againſt the Obſcenities of the *Cento Nuptialis*, written in the Decline of Life, which have principally excited the Indignation of ſeveral other Authors. Mr. *Baillet* obſerves juſtly, It were, ſays he, to be wiſhed, that Somebody had expunged the abominable *Cento*, that wicked Piece of *Patchwork*, which he made up of ſeveral half Verſes of *Virgil*, on Subjects purely amorous. It is with much Juſtice that the Univerſity of *Paris* complained forty Years ago of the Malice of this Poet in making *Virgil* ſpeak in ſo very lewd a manner, who, of all the Poets of Antiquity, was moſt celebrated for his Chaſtity. Father *Briet*, a Jeſuit, has carried his Zeal yet further, when he repreſents this Action of *Auſonius* to us as an Outrage highly penal, declaring it to be as great a Piece of impudent Aſſurance, as of ſcandalous Obſcenity, to make ſuch a Miſapplication, and that there was ſomething Diabolical rather than Human, in that pernicious Art of perverting Things, and changing good into bad, to lay Snares for the Innocence and Integrity of Youth,

Youth. These Reflexions are justly laid upon the Filthiness and Infection of this Composition, and *Ausonius* seems to take shame to himself, and confess as much; for after he had described the Wedding-Feast, the Procession of the Bride and Bridegroom, the Wedding-Presents, the Compliments of the Company, and having modestly enough represented the first Discourse of the married Couple, he stops there, and advertises the Readers, that what he had to say more, not being covered with a Veil, it was their Part to decline going any farther.

'Thus far, says he, I have veiled the Nuptial-'Mystery with many Words and long Descrip-'tions for an Entertainment to modest Ears; 'but because the matrimonial Solemnity requires 'some smutty Mirth, and Custom has authorized 'those loose Descriptions, the remaining Secrets 'of the Chamber and Bed will be given you by 'the same Author, who must blush again and 'again for imposing upon *Virgil*'s Words so im-'pudent a Meaning. You that please may stop 'here, and leave the rest to those who are 'more curious.'

AUSONIUS composed this Nuptial-Piece of *Patchwork* at the Instance of the Emperor *Valentinian*, who had treated the same Subject in the same ludicrous Manner. He excuses himself by observing, that a Prince cannot express any sort of Command more absolute than that of a Request; he found himself much perplexed, for in writing a wicked Poem, he exposed himself to the Accusation of grossly sacrificing his Reputation to Flattery, and by writing a better Poem than that of the Emperor, he was like to be condemned for his Insolence, in having

the

the Aſſurance to be more witty than his Maſter. But to do the Poet all the Juſtice which the Delicacy of his Wit and Pen deſerves, let us hear his own Words in his Preface to that Piece. 'I am aſhamed to have diſgraced the 'Dignity of *Virgil*'s Poetry on ſo jocular a Sub-'ject; but what could I do? I was commanded 'to do it; and which is the moſt abſolute 'ſort of Command, I was deſired to do it by 'him, who could have commanded it, even by 'his Sacred Imperial Majeſty *Valentinian*, a 'Prince, in my Judgment, truly learned, who 'had himſelf treated the ſame Subject in the 'ſame manner in very apt and witty Poetry. 'Deſiring therefore to try how far he ſhould 'excel in this our Tryal of Skill, he command-'ed me to undertake the Work. You will 'readily imagine I had a very nice Taſk; I 'was neither willing to excel nor be excelled; 'if I fell ſhort, it would look in the Judg-'ment of others like Flattery; if I outdid, it 'would ſeem Inſolence. I undertook it there-'fore with an Appearance of Unwillingneſs, 'and by a happy Courſe I kept in favour as 'an Equal, and offended not as a Superiour.' If it be true, that the *Cento Nuptialis* of the Emperor *Valentinian* was not inferiour to that of *Auſonius*, it muſt be ſaid that this Monarch was not unſkilled in Poetry; and beſides, as he was grave, and of exemplary Chaſtity, it may ſerve, in ſome meaſure, to juſtify the Conduct of this Poet.

THE Cenſors of Poetry have judged with Tenderneſs upon the Writings of *Auſonius*; they ſay, he is every where ſo full of Wit and Smartneſs, that he never ſuffers his Reader to fall aſleep.

ſleep. *Brodæus* cannot imagine his Style to be ſo unpolite as thoſe do, who, by way of Reproach, call him *Ferreum Scriptorem*, a Writer as hard as Iron. He was the moſt learned, if we believe *Scaliger*, of all the Poets, from *Domitian* down to that Time; he was of a great and acute Wit, but his Style ſomewhat harſh; he is not all of a piece; he has writ on ſeveral Subjects, but not always with the ſame Succeſs, and therefore we are not to judge of him from what he hath done, but what he could have done. He wiſhes that he had never writ any of his Epigrams, not one of them is finiſh'd as it ought to be, ſome are impertinent, cold and frivolous; when he tranſlated from the *Greek*, he never regarded to carry the original Beauty into the *Latin*; he was very careleſs and negligent, and therefore it is that we find many of his *Iambicks*, which at the Beginning ſeem pure and elaborate, in the Concluſion prove fæculent and full of Dregs.

EDITIONS of *AUSONIUS.*

Interpretatione & Notis ad uſum Sereniſ. Delphini *editus eſt.* Pariſ. 1728. 4to.

† *Notis Variorum &* Jac. Tollii. Amſt. 1671. 8vo.

Variæ editiones extant formâ minori.

CLAUDIAN.

THO' the Place of his Birth is uncertain, y *Claudius Claudianus* is commonly ſaid to l born at *Alexandria* in *Egypt*, about the begi ning of the Reign of *Valentinian* the Firſt, the vulgar Æra Three hundred ſixty-five. H finiſhed his Studies at *Alexandria*, a famous Ac demy in that Age, and as renowned as *Athe* for the Education of Youth; his Knowledge the *Greek* Tongue was ſo perfect, that he e ter'd his Muſe, and compoſed his firſt Attemp in Poetry in that Language. About thir Years old he came to *Rome*, and publiſhed h firſt Poem, as he confeſſes to *Probinus* the Co ſul, who was his Friend and Patron,

Romanos bibimus primum, te Conſule, Fontes.

His elegant Compoſitions and polite Learni ſoon admitted him into the beſt Company mong Men of Taſte and Merit, particularly i to the Favour and Eſteem of *Stilico*, a nob *Goth*, who had the whole Adminiſtration of A fairs under the Emperor *Honorius*. This Prin Miniſter diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by his Valour a Conduct under *Theodoſius*, who heaped Honou upon him, made him General of his Forces, ma ried him to his Niece Serena, and upon

Dea

Death-bed recommended to him the Care of the Empire, and made him the Guardian of his Children. Supported by this extraordinary Power, and the great Intereſt he had in *Honorius*, to whom he had married his Daughter *Maria*, he began to raiſe Schemes of ſettling the Empire in his own Family; but his Ambition proved fatal, his Treaſon was diſcover'd, for which he and his Son *Eucherius* deſervedly ſuffered Death. The Ruin of *Stilico* fell heavily upon *Claudian*; for *Hadrian*, who was the ſucceeding Favourite, a Captain of the Guards who had detected the Conſpiracy, perſecuted our Poet as a Dependant upon *Stilico*, and reſolved to ruin him both in Perſon and Fortune. *Claudian* complains of the barbarous and unjuſt Uſage he had received from this Miniſter, he expoſtulates with him by Letter, but finding no Redreſs, and reduced to the loweſt Fortune, and unſupported by his Friends, who were either baniſhed or put to Death, he obſerved no Temper, but gave a looſe to his Reſentment, and ſeverely handled the Favourite in Lampoons and bitter Invectives.

THOUGH he ſuffered by the unforgiving Spirit of *Hadrian*, yet we find by his Writings, that the Compliments and Panegyricks he beſtowed upon the Conſulſhip of *Honorius*, were not thrown away or unrewarded; for he enjoyed many Employments Civil and Military, but of what Nature or Value cannot be diſcover'd. But he was eminently diſtinguiſh'd by a ſingular Honour he received from *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, and the general Vote of the Senate, who erected to him a Statue of Braſs in *Trajan's Forum*, with the following Inſcription.

TO

TO CLAUDIUS CLAUDIANUS, *Tribune and Notary, and among other great Qualifications, the moſt excellent of Poets; though his own Works are ſufficient to make his Name immortal, yet as a Teſtimony of their Approbation, the moſt learned and moſt happy Emperors* Arcadius *and* Honorius, *at the Requeſt of the* Senate, *have ordered this Statue to be erected, and placed in the* Forum *of* Trajan.

This Epigram was inſcribed below,

Rome *and the* Cæſars *here his Statue raiſe,*
Who Virgil's *Genius join'd to* Homer's *Lays.*

CLAUDIAN was married to a Lady of great Quality and Fortune in *Libya*, by the Intereſt of the Princeſs *Serena*. The Time of his Death is uncertain, nor can we meet with any other Particulars of his Life,

THIS Poet valued himſelf, and laid the Foundation of his Character upon his Poem of the *Rape of* Proſerpine, a curious Subject, and a celebrated Story in the Heathen Mythology, and capable of the higheſt Embelliſhments, tho' it is ſuppoſed not to be a finiſh'd Piece; he addreſſes it to his Friend *Florentinus*, a Perſon of Learning and Diſtinction, and confeſſes it coſt him much Pains and Sweat, and that he did not venture upon ſo arduous a Taſk, before he had tried the Strength of his Muſe upon lower and leſs important Subjects. The reſt of his Poems conſiſt of Panegyricks or Invectives, with ſome Epiſtles and Epigrams. Some little Poems upon Sacred Subjects, which through Miſtake have been aſcribed to Claudian, and ſo have made him thought a Chriſtian, were writ-

ten by *Claudius Mamercus*, a Chriſtian Poet of *Vienne* in *Gaul*. Several Criticks are of opinion that his Invectives are the moſt perfect of all his Writings, and that he has diſcovered in them all a ſuperiour Talent for Satire. Thoſe againſt *Eutropius* and *Rufinus* have ſo many Admirers, that it is hard to ſay, which of the two deſerves the Preference.

AFTER the Death of *Theodoſius*, this *Rufinus*, out of Envy to ſee *Stilico* above him, formed treacherous Deſigns upon the Empire. He practiſed ſecretly with the *Huns*, the *Goths*, and the *Alans*, and endeavour'd to make himſelf Sovereign, or at leaſt independent upon his Maſters and his Enemies. This Treaſon coſt him his Life. The long Proſperity of this great Man, induced *Claudian* to believe, as *Epicurus* did, that all things were made by Chance, and that the Gods did not concern themſelves with the Government of the World; but the exemplary Puniſhment of *Rufinus* removed his Difficulties, and cleared up to him the juſt Adminiſtration of the Divine Providence. His Sentiments upon this Occaſion are exact and ſolemn, and (tho' I am not fond of Quotations, as moſt who have written in this way) I will venture to repreſent them in his own Words:

Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit ſententia mentem,
Curarent Superi terras, an nullus ineſſet
Rector, & incerto fluerent mortalia caſu.
Nam cum diſpoſiti quæſiſſem fœdera Mundi,
Præſcriptoſque maris fines annique meatus,
Et lucis noctiſque vices, tunc omnia rebar
Conſilio firmata Dei, qui lege moveri
Sidera, qui fruges diverſo tempore naſci,
Qui variam Phœben alieno juſſerat igne

Compleri,

Compleri, ſolemque ſuo: porrexerit undis
Littora, tellurum medio libraverit axe,
Sed cum Res hominum tantâ Caligine volvi
Adſpicerem, lætoſque diu florere nocentes
Vexarique pios, rurſus labefacta cadebat
Relligio; cauſæque viam non ſponte ſequebar
Alterius, vacuo quæ currere ſemina motu
Affirmat, magnumque novas per inane figurat
Fortunâ non arte regi, quæ numina ſenſu
Ambiguo vel nulla putat, vel neſcia noſtri.
Abſtulit hunc tandem Rufini Pæna tumultum,
Abſolvitque Deos. Jam non ad culmina rerum
Injuſtos creviſſe queror, tolluntur in altum
Ut lapſu graviore ruant.

Oft has my Mind with anxious Doubts been toſt,
Whether the Care of Heaven extends to Earth,
Or mortal Things depend on Chance alone.
For when the fair Creation I ſurvey'd,
In beauteous Order rang'd; the Sea confin'd
Within its Bounds, and its proud Waves reſtrain'd;
The Year revolving in its conſtant Courſe,
And the Viciſſitude of Day and Night;
I clearly ſaw the Hand of Providence,
And own'd the ſprightly Ruler of the World.
That God, whoſe all-informing Hand directs
The rapid Motion of the whirling Spheres,
Who rules the Seaſons of the varied Year;
Who fills the Moon's bright Orb with borrow'd Light,
And bids the Sun with native Luſtre ſhine.
Who on the Ocean's Brink extends the Shores,
And on its Axis ballances the Earth.
Bnt when the gloomy Scene of Man I view'd,
The Bad triumphant, and the Good oppreſs'd,
Religion in a Moment loſt its Hold,
My Heart inclin'd to that Philoſophy,
Which tells us, that diſcordant Seeds of things

Hurl'd

Hurl'd thro' the vaſt Abyſs of Emptineſs,
Produc'd by Chance, not Art, this fair Variety;
Which wou'd perſuade there are no Gods in Heaven,
Or Gods regardleſs of the human Race.
At length Rufinus' *Puniſhment has clear'd*
My anxious Doubtings, and abſolv'd the Gods.
No longer I complain, that proſp'rous Vice
Is rais'd on high; the Wicked are exalted
Only to fall with greater Ruin down.

THE Judges of *Claudian* are divided in their Opinions concerning him; ſome think his Style too florid, and are offended with the flowing Eaſe and Harmoniouſneſs of his Numbers, which, they ſay, want both Variety and Strength to ſupport the Dignity of the Expreſſion. Others admiring the charming Eaſe and Fluency of his Numbers, with the Spirit and Vivacity of his Style, wiſh he had been happier, or more judicious in the Choice of his Subjects. *Claudian*, ſays *Crinitus*, was of an excellent Genius, much adapted to Poetry; he is happy in his Flights, and takes ſuch a wonderful Delight in the Variety of Figures and Sentences, that Nature ſeems to have deſign'd him for a Poet. Tho' he did not treat of the nobleſt Subjects, yet, what was wanting that way, he ſupply'd with his Wit. He was of a happy Vein, he had a ſolid Judgment, his Style was pure, eaſy, and natural; he had a great deal of Smartneſs without the leaſt Affectation. He is worthy of the higheſt Commendation, and tho' his Wit and Eloquence happen'd to fall in a vicious Age, yet ſince the Reign of *Auguſtus*, no Man went beyond him, either in Purity of Style, or *Loftineſs of Expreſſion*. The Verſes of Claudian, *ſays Borrichius*, are read at this Day with great Veneration

Veneration, in reſpect of his profound Wit; his Style is chaſte, grave, and ſublime, and yet, which is a thing to be admired, eaſy and natural, interwoven with moral and political Inſtruction, but he is too full of the Sallies of Youth, and his Style is ſometimes a little haughty.

IT is obſerved by *Rapin*, that the common Undertakers in Panegyricks, who have not Force to form handſomely a Deſign, looſe the Reins of their Fancy, and after they have piled a Heap of groſs and deform'd Praiſes, without Order and Connexion, one upon another, this, forſooth, muſt be called a Panegyrick. 'Tis thus, ſays he, that *Claudian* has praiſed the Emperor *Honorius*, and the Conſuls *Probinus*, *Olyorius*, *Stilico*, and the other illuſtrious Perſons of his Time. Throughout all his Panegyricks reigns an Air of Youthfulneſs, that has nothing of what is ſolid, though there appears ſome Wit. He flags in the Invention, and tho' at his firſt ſetting out he ſeems to be full of Fire and very briſk, yet all of a ſudden he ſtops like a Man out of breath, and his Concluſion is never anſwerable to his Beginning; yet, ſays *Gyraldus*, there are ſome Flowers in him, which, if a wiſe Man had the gathering of, would be of wonderful Advantage,

---

EDITIONS of *CLAUDIAN.*

Interpretatione & Notis illuſtravit, ad uſum Sereniſ. Delphini, Guliel. Pyrrho. Pariſ. 1677. 4to.

Notis Variorum & Nic. Heinſi. Amſt. 1665. 8vo.

Notis Nic. Heinſii.

Typis Elzevirianis, L. Bat. 1650. 12mo.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

BOOKS printed for D. BROWNE, *at the* Black Swan *without* Temple Bar.

1. A *New Tranſlation* of *JUVENAL*'s SATIRES, with Explanatory and Claſſical Notes, relating to the Laws and Cuſtoms of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

2. The SATIRES of *PERSIUS*, tranſlated into *Engliſh* by THO. SHERIDAN, D. D. with Explanatory Notes. The Second Edition. To which is added an Alphabetical Index.

3. *HORACE*'s SATIRES, EPISTLES, and ART OF POETRY, tranſlated into *Engliſh*, with Notes. By S. DUNSTER, D. D. Prebendary of *Sarum*. The Fifth Edition, reviſed and corrected, with conſiderable Improvements, and ſome additional Notes.

4. A New Proſe Tranſlation of *T. LUCRETIUS CARUS* of the Nature of Things, in ſix Books. With a correct Edition of the *Latin* Original in the oppoſite Page. Illuſtrated with proper and uſeful Notes. Adorned with Copper Plates curiouſly engraved by *Guernier*, and others. In two Volumes. 8vo.

5. The Five Books of *Æſopian* FABLES of *PHÆDRUS*, *Auguſtus Cæſar*'s Freed-Man. With a numerical Key adjoining to each Line, directing to take the Words in conſtruing in proper Order. And alſo the Notes of *Peter Danet*, for the Uſe of the *Dauphin*, tranſlated into *Engliſh*. To which are added, a Copious Parſing Index, containing every Word in the Fables, with their proper *Engliſh*, and a Grammatical Praxis on them, referring to the Rules of Grammar, by the Aſſiſtance of which young Scholars may be enabled of themſelves, to learn their Leſſons in *Phædrus*. For the Uſe of Schools. By N. BAILEY. The Sixth Edition.

6. LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, being a curious Collection of ſome very remarkable *Incidents*, which happened to Perſons of the Firſt Quality in *France*; *interſperſed* with entertaining and improving Obſervations

vations made by them on ſeveral Paſſages in Hiſtory, both ancient and modern. Written in *French* for the Entertainment of the King, and dedicated to him by *Madam de Gomez*; adorned with Copper-plates. The 5th Edition, in four neat Pocket Volumes. *Pr.* 10*s.*

7. Fables and Dialogues of the Dead, written in *French* by the late *Archbiſhop* of *Cambray*, Author of *Telemachus*, and done into *Engliſh* from the *Paris* Edition of 1718, then Corrected and Reviſed, with the Author's own original Manuſcript. The third Edition corrected, 12mo. *Pr.* 3*s.*

8. The Gentleman's Library, containing Rules for Conduct in all Parts of Life. The *third Edition*, corrected and enlarged. Written by a Gentleman.

Purpureus, latè qui ſplendeat, unus, & alter,
Aſſuitur pannus.———Hor. *Pr.* 3*s.* 6*d.* 12mo.

9. Roma Illuſtrata, or a *Deſcription* of the *moſt beautiful* Pieces of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, antique and modern, at and near *Rome*. The ſecond Edition. 12mo. *Pr.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

10. Memoirs of *Charles Lewis*, Baron *de Pollnitz*; being the Obſervations he made in his late Travels from *Ruſſia* through

GERMANY,	FLANDERS,
ITALY,	HOLLAND,
FRANCE,	ENGLAND, *&c.*

In LETTERS to his FRIEND,

Diſcovering not only the PRESENT STATE of the Chief Cities and Towns; but the Characters of the principal Perſons at the ſeveral Courts, the 3d Edition with Additions in 5 neat Pocket Volumes. *Pr.* 15*s.*